

BATTLEGROUND ADVENTURES IN THE CIVIL WAR



CLIFTON JOHNSON



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By Clifton Johnson

BATTLEGROUND ADVENTURES. Illustrated.
A BOOK OF FAIRY-TALE FOXES. Illustrated.
A BOOK OF FAIRY-TALE BEARS. Illustrated.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

Battleground Adventures



THE CAPTURE OF JOHN BROWN

BATTLEGROUND ADVENTURES

THE STORIES OF
DWELLERS ON THE SCENES OF
CONFLICT IN SOME OF THE
MOST NOTABLE BATTLES
OF THE CIVIL WAR

COLLECTED IN PERSONAL INTERVIEWS BY
CLIFTON JOHNSON

*Illustrated by
Rodney Thomson*



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1915

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Published November 1915



\$2.00

NOV 22 1915

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Preface

THESE battleground experiences cover what is probably the only important phase of the Civil War that has not been adequately treated. They view the struggle from the standpoint of the home. Here you see the terror and pathos, the hardships and tragedy, through the eyes of those who lived where some of the greatest conflicts of the war occurred. You see how property was destroyed and industry disrupted, and how much the people not directly concerned in the fighting suffered. There are, besides, glimpses of life as it was antedating the war, and of the aftermath of adjustment to new conditions, and of the superstitions that populate the battlefields with ghosts of the former combatants.

The material for the volume was gathered in 1913, nearly fifty years after the war ended. Some of the narrators were small children in the Civil War days, but whatever their age had been the incidents of that chaotic time were indelibly impressed on their memories. They told of what they had seen with convincing vividness, and fortunately, also, with much of humor and picturesqueness.

I have recorded what they said as frankly as they related it, and in their own language, whether that was one of education and culture or of rude illiteracy. Possibly some portions would be pleasanter reading were certain of the horrors omitted. But why should we not face the reality and see war in all its savagery? Nothing can so hasten the coming of the time when war as a method of settling disputes

will not be tolerated as a clear understanding of its essential barbarism.

Occasionally an informant has misapprehended the character and purposes and acts of the other side, but these misapprehensions are worthy of record because they reveal a mental attitude which was not without its effect in making the conflict more bitter. Of similar value are the comments of the blacks on the whites and those of the whites on the blacks, though sometimes uncharitable and unjust.

It is all very human, and my purpose has been to get a free and genuine expression of both recollection and feeling and to retain as far as possible the personality of each of the many speakers.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

HADLEY, MASS.

Contents

JOHN BROWN'S RAID

I. THE STOREKEEPER'S SON AT HARPER'S FERRY .	1
II. THE PRISONER	10
III. THE WATCHMAN ON THE BRIDGE	22
IV. THE FREE JAKES	32

BULL RUN

V. THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER	37
VI. THE SLAVE BLACKSMITH	54

SHILOH

VII. THE WIDOW'S SON	61
VIII. A BATTLEFIELD FARMER	71
IX. THE REFUGEES	85

ANTIETAM

X. THE HIRED MAN	93
XI. THE SLAVE FOREMAN	104
XII. THE SLAVE WOMAN AT THE TAVERN	109
XIII. THE CANAL BOATMAN	113
XIV. A MARYLAND MAIDEN	118

FREDERICKSBURG

XV. THE LITTLE REBEL	125
XVI. THE COLORED COOPER	143
XVII. A SLAVE WOMAN'S TROUBLES	150

GETTYSBURG

XVIII. THE CARRIAGE-MAKER'S BOY	159
XIX. THE FARMER'S SON	166
XX. THE SCHOOL TEACHER	176
XXI. THE COLORED FARM HAND	183
XXII. THE COLORED SERVANTMAID	187
XXIII. THE BANK CLERK	192

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

XXIV. THE MERCHANT'S SON	197
XXV. THE SOLDIER'S WIFE	202
XXVI. THE FIGHTING SLAVE	217
XXVII. THE CAVE DWELLER	224
XXVIII. THE CAPTAIN OF THE JUNIOR VOLUNTEERS .	232

CHICKAMAUGA

XXIX. THE FARM LAD	239
XXX. THE SOLDIER'S SON	247
XXXI. A BOY ON A PLANTATION	251
XXXII. THE RUNAWAY SLAVE	255
XXXIII. THE PAROLED SOLDIER	264

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE

XXXIV. THE GIRL ON THE MOUNTAIN	270
XXXV. THE CABINET-MAKER'S DAUGHTER	277
XXXVI. A TENNESSEE BOY	281
XXXVII. THE MULATTO GIRL	289
XXXVIII. THE INVALID'S WIFE	297

THE WILDERNESS

XXXIX. THE MINER'S SON	305
XL. A YOUTH ON A FARM	312

COLD HARBOR

XLI. THE TRUCKER'S LAD.	316
XLII. A RUSTIC SLAVE WOMAN	323
XLIII. A MAN FROM THE RANKS	330
XLIV. THE SLAVE BOY.	336
XLV. THE SUTLER'S LASS	340

ATLANTA

XLVI. THE COLOR BEARER.	350
XLVII. THE WIFE OF AN ARMY COOK	364
XLVIII. THE PLANTER	370
XLIX. THE MACHINIST'S DAUGHTER	375

CEDAR CREEK

L. A GIRL IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY	382
LI. THE COLORED WOMAN AT HEADQUARTERS	392
LII. A COUNTRY YOUTH'S ADVENTURES	396
LIII. THE NEGRO VILLAGE GIRL	406
LIV. THE BLACK FIDDLER	416

Illustrations

THE CAPTURE OF JOHN BROWN	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
THE MOB IN THE TAVERN	28 ✓
WATCHING THE BURSTING BOMBS	40
A RELIC OF THE OLD BATTLE	80
GENERAL LEE'S BREAKFAST IS INTERRUPTED	110
A NARROW ESCAPE	128
COLORIED REFUGEES GOING NORTH	144
WATER FOR THE MARCHING TROOPS	178
THE RUNAWAY BROILS SOME MEAT	220
THE SLAVE WIFE JOINS HER HUSBAND	260
THE SHARPSHOOTER AFTER THE BATTLE	274
A FRIENDLY OFFICER	292
THE WOUNDED MAN AND HIS HARDTACK	310
A HOSPITAL VISITOR	356
SETTING FIRE TO THE BUILDINGS	388
THE SPOOK IN THE BARN	418

Battleground Adventures

I

The Storekeeper's Son at Harper's Ferry¹

IN 1859 Harper's Ferry was one of the nicest towns in the United States. The government had an armory here, and there were fountains all along the streets, and flowerbeds with men tending 'em. No expense was spared to keep things tidy and attractive. The surrounding scenery was beautiful too, for at the lower end of the town the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers met and went on through a gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The ground between the two rivers was rough and hilly, and most of the buildings huddled along the streams. Down near where the rivers joined was a bridge across the Potomac that served for both the highway and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A short distance from its town end was the depot and a hotel high up on the bank.

The railroad continued close along the Potomac on a trestle, and back of the trestle was a long narrow strip of land that the armory buildings occupied. In the armory

¹ This and the other footnotes at the beginning of the chapters give a brief account of the circumstances of each interview and afford a glimpse of the narrators as I met them and listened to their recollections. The "storekeeper's son" told his story as he sat smoking in the office of a Harper's Ferry hotel. He was a fleshy man of hardly more than middle age who apparently had a habit of loitering there for contemplation and to read the newspaper and discuss with friends the affairs of the town and the world.

yard near the depot stood a small brick fire-engine house. The yard gate was close by, and across the street was the arsenal. Beyond that, right by the Shenandoah River, was a railroad that went down to Winchester.

That Shenandoah Valley railroad was a very poor one with no ballasting. The ties were laid on top of the ground. Near their outer edges were fastened wooden four by four strips with flat iron rails spiked to 'em. The rails were a sort of strap iron two or three inches wide and hardly a half inch thick. The spikes would work up and the ends of the rails get loose, and the trains had to move very cautiously. They did n't go more'n eight or ten miles an hour, and you could run and catch the blame things anywhere. We boys used to worry the conductors by hollerin' to 'em, "Change oxen!"

There were as many as five thousand people here. Nearly fifteen hundred were employed by the government, and this was a busy prosperous place, but John Brown put a curse on it. The town went down from the time of his raid, and the war followed soon afterward and just tore up everything.

Brown came to the vicinity with two of his sons early in July, 1859, and rented a farm in a secluded spot a few miles from the town over on the mountain north of the Potomac. They passed themselves off under the name of Smith and made a bluff at prospectin' for minerals.

I was eight years old then. My father had a drygoods and grocery store here, and I've seen him and Brown talkin' together in the store. Father even furnished Brown a team to haul some of his supplies over to his log house. A good many boxes came by railroad for him, and he said they contained shovels, picks, and that sort of thing.

Really they were full of weapons and ammunition. Those would serve in starting his enterprise, and then, by seizing the arsenal here, he could put guns into the hands of a very formidable force. He expected to recruit an army from the large slave population in the region, and he thought numerous whites would also flock to his aid.

Brown's entire force, when he set forth on his raid on the evening of Sunday, October 16th, consisted of twenty-two men. Six of them were members of his family or connected with it by marriage, and five were colored men. Three of the raiders remained on the north side of the Potomac. The rest took possession of the armory and arsenal and gathered up several prominent slaveholders whom they put in the government fire-engine house with guards over 'em. You see it was a part of Brown's scheme to capture such men and only release 'em on condition that they set free their slaves.

Every working day the armory bell rang twice each morning. There was a first bell which was a sort of warning to the men to get up and eat breakfast. It rang somewhere about half-past five, I reckon. There was a second bell along toward seven, and then the men were supposed to hustle into the armory and begin work. On Monday of the raid the old bell-ringer, Tommy Darr, came to the armory at the usual time, and the raiders made him a prisoner. So the bell did n't ring. By and by the workmen stirred out to see what the trouble was, but Brown had fellers at the armory gates, and they picked the men up and held 'em with the other prisoners.

Soon after I got out of bed I heard shots, and came out on our front porch. Our house was n't very far from the armory gates, and I could see something of what was going on.

One man had been killed during the night. He was a free negro who bunked at the Baltimore and Ohio depot and took the luggage back and forth between that depot and the one of the Shenandoah Railroad. The second man the raiders killed was my father. He walked down street from the store to the corner, and a feller who had scooched in behind the arsenal wall shot him. Father was a big powerful raw-boned Irishman, and he could have whipped all the men Brown had if they'd been unarmed. After he was shot he walked back up the hill pretty near home. Then his strength failed, and some of the townspeople brought him into the house. He died two hours later.

The third man shot by the raiders was Farmer Turner. I seen a black feller do the shootin'. He'd got into what we called the stock-house where the government rifles were packed. Turner had brought his gun. He was on horse-back, and he rode down too far. Jake Bagent was up the street in a silversmith's shop, and pretty soon after Turner was killed Jake saw the black feller at the arsenal peeking around the corner. So Jake poked his gun out of the door and whacked it into him. Like every one else, Jake had only an old gun that was made for hunting rabbits and other small game, but he had loaded it with a six-inch spike. The spike hit the negro in the neck. It made an awful wound, and he rolled right out into the road, and there he lay till evening.

The citizens were now shooting all around, and nobody run out on the streets any more. They did n't know what they were up against, for they did n't know how many raiders there were or their object. Everybody had been livin' quiet and peaceful, and why men should come in here at midnight shooting people down was a mystery. I

heard men talking about it, and they called it an insurrection.

One of the townsmen who got mixed up in the affair was Daddy Molloy. He was a character — a shiftless, but good-natured feller who was never sober when he could get the booze; and yet, when he first came here, you would n't find a nicer-lookin' young man in a thousand miles. He claimed some girl went back on him. After that his head was n't right.

Daddy wore all sorts of cast-off clothing. If a man three times his size was to say to him: "Here's an old coat of mine. Do you want it?" he was sure to accept it.

He did odd jobs at a boarding-house for his food and lodging. I s'pose the lady there kept him because she pitied him. Often you'd find him going around and cleaning up the bar-rooms for a drink. He'd do anything to get liquor. Sometimes, when he saw a stranger in town, he'd say to one of his friends, "I'll fall down and commence chawin' on the stones, and you tell that man I'll get well right off if I have a good drink of whiskey."

So Daddy falls down, and there he lies puffing away with the white foam coming from his mouth. The stranger looks on very much concerned and says to Daddy's friend: "Do you know that feller? What's the matter with him?"

"Well," the friend says, "he has spells like that once in a while."

"Ain't there anything can be done for him?" the stranger says.

"Yes," the friend answers, "a drink of whiskey would fix him all right."

"Go get him a pint," the stranger says.

The whiskey is put in Daddy's hands, and he drinks it.

"Ah!" he says, "if I'd had that before I would n't have had a fit."

But sometimes the friend Daddy asked to help him in this little game went back on him, and would say to the stranger, "That's just Daddy Molloy, and he's playin' off."

Then old Daddy would get up and give the friend thunder.

On the morning that the town learned something was wrong at the armory, Daddy went to investigate, and no sooner did he enter the gate than a man with a gun told him he was arrested.

"What have I done that you should arrest me?" Daddy says.

"Ask no questions," the feller says. "You go right along into that engine house."

"But I want to know what the charge is against me," Daddy told him.

"Bounce him in," the raider said, and he had one of his comrades shove Daddy into the engine house.

Brown had a good bunch of other prisoners in there, and Daddy asked old Mr. Graham, who was sitting near the door, what he was there for. He did n't get any satisfaction. Graham was a crusty old feller, and Daddy said afterward, "I thought he was goin' to bite my head off." But most of the men were not so close-mouthed. Some said: "There's goin' to be hell here. The citizens will just set fire to this building and burn old Brown and all the rest of us."

Daddy looked around to see if there was some chance to escape and concluded he might be able to get out through the cupola. There were two fire-engines in the building —

the kind that had handles along each side for the men to take hold of and pump the water. Daddy climbed onto one of 'em and reached up to the edge of the cupola. He was very strong in his arms, and he said to himself, "Where I can reach I can pull myself up." And up he went.

Some cross timbers gave him a resting-place, and after peeking all around he crawled out on the slate roof, slid down to the grass behind the building, and scrambled over the wall around the armory grounds. In the upper stories of the near houses were men on the watch, and they began firing, for Daddy was dressed so rough they thought he was one of Brown's men. "You ought to have heard those balls spattering against the brick wall," he said afterward.

Yes, everybody was shooting at old Daddy, and he ran up the street making for the boarding-house where he was the porter; "and if I had n't run zigzag they'd have got me," he declared.

He used to show an old gray coat that had ten or twelve bullet holes in it, and he claimed those were made during that flight, but I think he may have punched some of 'em himself.

Daddy was n't born to be killed. Every train on the railroads here hit and knocked him over at one time or another; and all the bones in his body had been broken. Once a projecting iron on a car ketched him under the jaw and dragged him across the bridge, and yet he survived. At last, however, he got the smallpox, and he went off all alone to an old canal boat and died there; but he'd have got well if he'd been tended to and given any nourishment.

A number of the raiders were killed that Monday while trying to escape by wading across the Shenandoah.

Others were killed in the town, or captured, and the few that were left retreated to the engine house. Several companies of militia had come from neighboring places to put down the insurrection, and if it had n't been that Brown had his prisoners in the engine house with him they'd have blown the whole thing up.

Toward evening, after they had the raiders penned up, I went out a little bit. Down at the corner the body of the darky still lay in the road, and old Mrs. Stephenson's sow was just diving into the big hole in his neck. The hogs ran loose here then. They were the Harper's Ferry street scavengers. The doctors used to argue that it was better to let 'em run out because by picking up the refuse that might otherwise be neglected they kept down sickness. It's only of late years that we've made the owners keep 'em up. We'd vote on the question once in a while at town-meeting — hog in and hog out — same as now we vote wet or dry, whiskey or no whiskey. People would get so hot on the subject that we had several knockdowns on account of it. But in the end the hogs lost. The families that did n't keep hogs had come to be in the majority — that's about the amount of it.

Well, no decided push was made to end the insurrection until a company of United States Marines came from Washington under the command of Colonel Robert E. Lee. They arrived early Tuesday morning, and while they were getting ready for business some of the militia decided to be doin' something. One of 'em by the name of Murphy had a few drinks on, and he said he'd go and storm that engine house. So he went into the armory yard with a couple of his comrades follerin' along behind and tellin' him he'd better look out. He had n't gone far when a bullet touched

him in the jaw. That settled Murphy. He'd got stung, and he retreated.

Then the marines tackled the job, and they soon got possession of the engine house, and took Brown and his men prisoners. They put 'em on board a train that carried 'em to the jail in Charlestown a few miles south of here. After the marines had disposed of their prisoners they got on a train themselves, and back they went to Washington.

Of the twenty-two raiders ten were killed, five escaped, and seven were captured, tried and hung. Five of the townspeople were killed and eight wounded.

II

The Prisoner¹

My father had a farm two miles west of the town. He owned quite a trac' of land there — seven or eight hundred acres — and was one of the leading men of the county. I suppose he was worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars. That seemed like great wealth then, but it would n't carry ten yards in Wall Street now.

Harper's Ferry was a dandy town in those days. Oh! it was beautiful, and the government had put up the finest kind of shops for gun-makin'. Dude fellers worked there, and they could earn as high as four or five dollars a day at piece work. They'd go in wearin' their best clothes and shift to their work clothes in a special room. At the end of the day they washed up and changed their clothes, and when they came out you'd think they were just comin' out of church.

On that Sunday night in the autumn of 1859 when Brown captured the armory I went down to a protracted meetin' at the Harper's Ferry Methodist Church. I was seventeen years old. Me'n' another young feller rode down

¹ While my host talked we sat in one of the rooms of the farmhouse that had been his father's at the time of the historic raid. The dwelling was rather forlornly neglected in its aspect, and we were in a wing that had been the slave quarters. Walls and ceiling and everything in the room were darkened with an appalling accumulation of smoke and grime. The day was rainy, and my companion wore rubber boots. He was tall and thin, and, though no longer young, was still dark-haired and keen-eyed.

on horseback. It was a big thing hyar then to have a protracted meetin'. There'd be a meetin' every evenin' for two or three weeks except Saturday. That evenin' we'd rest up, and we'd have an extra hot time on Sunday night. People would come from all directions, there'd be several preachers, and the church would be crowded.

Up in front under the pulpit was a long wooden bench, and the mourners knelt on either side of it tryin' to git religion. Whether people were religious or not they had a curiosity to go and see the mourners; and the ministers used to say, "It'll break up the meetin' if somebody don't come to the mourners' bench."

Those that went up there were usually all young people from twelve to twenty years old, and perhaps there'd be a dozen or more down on their knees at the same time shoutin' and prayin': "O Lord, have mercy on me! O God, help me!"

While they went on that way the ministers and elders talked among 'em and prayed over 'em. A good many of 'em were cryin', and a heap of the congregation would be cryin', too. There was singin' goin' on all the time, and the leaders would whoop and holler over the mourners, only stoppin' occasionally to ask 'em, "Now do you think you've given up to the Lord?"

When one of 'em said, "Yes," he'd jump up and go to singin'.

We had a lively time that Sunday evenin' I was speakin' of, and it was about twelve o'clock when us two fellers got on our horses to ride home. I remember it was a dark night and cool. On the way we overtook half a dozen men walkin', and they had blankets throwed around 'em. I found out later that they were some of

Brown's raiders and that they wore the blankets to hide their weapons.

After I got home I went to bed and to sleep, but I had n't been sleepin' long when I heard a rappin' ag'in' the door that opened from the yard into the room where Father and Mother slept. I thought some tramp was there and I expected to hear him ask if he could sleep in the barn.

"What do you want?" Father said.

Then a man outside said, "Git up and open the door"; and after some more talkin' back and forth the door was busted right open with a rail, and the man walked in.

I had a long old country shotgun that I kep' loaded, and I thought I'd take it down there and order the feller out. Of course, I was some scared, but you'd want to go and see what was goin' on if some one had broken into your daddy's room, would n't you?

My aunt and sister had waked up, and they put their heads out of an upstairs window and hollered, "Murder!" But they got back out of the way quick when a colored man in the yard said he'd blow their heads off if they did n't shut that window.

I slep' up at the head of some steps that went down from the second story right into Father's room, and I had got my gun ready when my aunt peeked down the steps.

"For gracious sake! don't take that gun down there," she said. "The man in your father's room is all armed. He's got revolvers in his belt, and he's got a gun besides. He'll just think you're goin' to kill him, and he'll kill you."

So I put back my gun and went along without it. I made a pretty heavy noise goin' down the steps, and the man turned to look and drawed his gun on me — click, click! "Come on," he said, and I came.

A white man and a big yeller colored feller were there, and they had pine torches, and the sparks flew all over the floor. I stamped some of the sparks out my with foot.

"What you goin' to do?" I asked.

"My name is Stevens," the white man said, "and I'm under the orders of Captain John Brown. We're goin' to free all the slaves."

I talked back to him right smart, and I was a little sassy, for I was on my own ground.

"Why don't you hush, Tommy?" Mother said.

"Captain Brown has taken the government works at Harper's Ferry," Stevens told us.

"That was n't much to do," I said. "They only have one watchman there."

"You shut your mouth or I'll blow your brains out," he said.

Then the colored feller collared me and drewed a revolver and held it ag'in' my breast. That made me kind of nervous. I could n't do nothin', and I said to myself, "You've got me now."

They took Father and me out to the road where four more of their men were and a four-horse farm wagon and a two-horse carriage. They'd been up the road and got Colonel Washington, one of the leading planters of the region, and were takin' him to Harper's Ferry in his own carriage driven by one of his slaves. The wagon was his, too, and there were a number of his slaves standin' up in it.

Our slaves lived in a wing of our house. Stevens had 'em roused up, and he selected half a dozen and told 'em he was goin' to set 'em free, and that they must come along with him in the wagon. They kep' very quiet and it did n't seem like they wanted to go.

The raiders were careful not to take their torchlights out to the road, and the neighbors never saw or heard a thing. My mother and sister and aunt came out to the fence, and they were very uneasy. Father and I had to git into the wagon with the slaves. We stood near the front. The procession started with Colonel Washington in his carriage goin' ahead. A colored man drove our horses. He sat on the left wheel horse and did the guidin' with a single line. That's the way we drive our work teams hyar.

When we got to Harper's Ferry everything was quiet as a mouse. "What's the matter?" Father said. "Is every one in the town killed?"

"Oh, no!" I said, "I reckon not."

We drove in the armory yard to the engine house and got out. Then Stevens delivered us over to an old man who was there with a gun, and said, "This is Captain John Brown."

"Yes, I'm Osawatomie Brown of Kansas," Brown said.

He was a tolerable large man, rough, and coarse-featured, and a little overbearing and rude in his conversation. He gave each of our colored men a spear. I believe he called it a pike. It had a han'le like a pitchfork, and on one end was an iron concern the shape of a butcher knife exactly, but sharpened on both edges. Brown had any quantity of 'em. "You take these pikes," he said to our slaves, "and don't let the prisoners git off the pavement in front of the engine house."

But the slaves did n't 'mount to nothin' as a help to Brown. When his back was turned they'd set down their spears, but if they see old John Brown comin' they'd pick 'em up and tend to business.

By and by it got to be time to ring the armory bell,

and the bell-ringer come right on in. Stevens checked him, and said, "Where you goin'?"

"I'm goin' to ring that bell," the man said, and started to walk along.

But Stevens give him a gouge with his gun. The gun was a tarnal heavy one, and it broke some of the old man's ribs, and he fell. Later the citizens were allowed to carry him away.

After it was daylight the townspeople began to come to see what was the matter at the armory, and as soon as they got opposite the yard gate one of Brown's men would say, "Come in hyar," and he'd run 'em right in so they could n't go back to tell the news.

Presently Brown had one of his men go and order the hotel landlord to send over breakfast for the raiders and their prisoners — eighty-five in all, I think. He did n't pay then or afterward, and the landlord later got an attachment on Brown's horse and wagon and sold 'em for the bill.

A colored servant brought the food. There was butter and rolls and coffee. Some of the prisoners was so scared they could n't eat. Father was a little afraid there might be poison in the food, and I said to one of our darkies, "Bill, are you goin' to eat this?"

"Yes, sir, I'm goin' to try it," he answered.

"Well," I said, "go ahead and I'll see what it does to you."

It did n't seem to have any bad effect, and then I ate, and I did n't have nothin' more to eat till after Brown's Fort, the fire-engine house, was captured.

Brown stood around or walked backwards and forwards waiting for reinforcements. That was where he got fooled, you know. The feller who fooled him was one of his own

men by the name of Cook. Cook come hyar peddlin' maps, and he got acquainted with an old widow lady, Mrs. McGregor. She got him a job of tendin' a lock on the canal. The old lady had a niece named Jane Kennedy who lived a few miles over in Maryland, and this niece come visitin' her Aunt McGregor. Cook got to sparkin' her, and by and by they married. Later he taught in the Harper's Ferry public schools.

He claimed he had gone around notifyin' the slaves what Brown intended to do, and he made Brown believe that all the darkies in the whole country would rush right in hyar ready to fight for their freedom under Brown's command. But Cook had n't done as much notifyin' as he pretended he had, and the darkies would have been too skeery, anyway. There were too many guns in the road. They are not a fightin' race, and those of 'em who became soldiers in the war only fought well when they had the advantage. Let the enemy bung it into 'em and kill a few, and the others scattered and run. So Brown never had much use for the fourteen hundred spears that he had had made to arm the colored recruits he expected.

We began to hear shootin' soon after breakfast, and by nine or ten o'clock they were crackin' away fast. The citizens got up in the houses and fired, and they shot down from the hills. If any of the men at the engine house so much as peeped around a corner the citizens let loose at 'em.

After a while Brown sent Stevens on some errand to the hotel, and had him take along a prisoner so he would n't be fired on. They had nearly reached the hotel when a colored boy at the engine house pointed to an upper window in the tavern not far from the bridge and said, "Look, look! there are two men up there and they're goin' to shoot."

That same instant one of the men punched a pane of glass out, and pop went his gun. A raider by the name of Coppic had joined the colored boy, and he remarked, "They've shot Stevens."

"I'm sorry for that," Brown said. "Is he dead?"

"No," Coppic answered, "he's fallen down, but he's movin' yet. Now he's got up on one knee. His prisoner has walked right on — glad to git away, I guess."

"Look!" the boy exclaimed, "they're goin' to shoot again."

They fired, and Stevens did n't git up that time. He lay there near half an hour, and then Miss Foulke, the hotel landlord's sister, who was a very kind-hearted woman, got some men to take him up and put him in bed at the hotel. She arranged, too, for a heavy guard of militia, or the citizens would have gone right in there and killed him. He was quite a loss to the raiders, for, next to Brown, he was the ablest man in the bunch. But he was a mean devil and had been rough to the prisoners. Yes, he was a bad one.

For a while we took refuge in a watchhouse that was joined on to the engine house, but it had a lot of windows, and the balls came through the glass. Then Brown selected fifteen or twenty of the prisoners and took 'em into the engine house. He left the balance to do as they pleased, and pretty soon he said, "Listen at 'em gettin' out." They climbed through a back window and skedaddled.

We were jammed in the engine house pretty close. There were too many for the space. A dog that belonged to Brown was with us. He was a big black dog with a white stripe down his face, and he had white feet. The bullets was flyin' around there hot, and the raiders fastened the

large double door with ropes so it would only open a little — just enough to shoot through.

Brown had one of our colored men take a pick and dig three or four portholes through the walls. As the ducky was gettin' out the last brick a bullet hit it and knocked it in and keeled him over.

Early in the afternoon Father was lookin' out, and he says: "There's Colonel Beckham walkin' on the railroad trustle. I wonder what he's doin' that for."

Beckham was the station-agent and the mayor of the town. Where he was walkin' there was a long platform extendin' from the depot up along the Potomac. That platform was the great promenade of the townspeople. Pretty soon Beckham got behind the water-tank and took a peek around the end. Brown had ordered his men not to fire at any one who was unarmed, but Beckham's peeking made Coppic, who was watching, think he was goin' to shoot. So Coppic fired.

"Did you git him?" Brown asked.

"No," Coppic said, "but if he peeks again I'll make sure of him by lettin' my bullet nip a corner of the tank."

Beckham peeked, and Coppic fired, and Beckham fell right out from behind the tank and lay still.

The militia could easily have taken the engine house, for there were only five raiders inside, but they did n't have the nerve to storm it. Besides, Brown had the advantage of 'em in holding us prisoners. We were kep' for to protect his men. He knew the besiegers would be careful about shootin' and assaultin' lest they hurt their friends.

Late in the evenin' Watson Brown was lookin' out of the door, and sightin' his gun at a feller just opposite. That feller had seen Watson and was gittin' ready to take a shot,

too, and Watson did n't shoot quick enough. A bullet hit him, and he jumped back. He had his finger on the trigger of his gun, and in jumping he gave the gun a jerk that made it go off. He was hit in the stomach, and he suffered awfully.

After Watson was shot the raiders barred the door and pushed one of the fire-engines up ag'in' it, and there we stayed quiet as a lamb all night listenin' to the men jabberin' outside of the gate and to the shootin' that was done off and on to prevent Brown from attemptin' to git out. I thought that was the longest night ever I spent. We didn't have any light in there, so it was dark as a dungeon, and we just lay on the brick floor, or set down and leaned up ag'in' the wall and nodded. Some of the colored fellers were snorin' away, but the rest of us could n't sleep.

Young Brown lay in a corner. "Oh kill me and put me out of this sufferin'!" he'd beg his father.

But old Brown would tell him to quit his noise, and "die like a man."

Toward mornin' old Brown, who was sittin' near the door, called to his son and got no answer. "I guess he's dead," the old man said.

The marines were on hand in the morning, and an officer came to the engine house door. Brown opened it wide enough to talk to him. The officer said Brown might as well surrender. But Brown said, "I ain't a-goin' to do it."

"I've got sixty men out hyar, and I'll make you do it," the officer told him.

"All right," Brown said, and shut the door.

Then the officer ordered his men to take sledges and batter the door down. That did n't succeed, and they got a heavy ladder and rammed it ag'in' the door. They rammed

a second time, and some of the raiders fired out of the port-holes and killed one of the marines and wounded another. But they rammed again and busted the door wide enough open so a man could squeeze through it. While this was goin' on we prisoners set there scared and shiverin'.

Lieutenant Green got inside first, and Brown was about to shoot him when the officer cut at the old man with his saber, and by havin' the science he knocked the gun up so it went off above him. His next stroke knocked Brown pretty senseless, and if Green had been a little nearer he'd have taken Brown's head off. That sweeping stroke just grazed my father and cut his hat-band. Green apologized afterward and wanted to git him a new hat, but Father would n't hear to such a thing.

Coppic and the other raiders threw down their guns and surrendered, except one colored feller. This darky jumped up and said, "I'm one of the citizen prisoners."

"No you ain't," the officer said, and took him along with the others.

Brown could n't walk, and the marines carried him out and laid him on the grass. They formed a circle around him with their bayonets ready so he could n't be harmed. "Stand back, men," they'd say to the crowd.

I went into a store where Father dealt and got some crackers and cheese to eat, and I stayed in the town till night. The people liked to have talked me to death. "Hyar, tell us how you was arrested and all about it," they'd say. They kep' at me and would hardly let me away.

I got home a little befo' sundown, and I tell you I was sleepy, for I had n't slep' none to speak of for two nights. My father had returned earlier, so Mother and the rest of

the family knew we were safe, and they were all contented when I arrived.

One of our colored men was caught at the armory with a gun and was taken to Charlestown jail. He got the typhoid fever in the jail and died there.

Us young fellers would ride to Charlestown of a Sunday to see the prisoners. The jailer let a squad of four or five of us go in at a time, and he'd say: "Don't make 'em mad. Don't say anything mean to 'em."

Brown was very quiet and never said much more than: "How do you do. Nice day," or something of that sort.

I saw Stevens, and I remarked, "S'pose you know me."

"No, indeed, no, indeed!" he replied.

"You broke in our house," I said, "and took me and Father prisoners."

"You're just as much mistaken as if you'd lost your hat," he said.

He was gritty, and, from all I saw, I can say that Brown and his men were none of 'em cowardly.

III

The Watchman on the Bridge¹

I WAS twenty-seven years old when Brown made his raid, and I was a watchman on the bridge across the Potomac. She was a covered wooden bridge, and the railroad trains wint through her, besides teams and people on foot. There were two of us watchmen. My partner would be on duty for twelve hours, and then I'd take my turn for twelve hours. I wint on at midnight and stayed on till noon. We had to tind to a switch, and at night I had to collect the tolls. A regular collector took the tolls in the daytime.

Brown had rinted a farm on the Maryland side of the Potomac. I knew him as Captain John Smith, and he was as nice a man as you'd want to meet. He bought a horse and a little wagon, and I saw him daily comparatively speakin'. He'd come to the town and go back wid a box that had been shipped to him from the North. We found out afterward that those boxes had revolvers and Sharps's rifles and such things in 'em. Brown 'peared to be very fri'ndly wid me, and he'd be shakin' hands and havin' a few words to say. He claimed he'd found a vein of silver in the mountains.

I lived at the village of Sandy Hook about a mile down on the north side of the Potomac. On the October Sunday

¹ As I saw him he was a very hearty, friendly old Irishman of alert mind and decided opinions. We spent an evening together in the little sitting-room of his home a short distance from Harper's Ferry.

night that the raid began I got up at the usual time, put on me overcoat, for the air was right cool, and started for work. I carried a lantern, though there were stars in the sky, so the night was n't disperate dark. Me watch showed it was ten minutes past twelve o'clock when I reached the bridge. We had three or four oil lamps in the bridge to guide people across, and I seen that the lights was out, and it sthruck me there was something wrong.

The watch-box was at the other end of the bridge, and I'd walked three fourths of the way across when I saw two men wid blankets around their shoulders. They were standin' at a place where the bridge widened out, and where there was a seat at one side wid a banister at each end. One of the men stepped back out of the way, but the other stood there and said, "Halt!"

I did n't know no more what "Halt" meant than a hog does about a holiday, and I kep' movin' on. Then he said, "Halt!" again, but I wint on till I got close.

I was n't expectin' to have no trouble, for I was p'aceable, and I was unarmed. I niver carried a revolver. If I was attacked I'd rather get a black eye than shoot a man. I did n't believe in a revolver. I don't believe in 'em yet, and I don't believe in war. I seen enough of war and shootin'.

The man had one of thim pikes that Brown got to arm the nagurs, and a very wicked lookin' weapon it was. He gave me a jab in the side wid the handle, and I wint very near throwin' up. I come to a little, and I said: "What's wrong? I'm the watchman on this bridge. What's the matter?"

"We'll watch the bridge to-night," he said.

Just then I noticed six or eight of thim pikes leanin'

ag'in' the seat there, and the sight of thim made me frantic.

"Come wid me," the man said, but he did n't say where he was goin' to bring me. He reached down his left hand and got hold of the handle of me lantern. "Come," he says.

About that time I up wid me fist and hit him back of the jaw under his ear and knocked him ag'in' the seat. The lantern dropped and was smashed, and the light wint out. I run, and don't you forget it. Dark as it was in that bridge I wint at the rate of twelve miles an hour, no doubt. The other man shot at me when I passed him, and I lost me hat.

Near the end of the bridge was a hotel, and the dure was always open for me. You see I often used to go there, just before the eastbound night express arrived, and warn 'em, so whoever wanted to go on the train could get ready. I run to the hotel and found the clerk and a man named Horsey in the office. This Horsey was goin' on the express. I told 'em about the men on the bridge, and Horsey said: "They're some of the town people who want to test your pluck. They're jokin' you."

That made me kind of angry, but I soon cooled off, and then I wint to the depot. A very big, stout colored man named Haywood handled the baggage and slept in the office there. He was a free nagur and worth some sixteen or eighteen thousand dollars. I woke him up. He had a pistol wid a knife attached to the end of it, and I borrowed it from him and wint to the house where me partner lived. I knocked at the dure and called to his wife. She knew me voice, and she said, "Is that you, Mr. Higgins?"

I asked her was her husband at home, and she said, "No."

I did n't want to scare the woman, and I said, "Well, I'll see him down town."

Then I wint right back to the depot, and pretty soon the express come. I told the conductor that two men held the bridge, and I would n't be responsible if the train wint out there. He was a tall, powerful man, and he hollered to the baggage-master on the train, "Let me have a lantern."

As soon as he had the lantern in his hand he told me to go wid him. I did n't care about goin', but I wint, for I niver was a coward and I did n't like to refuse. It seemed best though to keep a little behind him so if a bullet came our way he'd get it first. The baggage-master follered. We got onto the bridge, and bang wint a gun, but I suppose it was just fired in the air as a warnin'.

"Boys, what's wrong?" the conductor says.

"The town is taken," was the reply. "Advance no further."

The conductor told 'em who he was, and they said he could go on with his train, but he did n't want to risk it. We had turned to leave the bridge when the baggage-master picked up something and looked at it by the light of the lantern. "Pat, here's your hat," he said, "and there's a hole in it."

I put me hand up to me head and found blood in me hair. A bullet had just grazed the skin on the top of me head. I did n't know I was hit at the time of the shootin' I was that bad skeered. It was a close shave.

When the passengers learned that the train was goin' to stay there they got off and filled up the ticket office. Then Haywood, the colored man, wint out toward the bridge lookin' around, and the men there shot him through the body. He walked back and lay down on his couch in the

depot. A doctor in the town had heard the shootin', and he came to see what the trouble was. We had him look at Haywood, and he said the wounded man could n't live. Oh, poor feller! he suffered awful.

The train stayed there on the trestle till daylight in the morning. Then John Brown himself came and walked with the conductor ahead of the train across the bridge, and the conductor jumped on and proceeded.

After I'd watched the train go I wint to see if there was anything more I could do for Haywood. "For God's sake, Mr. Higgins, will you go and get me a drink of water?" he said.

There had been a big stone pitcher full of water in the waiting-room, but the people from the train had n't left a drop in it. So I took the pitcher and wint down to a pump in the street and drew the water. As I was goin' back a man come out of the bridge eatin' a cracker, and he asked me very politely would I let the men on the bridge have a drink. I said, "Yes," and wint along wid him.

He was the one who had shot at me, and I learned that his name was Thompson, and that the man I had hit was Oliver Brown. They had been reinforced by a chunky little mulatto who sat on the bench whittling a stick. I mistook the mulatto for a white man at first in the gloom of the bridge.

Brown said, "You're the laddie buck who sthruck me here last night, ain't you?"

I told him I was.

"Well, you acted very impudent," he said.

Then Thompson said, "I'm proud that I did n't kill or cripple you when you ran and I fired."

"What does it all mean?" I asked Oliver.

He said, "It's a darky scrape."

"Well, where's the darkies?" I asked.

"I am one," Oliver said; and Thompson said, "I am another"; but the mulatto niver opened his mouth at all.

Then I said: "For myself, I ain't rich enough to own a darky. I work twelve hours a day for a dollar."

"Yes," Brown said, "I know these slave states are not as good as the free states for you working-men. We're goin' to free the blacks, and that will help such as you. There'll be blood shed, but it's not our object to hurt any one who don't take up arms against us."

"I'm not very fond of fightin'," says I, "and I'm takin' this water over here to the depot to give to a nagur that you shot."

"It was his fault," Brown said. "He ought to have done as we told him to do."

I wint along wid the water. By this time the men in the town had begun to come to their work in the armory, and I could see a crowd of prisoners down there. The people soon became greatly excited over the state of affairs, and rumors flew far and wide. My wife got word of the raid, and she thought I'd lost an arm or a leg, or maybe was dead. So she leaves her four-months-old baby, and off she starts to find me. She passed the men on the bridge, and they put their hands to their hats very polite.

After she found me and knew I was all right, then she would n't go back alone wid herself. Nothing would do but I must go along, too. The baby needed her, so I wint. As we crossed the bridge I told Thompson I would be back in a few minutes. You see, it was me duty as watchman to look after things there. If I did n't the bridge owners might discharge me.

I walked down the road a ways toward Sandy Hook, and then I told me wife I must return. She took on cryin' and said she was sure I'd be killed or at least taken prisoner.

But I had to go. It was now about eight o'clock, and I remember the weather was kind of a little misty. As I wint along I could see a half dozen or more people comin' down the mountain on the Maryland side of the river, which was the side I was on, and I took notice some of 'em had guns. I waited for 'em at the entrance to the bridge, and I told 'em how I was obliged to go across, but that if they wint they'd be captured.

Then I left thim, and soon I was back in the office at the depot. I was sittin' there, watchin' and condolin' to myself what was goin' to be when those fellers across the river fired on the men who held the bridge. Oliver and the other two run like sheep. But a bullet stopped Oliver, and Thompson halted and tried to make a treaty wid the men. They would n't make any treaty, and they just tied his wrists together in front of him wid strong cord and took him to the hotel, where they held him a prisoner.

The colored man was so panic-stricken that instead of goin' to the armory he ran and jumped into the arsenal yard. By and by, when he was tryin' to get from the arsenal across the street to the armory gate he was shot in the neck and fell dead. I seen men come along afterward and take out their knives and cut off a piece of his ear for a relic and put it in their pockets. He had no ears left by night.

In the middle of the morning Stevens was shot. He was a fine-lookin' man, and it 'pears to me he was no coward. He fell behind the station warehouse. "O Lord! is there no one will take me out of here?" I heard him say.

I wint to where he was and turned him over, and I saw



THE MOB IN THE TAVERN

he had a Colt's revolver in his inside pocket, and I took it. While I was stoopin' over him they fired on me from the engine house. The bullets sthruck the wall behind me, and pieces of the brick flew and hit me head. A lady in a building right across from the depot called out of a window, "Fall back, fall back!" and I hurried to shelter.

My goodness! the excitement was terrible. The country people were flockin' in from all directions. Men broke into the saloons and got drunk, and they wint to the arsenal and everybody had plenty of guns. They were firin' cross-ways, and it's my opinion they wounded some of thim-selves. The wonder is that more were n't hurt.

In the afternoon the nagur at the depot died, and I wint to the hotel and told Beckham, who was the station-agent and the mayor of the town. I could see the tears come in his eyes he thought so much of that darky. Me 'n' him walked back to the depot office and looked at Haywood, and then Beckham told me to lock the office and put the key in me pocket. We wint along the trestle to the water-tank. Says I: "Squire, don't go any further. It ain't safe."

He leaned over and looked around the end of the tank, and while he was lookin' a bullet sthruck him. He took a step forward and said, "Oh!" and fell on his face. They'd shot him through the heart, and he lay there quiet and niver quivered. I stood twinty minutes or so lookin' at the poor feller, afeared to get him. Then I returned to the depot.

His death all but crazed the townspeople, and they made a rush in at the hotel to get Thompson. The landlord and Miss Foulke, his sister, fought hard for Thompson and plead and prayed for him. Tables and chairs were upset and there was an awful racket. The mob did n't leave the

hotel till they had the prisoner in their possession. They took him up to the depot platform at the entrance to the bridge.

George Chambers had become the actin'-mayor, and he wanted me to go get a rope to hang Thompson. In thim days I did n't care for Chambers or no man, and I would n't go.

Then Chambers said to Thompson: "I'll tell you what will save you. Give us a history of the Abolitionist proceedings that led to this insurrection, and we'll spare you."

But Thompson niver had a word to say. Chambers was a blood-thirsty feller, and he took a revolver, put it to Thompson's breast, and shot him. I always thought that was a cowardly act, and I niver liked Chambers so much afterward. They throwed the body over the wall, and it fell partly in the water and partly on the land, and during the day a good many men came and shot at it. That seemed brutal. The carcass laid there nearly all that week.

After dark some of us wint to get Beckham. Guns were still bein' fired, and we did n't like to expose ourselves. So I took hold of Beckham's feet and pulled him back a little till he was behind the tank. Then we lifted and carried him away.

Finally I wint home to Sandy Hook, and about two o'clock that night the marines from Washington got off the cars there. They walked the rest of the way to Harper's Ferry, and I wint wid 'em. When it was daylight their commander, Colonel Lee, said to the people: "The first one of the citizens that fires a shot will be put under arrest. This is government property and we will take care of it."

After a while an officer pulled out a white handkerchief and waved it up and down where it could be seen from the

engine-house portholes. Then he wint and had a talk wid Captain Brown. He stayed not more than ten minutes and came back and said: "He will not surrender. It's old Osawatomie Brown."

So they got a long, heavy ladder, and as many of the marines took hold of it as could, and they ran and rammed it ag'in' the big iron dure. That made an awful noise. At the third charge the dure wint in, and soon the raiders were all captured. They'd have been lynched by the citizens, and there'd niver have been a bit of a trial if the troops had n't been here to protect 'em.

After Brown was hung I helped put his remains on the express at our depot for his wife to take North, and I could n't help thinkin' what a mistake he'd made. He seemed a sinsible man in most respects, but he was a maniac on this question of slavery. The effect of the raid was just the opposite of what he hoped, even on the slaves. He had killed a nagur here the first thing, and that shocked thim. You could n't get one of 'em out after dark till weeks and months had gone by, they were so skeered.

Well, the Monday of John Brown's Raid bate anything I iver seen, and I seen desperate times during the war — bridges burnt and government buildings a-fire — but niver no such excitement as that day. It was a dreadful time.

IV

The Free Jakes¹

My folks lived eight miles south of Harper's Ferry at Charlestown. I was a boy comin' up fourteen or fifteen years old at the time of the Brown Raid. The first I knew of it two men playin' a drum and a fife marched up the street. Then the bell at the courthouse rang, and the people all gathered there to learn the cause of the unusual summons. Half a dozen prominent men spoke. They said something was wrong at Harper's Ferry, and that an armed body had taken possession of the armory.

Some of us boys had organized a sort of juvenile militia company. We had wooden guns and called ourselves Free Jakes. But there was no nonsense about the way we drilled, and I've never forgotten the manual. I could drill a company now right up to the scratch. There was an old Revolutionary cannon in the place — a smooth-bore six-pounder. Most of the time it just set around on a vacant lot anywhere, but the boys and young men always used to fire it on Christmas Day. That was the biggest time of the year with us. We celebrated Christmas the same as the Fourth of July was celebrated up North. We'd start in the morning along about daylight and fire the cannon at every

¹ Most of the Free Jakes are no more. The survivor who related their history was at the time of this interview a hotel landlord at Harper's Ferry — a thin, active man, getting gray. Sometimes, while he talked, he was behind the office counter, but in his more leisurely intervals he occupied one of the row of chairs along the opposite wall.

corner. The concussions would break all the windows in Charlestown, but no one ever complained. We made a fuse by soaking brown paper in salt petre, and when it was dried we tied it in a loose little roll on the end of a three-foot stick to use in touching off our cannon. The cannon kicked like the Old Harry and at every discharge jumped back eight or ten feet.

The jailer of our prison told us Free Jakes to get our cannon ready to go to Harper's Ferry. We needed some ammunition, and we got a number of oyster cans that would hold 'bout a pint and were just the right size for the muzzle of our gun, and we filled 'em with powder. Then we picked little holes in the bottom with a nail and a rock so the powder would ignite. Another set of cans we filled with clippings from horseshoes. The clippings were square slugs as big as large chestnuts and made fine missiles. We took a stick and rammed one of each of the cans home in the gun and filled up the touchhole with powder. After that we put ropes to the cannon and started along the pike. I guess fifty or sixty boys had hold of the ropes. Anyway there was a dickens of a bunch of us. We had two men for wheel-horses. They were big and strong, and we kept them full enough of whiskey to encourage them to work well. We had to stop now and then to rest, and it took us quite a while to travel the hilly eight-mile road.

As we neared the town we began to move very quietly, feelin' our way, and not knowin' what we had to contend with. It was afternoon when we got here. Everything was in a bustle, and we could see people lookin' down from the high ground all around. We planted our cannon up on Camp Hill to bear on the bridge across the Potomac. That bridge was a mile away, mind you, but we expected to

keep out any enemy that attempted to cross it; and I suppose, if we had actually fired our cannon, the slugs in the oyster can would have been scattered all over the world.

But there seemed to be no immediate occasion for artillery, and we left our cannon, and each boy knocked around to suit himself and see what he could see. Our movements were cautious, however, for we did n't know when we might run into an ambushade, and we were particularly careful not to go too near the engine house because Brown's men had made portholes in it through which they could sight and pop at us.

We all had friends livin' here who gave us something to eat, and quite a number of the Free Jakes stayed overnight. I know I did. I was at the home of a cousin of mine where a bunch of us fellows slept together on the floor.

The next morning the raiders were captured, and I saw Brown as they put him on the train to take him to the Charlestown Jail. He appeared to me like a very rough-lookin' old farmer.

Late in the day it was reported that a big crowd was comin' from the North somewheres, to rescue the raiders. We heard they were murdering and playing the mischief all along the line, and there was the blamedest excitement around here that night you ever saw. Some people out in the country gathered up what belongings they could carry in their arms, or perhaps put their stuff in a wheelbarrow and came into the town. Nobody slept. In fact, I tell you there was very little sleep here, or work either, for the balance of that week. What with the funerals and all kinds of reports, and the crowds that come in to look around, the town was in constant turmoil.

Thursday we dragged our cannon back, and we did n't have so many to help pull then, by golly!

My mother was a very philanthropic woman who made it a point to hunt up things for the needy and afflicted, and several times she sent me to the jail with a basket of food for Brown. The poor old fellow had a bayonet wound in his side and a sabre gash on the side of his head, and he was always lying down. They tried him soon after he was captured, and the jail guards carried him across the street to the courthouse on a stretcher. A crowd was sure to be lookin' on, and it was kept back on either side by a file of soldiers.

I was a little shaver, but I was at the trial every day, I reckon. I'd run off from school to go. They could n't keep me away. You'd think Brown was pretty near dead to look at him on his stretcher. Sometimes he'd sit up a little bit, but he did n't talk much.

He was condemned to be hung, and the appointed time came. It was a mild, pleasant day in early December. That morning Brown's wife visited him, and I was standing just opposite when she came out of the jail. She was dressed in deep black, with a heavy black veil over her face.

The place of execution was an open field on the edge of the town. The country people flocked in, and a good many strangers were present from a distance. The town was under martial law that day, and Ashby's Black Horse Cavalry was scouting all around. You know Brown had said he never would be hung, and we thought an attempt might be made to liberate him.

Brown rode from the jail to the gallows in a two-horse undertaker's wagon sitting on his coffin, and the sheriff sat

on it with him. As they went along Brown remarked to his companion, "This is nice country through here."

On the seat in front were the driver and the undertaker. All around the wagon rode an escort of cavalry, and on ahead marched a troop of infantry, and more infantry followed behind. When the procession reached the field the soldiers formed a hollow square around the scaffold. I sat up on a fence. The crowd was very quiet. It was a solemn occasion, and yet not specially dreadful. We all thought Brown was getting just what he'd worked for, and there was more or less joking at his expense.

After the hanging the body was put in the coffin and sent to Harper's Ferry in the undertaker's wagon under a cavalry guard. There Brown's wife was waiting to take the remains back North with her.

Six other raiders had been captured — four of them white men and two coons — and their trials and executions followed within a few months.

Some one made up a song soon after Brown was captured. It was sung to the tune of "Happy Land of Canaan," and was very popular at the time of the trial and all through the war. It ran along like this:

There was an insurrection in Harper's Ferry section —
John Brown thought the niggers would sustain him;
But old Governor Wise put the goggles on his eyes
And sent him to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus. Old John Brown, don't you see —
Never will do to set a nigger free?
People are a-comin' — comin' from all aroun'
They'll take you and hang you in old Charlestown.

Old Governor Wise, to Washington he went
And brought the marines on their own consent.
He marched them to the Ferry, he marched them all aroun',
He marched them to the engine house and took John Brown.

V

The Farmer's Daughter¹

WHEN the battle of Bull Run was fought back in 1861 my people lived hyar where I do now in this same little ol' farmhouse. Well, it's funny, I live hyar by myself, and this is a very retired place, but every now and then some stranger walks in on me. So you're from way up in Yankee land. Do you see that old white gobbler out there on the woodpile in the yard? He's my watchdog, and he warned me some one was comin' befo' you got to the gate.

What wet weather we're havin'! My stove always smokes such days. I wish somebody would stick their hat up in that hole in the sky where the water comes from so the rain would stop and give me a chance to work in my garden. I reckon this rain has played the mischief with a heap of people. My brother was tellin' me he drove through the ford down hyar at the battlefield, and the water come right up into his buggy. That stream is only a common little old branch, too.

Sunday, July 21st, was the date of the battle. The

¹ Her home was an old, low-roofed farmhouse. It was small and much patched and stood in a thin grove of trees where the wild flowers grew in the grass, and the turkeys and chickens rambled freely about. We sat in the little kitchen the greater part of one mild, showery day. The door was open, and we could look forth on the misty fields and woodlands. My hostess had reached the age of three score years and ten, but her tall form was unbent, her features retained their natural ruggedness, and there was all the fire of youth in her lively and unconventional conversation.

Henry farm, where there was the hottest fightin' is about two miles from hyar. The Yankees had marched out from Washington a few days earlier, and our men had been gettin' ready for 'em; so we knew the battle was comin' off. The railroad passed along the edge of our farm, and the trains were runnin' all Saturday night bringin' Southern troops. The rumblin' of the wheels and the whistle for the crossin' hyar would wake us up every few minutes.

Sunday came, and we did our mornin' work as usual. I was eighteen then, and I had four brothers, the youngest only three years old. We kept our horses and cattle out in the pasture, and the little boys would drive the cows up the first thing every mornin', and we'd milk 'em and let 'em go. Another thing we did befo' breakfast was feeding the fowls and the calves. I do that yet. All the animals have got to be fed befo' I'm fed.

The mornin' was one of the prettiest I ever see in my life, and for a while everything was very still, but about six o'clock, just as breakfast was ready, a Yankee cannon that we called Ol' Tom let loose. Paw had the boys go and get the colt from the pasture and put the saddle on him, and as soon as Paw was through eating he got on the colt and went down to the Henry house. If he had n't been too old and his health too bad he'd have been in the army. Anyway, he did what he could to help, and he never went to camp that he did n't carry something to the soldiers. This time he took along a tall black bottle of wine and a little glass to drink from. That glass belonged to me. Grandmother gave it to me when I was a little bit of a tot. I have it yet, and I'm goin' to hang on to it as long as I live. The wine was blackberry wine. Maw made a lot of that every year.

Paw got in with some Southern soldiers, and they went half a mile west along the pike. Then a battery at the Henry house mistook 'em for Yankees and fired a six pound cannon at 'em. The soldiers thought they'd better go back to where that battery was at. So Paw got out his wine and gave 'em each a drink, and away they went.

After Paw had put the glass and bottle in the saddle-pockets he mounted his horse and came over in this direction through a wheatfield. The wheat had been cut and stood there in shocks. As he was a-goin' along in the stubble he was close enough to the Union lines to hear the officers givin' commands, but they did n't seem to notice him. Paw was a man of mighty cool nerve and he did n't get frightened.

On this side of the wheatfield was the Widow Dogan's pasture with a great, big, right-new worm fence around it. The colt would n't jump the fence, and Paw took off the top rail. But the colt balked just the same, and he had to take a whole panel down except two rails. The widow's cows were in the pasture, and Paw thought it would n't do to leave the fence down, because the cattle would get into the wheat. So he put up every bit of the fence as he found it and came on up to Groveton. The ground is high there, and the people from the scattered farmhouses were out on the hills watchin'. Ol' Mrs. Dogan was there with all her children, and other women with their children, and lots of darkies were lookin', too.

Some of the Yankees came across there later, and they picked up Mrs. Dogan's overseer. He had all the house-keys, and I don't know what she'd have done if they had n't let him go so he got home in time for supper.

All through the early mornin' there was an artillery shot

every now and then, and about nine o'clock firin' commenced with small arms. The first round had the funniest sound — just like throwin' a whole lot of lumber down. From that on the battle was hot.

I was hyar with the children and Maw, and I was sittin' on the stake and rider fence out in front of the house when that first volley was fired. We had a tremendous wheat rick, and a great long ladder was leanin' against it. The children and I climbed up and stood on the top of the stack. But the trees down below hyar shut off all sight of the battlefield, and we could only see the bombs exploding. They were n't very near, though, and I don't remember hearin' a bomb whiz.

The trains were still comin' on the railroad, but by and by a Union scout stopped one of 'em hyar at the crossin'. He'd slipped around from Sudley, and the rascal stayed two or three days in the woods near by. He told the officers on the train some story that he thought would keep their troops from gettin' to the battlefield, but he failed to accomplish his purpose. The soldiers left the train and some of 'em came right down the road that passes our house and stopped to ask where they could fill their canteens.

I directed 'em to our spring at the foot of the hill. I always was spokesman when Paw was away, and there were a few times I had to be spokesman when he was at home and 'fraid to open his mouth. A woman somehow has her wits about her and can get around an enemy the way a man can't. Often, during the war, if Paw was goin' somewhere on his horse, he'd take me up behind him rather than go unprotected alone.

Those soldiers who spoke to me that July morning were so anxious to get in the fight that they double-quickened it to



WATCHING THE BURSTING BOMBS

the spring, and they went on from there at a gallop down as far as I could see. They were Jackson's foot cavalry, and Jackson's men always did double-quick. There was an officer among 'em who rode the prettiest dapple-gray I ever see, and the men on foot were running in front of him and pulling the fences down.

Another train full of troops was stopped by a man who lived two miles back hyar at Gainesville. He got on his horse and rode clear up to Thoroughfare Gap, six or seven miles, and told the officers on the train that our men were whipped. The man was just actin' the traitor, for he knew better. Well, he was always mean from the time he was little. The South Car'linians found out his trickery later in the day, and they was huntin' for him, but he was hid. They'd 'a' swung him up there in Gainesville in front of his mother's house. They would n't 'a' cared. You know they're hotheaded people, anyhow.

While the fightin' was goin' on that mornin' the children and I rambled all over the place hyar, and then I did something I guess nobody else on earth would do — I went upstairs and lay down and had a good sleep. When I get tired I want a nap. The battle was n't a-botherin' me. Early in the day, when it was first startin', the thought came into my head — "Oh my God, if the Yankees should whip us!"

But I said to myself, "They're not a-goin' to do it"; and I was just as easy the rest of the day as if there was nothin' goin' on. I was confident they was n't goin' to whip us noway.

We had our dinner at the usual time, and we sat hyar watchin' the bombs explode. They exploded mighty high in the sky. I thought they was n't doin' much damage. Father was still away, but we set there laughin' and talkin',

and Mother never let on that she was anxious. He got home about two, and said the Yankees had driven our men more 'n a mile till they came to Jackson's brigade. That was where Jackson earned his nickname. His men stood like a stone wall.

'Bout the time Paw finished eatin' dinner, hyar comes a Southern soldier to the house for water. He'd been carryin' the wounded, and the front of his pants was all bloody where one of the wounded men had fallen against him.

After he'd gone my two oldest brothers hitched up our ol' Jim horse; and he was a mighty good ol' horse, too, and he was n't so old either. They hitched him to the spring wagon, and they helped Paw put in a keg and a ten gallon lard can and fill 'em with water. Besides, they put in a basket with some victuals in it. There was a ham we'd cooked, and a whole lot of light bread—that's bread made with yeast.

Paw took all those things in his wagon and drove around a back way and got two citizens to go along with him. They were nearly down to Wheeler's house when they saw some cavalry around there, and they did n't know whether the cavalrymen were Southerners or Northerners. One of the citizens rolled out of the wagon in a hurry to get away. He was 'fraid the Yankees was goin' to ketch him. Paw was left in the road with the other man. They concluded it was safe to proceed, and they kept on toward the battlefield. Pretty soon they saw a wounded Yankee lyin' in a fence corner, and he was beggin' for water. They gave him a drink and fixed him as comfortable as they could and went on. After that it was wounded and wounded all along.

By that time the fightin' was over. The Union troops had kept chargin' up the hill at the Henry farm, but our

side was constantly receivin' reinforcements, and finally our men charged. The Yankees fell back, and presently they got panic-stricken. They thought the Confederates were chasing 'em, and they hurried on till late in the night, and some never stopped short of Washington, which is thirty miles from the battlefield.

In the afternoon we were settin' around the house till it was time to do the evenin' work, and we could see the black smoke and the red dust on the Sudley road where our men had got the Yankees runnin' — and if 't was n't the biggest dust ever kicked up!

Paw never come home till just befo' day, and he found us all asleep. We knew he knew how to take care of himself. He'd been haulin' wounded off the field in his wagon. Lots of people's teams was doin' the same. Every house in all that country was a hospital, and they had field hospitals, too.

Monday morning, after Paw had slept a while, he went back to the battlefield. My oldest brother wanted to go with him, but Paw said the sights were too horrid for a boy of sixteen. All the wounded had been picked up when Paw got there except some of the Yankees. They'd crawled everywhere they were so afraid the Rebels were goin' to murder 'em. If they'd stayed where they were at when they were shot they'd have been cared for. Some crawled to the wheat shocks and pulled the bundles down over 'em. They hid in all sorts of places. More than twenty years afterward a couple of men out huntin' found a Yankee, way in a thick clump of pines, fallen between two trees. It looked like he'd been settin' leanin' against one of the trees till his strength failed him; and there were his bones and shoes and some scraps of clothing.

Soon after the battle ended one of our officers noticed something in the hand of a Yankee who was lyin' on the ground apparently dead. The officer got down and opened the man's hand, and in it was a white kid glove. The man happened to still have a little life left, and he opened his eyes. Then the officer put the glove back, and the fingers closed over it again. I suppose the man had married just befo' he left home.

A second battle was fought hyar the next summer. Some of the fightin' was done right around our place and I had a chance to hear the Rebel yell. It sounded like a whole lot of schoolboys runnin' a rabbit. Indeed, the Southern soldiers were mo' like schoolboys runnin' a rabbit than anything else. They were full of mischief — cram full of it.

A great many men were killed in that battle, and there were places where the ground was so soaked with blood that not one thing would grow on those spots for years.

You'd be surprised how careless the Yankees were about burying their dead. The Confederates did their part all right. Our men were buried so deep no ploughshare or anything will ever touch 'em. There they'll stay till the Day of Judgment. Some soldiers were sent hyar from Washington to bury the Union dead, and they just joked and talked politics with the old men in the neighborhood, and run on foolishness with the little white boys and little niggers. Of co'se they made some pretense at doin' their work, but often they'd leave a corpse right on top of the ground and throw on a little dirt, or turn half a log over it. One man had rocks piled on him, and another they put in a little narrow ravine and laid some rails on top. A detachment of artillery drove across the rails afterward, but a day

or two later the man was removed — I reckon by soldiers who knew him. They buried him near an oak tree and cut his initials on the tree-trunk.

Frequently I'd go to walk over the battlefield just to be at it, and I'd always pass a place where one of those men was layin' half buried on top of the ground. Enough dirt had been thrown over him to cover all except his head and one arm that was stretched out from his body. There was a road near him, and a big pear tree. I'd go and look at him out of curiosity. He was a sharp-featured man with a long face and sandy hair and a sandy moustache. His eyes were closed, and he lay there just like he was asleep.

Our men buried some of the Yankees. A railroad had been begun hyar and abandoned, and they gathered up six hundred and eighty-three Yankees and piled 'em up good at the end of this railroad embankment and then threw dirt down on top of 'em and covered 'em deep. Along in '64 and later Northern people used to come out hyar all in a cahoot from Washington to see the battlefield. They had it in their heads that a lot of Rebels were buried at the end of that embankment, and they went on their horses and hawhawed and rode all over the spot just for the fun of it. You people don't know how they behaved down hyar. I don't think devils could have been so mean. They wore the dirt off the bodies, and the citizens would go and throw it back on.

One day I was standin' by the roadside with some friends down at Groveton when a Yankee doctor come ridin' along on his horse, and he had a leather strap full of skulls. The strap was run through at the ears. He held it up and said to us laughing, "Look at these Rebel skulls I've got."

"Where'd you get 'em?" I asked.

"Out hyar at the end of the embankment," he said.

"Indeed, then, they're not Rebel skulls," I said.
"They're skulls of your own men."

But he took 'em along just the same. I hope they were always grinning at him and would n't let him sleep nights.

Plenty of Yankees in the army, too, were no more a credit to the North than those people from Washington. If you knew what we know about the letters found on your dead and wounded hyar on the battlefield you'd be ashamed to say that any of your ancestors were in the Northern army. One letter was from a woman who asked her husband to send her some Rebel furniture, because she was tired of boarding and wanted to go to housekeeping. The top of the man's head was blown off, and my brother said, "He's got the Rebel furniture all right."

The letters were written by people who had no education scarcely. We hear tell 'bout New England education and how Boston is the top of the pot, but the writers of those letters could n't even spell.

From what I've heard of the folks who live in Vermont and New Hampshire and your Northern mountains a stranger can hardly get a civil answer to a question. It's different down hyar. Our mountain people are polite and nice. I can tell you another thing — when I get on a train and set with a stranger I always know which section of country the stranger is from. If he's chatty he's Southern — if not, Northern.

There's a lot mo' class distinction in the North than in the South. An officer come hyar one evening and wanted supper, and he had his orderly with him. Well, the hateful old thing kept the orderly settin' out on his horse while he himself was in gettin' warm by the fire. We were havin'

misty, damp, foggy, wet weather just as we always do in the fall of the year, and Paw spoke to the officer 'bout the man outside.

"Oh! he's only an orderly," the officer said.

But Paw went out and told the man to come in. He came, and yet as long as he was in the room with the officer he looked just like he was on a hot griddle.

Quite a lot of your Northern men was hyar some six or seven years ago to dedicate a monument, and they was wantin' whiskey, whiskey all the time. They had puffy bodies and purplish cheeks, and I never saw such a funny-lookin' set of people in my life. It seemed as if you might touch a match to some of 'em, and they'd be set on fire.

In the spring of '65 the government sent men to dig up the remains of the Northern soldiers and carry 'em to Arlington, but they only just took the big bones, and not all of those. There were lots of arm and leg bones out hyar in the woods where the doctors did their amputating that they never got at all. It seems to me I don't want to be livin' at the resurrection when all the people's bones will get together to make their bodies complete. I might get hit. They'd be flyin' around so thick it would be dangerous — it would so.

I remember there was one skull layin' out on the pike a long time. The boys thought it was fun to see how far they could kick it. They could n't break it to save their lives, and everything that come along — horses and all — give that skull a kick and never broke a piece off of it. I don't know whatever became of it — whether it got kicked in the branch, or what happened to it, but it disappeared.

Once some of us young people were goin' along side of Bull Run through the bushes. I was ahead, and the first

thing I knew I was face to face with a Yankee skull some one had set up there on a black stump about five feet high. I could n't help but laugh. It did n't scare me. I'd seen too many. Yes, some of the most ridiculous things happened during the war, and some of the saddest and some of the meanest.

We had the Yankee soldiers around hyar most of the time, and some of 'em were posted as guards close by at the railroad crossin'. They would n't allow any citizen to go over the crossin' unless they were satisfied he was all right. In order to stop any one who might try to go along after dark they fixed wires across the road to take a man riding on horseback just below the chin. But our boys found out about the wires, and they'd duck their heads and ride under 'em.

Black Frank Lewis had an ol' hog that used to ramble all about the country, and one night the hog was rootin' in the leaves near the crossin', and the Yankees swore it was the Rebels. They caught a glimpse of it by the light of their lantern and shot and killed it. Then they skinned it right there, and some wrote home that they had shot a panther which measured five feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail.

A good many of these Yankees had joined the army to get a bounty with the understanding that they'd only be used to protect the capital. But you know the United States government never kept a promise, and they were awful afraid they'd be sent down to fight around Richmond. Some of 'em cut up Jack and were mean as the Ol' Scratch, but we tried our best not to have any trouble with 'em. "Better have the good will of a dog than the bad," Mother said.

Tongue-lashin' 'em did n't pay. Sometimes my youngest brother made us anxious, for he was the greatest littleascal, and he'd say things befo' 'em. But he lisped, and they could n't understand him. The rest of us would n't never say much to 'em, but if they got cuttin' up too high and stealin' we'd save what we could. Ol' Doctor Stewart up hyar kept a hatchet sharpened to split their heads open, and he let 'em know it. They told him if there was mo' ready that way, they'd behave themselves.

Once a prowler come round to where we had all our fowls fastened in the paddock. The wretch started to crawl in there and had got half way under the high log fence when my little brother saw him. The boy took a good stout apple-stick and gave him the biggest lamming I ever looked at, and the feller was glad to back out and slink off.

Another time I found a Yankee in our yard chasin' the chickens, and I told him to let 'em alone. He said: "I'll leave you two. You can be thankful I won't take 'em all. You can raise a dom sight from two."

But he did n't carry off any at all. He'd got 'em to runnin' and he could n't ketch 'em. We had some guineas, but the soldiers never bothered them. They thought guineas was n't fit to eat, and that we just kept 'em to scare off hawks.

For a while we had our hens underneath the kitchen. There was forty or fifty — a whole gang of 'em. The kitchen was underpinned all around, but some of the rocks were loose near the back door so we could pull 'em out, and my younger brothers would get in there and hunt for the eggs. They were little chaps who could crawl everywhere. Under the stove was a hole that had got burnt through the floor, and we'd laid a piece of board over it. We threw the

chickens' feed down that hole. A guard who had been detailed to stay at the house and protect our property heard one of the chickens squawk when another pecked it, and he said; "Oh! you-all got your chickens under hyar. I never knew that befo', and I been hyar with you nearly three weeks."

Besides our ol' Jim horse we had another horse named Barney. It was funny to see Barney sometimes. Once some Yankee cavalrymen got after him and chased him into our potato patch. We saw 'em racin' around there and doin' their best to ketch him, and he was so smart he would n't let 'em do it. He'd stop short off and they'd go on past him, and he played that same trick on 'em again and again. It's a wonder they did n't shoot him. They did some tall cussin', and if every oath had been a Parrott shot they would have killed all the people within range. Pretty soon an officer came, and he made 'em go away. If I'd been him I'd have taken my saber and whacked some of 'em. Barney went down in the woods and stayed there till they were all out of the country.

One of Barney's hoofs was too long. I don't know what had happened to him. He was n't lame, but that hoof made him walk lame, though we could work him anywhere and ride him. I've ridden him many a time. After bein' chased by the Yankees he never could bear the sight of a blue coat. It would make him jump like he was goin' to jump out of his skin. We had a neighbor who wore an old blue army overcoat he'd picked up on the battlefield. Once I went to where he lived on some errand, and I rode Barney. I got to the man's gate, and he come out of the house wearin' that coat, and I told him to stop where he was. But he walked right along to the gate, and Barney drew himself up in a

hump and bucked. If I'd had a sidesaddle I could have stayed on, but I had a cavalry saddle, and I went over backwards onto a pile of stones. I hurt my thumb — that was all. When the ol' fool in the blue overcoat saw what he'd done he kept back, and the horse stood still. I got on Barney and rode away. I could have killed that man, but I never said no mo' to him. I'm one of these that treat a man with silent contempt when they have no use for him.

This was such a small ol' house that most of the soldiers thought there was nothin' inside worth takin', but we had some silver spoons and a few other small articles that were of value. Women wore hoops then, and I made a big pocket and put our valuables in it and wore it under my hoops when the Yankees were around.

They used to help themselves to the potatoes in our potato patch. They did n't get many, though, for they only had bayonets and spoons and such things to dig with.

The Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois men — they were the meanest — except the riffraff from the cities, and one regiment from Michigan. The colonel of that regiment was as mean as the men were, and there was a major who was meaner'n any of 'em. Long after dark, one warm September night, that major and two or three of his men come in hyar without knockin'. I was up, but Maw and the children had gone to bed. Paw was away. An officer had sent for him to come and pilot some of the troops on an expedition they were makin' that night, and Paw said they were shootin' at every cedar bush along the way takin' it for a Rebel.

The major wanted to boil some coffee, and I said, "I'll boil it for you."

I was n't goin' to let 'em in the kitchen to save their

necks, because I and my third brother had a pet sheep fastened up there. She kept mighty mum that night and never bleated once.

The coffee had n't hardly come to a boil when the men wanted it. I brought it to 'em, and they sat around a table on the porch and drank it. They'd brought brown sugar for sweetening and they had some ol' crackers to eat. I gave 'em a lamp. That was befo' coal oil days, and we burnt butter in it. While they sat there they were makin' mean remarks 'bout one of the local women. I wish she'd heard what they said. She would jaw and abuse the Yankees and say all sorts of hateful things to 'em, and yet later she turned right around and married a Yankee soldier.

Those men stayed hyar till morning. We had a great big stack of hay next to the barn, and they would have fed their horses at it, but Paw had put briery hay on the outside on purpose, and when they got their hands into it they thought it was no good. Half of our garden was full of the biggest cabbages I ever see, and they just stripped that garden of cabbages and everything else. Besides they killed all the turkeys on the place. It was n't that they wanted the things for food, but they thought they were starvin' us Rebels. When they left they loaded themselves up, and they scattered turkeys and cabbages along the road half way to Gainesville.

We see hard times in the war. The women had to turn their dresses upside down and wrongside fore and inside out to make 'em last. My youngest brother had pants made out of pretty gray cloth that had been some Southern soldier's saddle-blanket, and his jacket was made out of a blue army overcoat. The battlefields was quite a help to

us, for you could find almost anything on 'em — all but a steam engine. I never went out on 'em that I did n't bring back a load of plunder. That's where we got materials for our shoes. Cartridge boxes were good for soles, tent canvas would turn water and was all right for the upper part, and we tipped 'em with patent leather from soldiers' belts. Paw could make the rougher shoes. But a fellow who lived out across the battlefield made shoes for all over the country. We took the stuff for our best shoes right to his house to be made up.

Well, I've told you 'bout the fightin' round hyar. It makes me mad when people talk in favor of war. I've got no use for it, and I've got no use for battle vessels or big guns. It would pay a heap better to put the money into missions.

VI

The Slave Blacksmith ¹

I BEEN in this region all my life — eighty years. In my young days I belonged to Mr. Lewis, and I had a little blacksmith's shop right hyar at Groveton where I live now at the cross-roads. There was only two or three houses hyar then just as there are to-day.

The Confederates had been kickin' up around hyar for some time befo' the battle. Oh land, yes! and they had fo'ts six miles from hyar at Manassa' and had held fo'th there a good while:

We colored people knew that the war was on foot, and we thought slavery would n't be allowed any mo' if the North won. Very few of us could read at all or even knew the alphabet, and our masters would have kept us ignorant about the meaning of the war, but the news leaked out so we got hold of it slightly. As the war went on the North had enough well-wishers among the colored people for them to be twenty-five thousand strong in its armies on the field. I heard one colored man say that he'd rather lose his wife from his family than have the North beaten.

We wanted liberty — we wanted to be free men and women, and not like the Children of Israel in bondage in Egypt. We wanted to inherit the promised land. In the

¹ He was a courteous, intelligent man, white-haired and spectacled. I visited him at his house, which, though weather-worn, was clean and comfortable.

old slave times I've known men to freeze to death they were so thinly clad. They'd have ragged jackets and no undershirt, and old patched trousers with no drawers underneath. Exposure and poor living made the slaves get pleurisy — what we call pneumonia now — and they'd have rheumatic pains. Planters from farther South would come hyar to market and buy up laborers for their tobacco and cotton plantations, and I've seen those slaves goin' along handcuffed, and they'd be put in jail at night to keep 'em from tryin' to escape. We was n't allowed to go visitin' from house to house. They had paterollers who went about on horseback at night and patrolled all the roads. Those paterollers would come to your house to see who you'd got there, and who was out of place. If they found you on the highway without a pass from your boss, and you could n't give a satisfactory account of yourself, they'd lay on so many lashes.

Well, as I was sayin', we had Confederate soldiers all around this north coast befo' the battle of Bull Run, and we were a-lookin' for a battle but did n't know which way it would be comin' in. Things kept kind o' quiet till the middle of July. Then, on a Thursday, mind you, the Union troops come down through a little village called Centerville, six miles east of hyar, and a long-range cannonade was begun. There was no musketry. It was just a little artillery skirmish with guns stationed on both sides of the Run firing back and fo'th.

Our employers took a big lot of us slaves down in the Bull Run bottom to blockade the road by chopping down trees. The trees were great big oaks, and four men would chop at a single one at the same time. After we'd cut a tree till it would n't take much to throw it we'd let it stand, but

of co'se some few trees fell without our intending to have 'em. When we'd got enough fixed we sat down right there waiting for orders. If the enemy got too strong we was expected to bounce up, throw the trees, and escape. We stayed on the field Thursday night just as the soldiers did. Friday the Union troops fell back to their camp, and we slaves went home.

Sunday morning come around. Everything was calm, and the sun was shining bright and hot. I'd had my breakfast and was standing in the yard befo' my shop door lookin' to see what I could see when I heard the boom of a cannon. I looked down the Fairfax Road and seen a smoke raisin' above the trees. Then I heard the pop of a return shot from the Southern side. The cannon kept on firin', and the people around hyar were all lookin' on from their houses. This is high ground and we had a beautiful view.

About ten o'clock the Union infantry crossed Bull Run, and then I could see 'em goin' helter-skelter crossways and every way hardly a mile distant. Yes, I could see both gangs and the whole maneuvering. My Lord! I was lookin' right at the smoke blazin' out of the guns. There was a constant flicker of firin', and the noise was mo' like a hail-storm on a roof than anything else I can compare it to. I did n't go home to get any dinner that day. I had something else to think about. It was a very exciting time, I tell you. It was, indeed!

The fighting that I could see was over in an hour or so, but the bomboosing and bumming continued until about two. Then the whole Northern army retreated. We could n't see the men, but we could see a mountainous cloud of dust rising up through the tops of the trees from the roads they were on. The Southern troops followed 'em

across the Run and kept up their cannonading until about four o'clock.

When we colored people knew the Northern army had been beaten we felt just like we were worse off than we ever was, and we thought we'd be barbarously treated. The South knew in its soul that our sympathy was on the other side. I've heard our masters talkin' that way, and they used to tell us so. Whatever they said we had to keep silent and take the wink as good as a nod. We could n't argue. We just let a still tongue carry a wise head — that's all.

On Monday lots of people come from all directions and went perusin' on the battlefield, and I went over that way myself, but I soon turned back after I began to come across dead men. I'd seen enough. I heard the Southern soldiers say that some of their men were killed with poisoned bullets. The poison was in a thin piece of some different metal at the big end. I reckon I've seen a thousand of those bullets that have been picked up around hyar. When the ball went into a plank or a sapling or a man's body that poisonous plate stayed there and let loose the poison, even if the lead part went on and out. But Northern soldiers have told me that such bullets were just an invention for cleaning out the gun barrel as they were fired.

We saw a good deal of the soldiers all through the war — coming and going and camping and fighting. Once a Federal officer stopped at my shop, and his men stood lined up out in the road. While he was talking with me one of the men fell dead as a beef, shot by a bullet from the Confederates who were a full quarter of a mile away.

If the soldiers were camped anywhere near they'd be comin' to our houses to buy milk, butter, pies, or anything. I've had 'em in my house many a time, both Northern and

Southern soldiers. Some were just as genteel as if they'd been born in a church. But you'd find scalawags, too — men who were filthy and with no behavior about 'em. They was n't accustomed to behaving, and no doubt they was rough in their own homes. Some of 'em was convicts cut loose from the Richmond Penitentiary. They were sent out hyar with the stripes on 'em to throw up breast-works, and they were just as mean and dirty people as the sun ever shone on.

We lost considerable in the line of things to eat. The soldiers would milk our cows out in the field and take the milk away, and they'd steal our chickens, geese, and turkeys. The Northern and Southern men was alike about takin' those things — one side stole just as much as the other. But I don't blame 'em for stealin' chickens — why certainly not. I'd do the same thing myself in their place. Yes, if I'd been for weeks and months out on the field eating only beef and hardtack, and I found a good fat hen I'd take that hen sure.

But of co'se we did n't like to have our things carried off, and if we could ketch a man stealin'; and could overpower him, we saved our property; and if we were not able to do that the things had to go 'long. There was no civil law then, and you could n't do anything more about it. When people refugeed and left their houses vacant the soldiers would go in and take the wearin' clothes and whatever else they pleased. Often though it was the neighbors instead of the soldiers that did such pilfering. Clothing was very skurce among the Rebels in the last part of the war, and they wore anything they could get on except United States blue. That was n't allowed. They had on a general mixture of clothing of all sorts, and they were ragged and dirty.

Sometimes we'd go to an officer at the army headquarters and say, "Sir, I wish to have a guard on my place."

The officer would say, "All right, but you'll have to be responsible for him and see that he's not jerked up by the enemy."

So a soldier would be detailed to go and protect your place, and he'd stay right there till he was ordered in, even if the balance of his troop went away.

After the Emancipation Proclamation I set up my own blacksmith shop and went to work. I felt like a man then, and as if I had something to work for. But some, as soon as they were free, quit work, and away they went, which was a great mistake. I have to acknowledge there's mo' loafing now than befo' the war. The slave had a man behind him with a bull whip, and was made to work whether he wanted to or not. But you go to the towns and villages now, and you'll find big, able-bodied men standing around doing nothing. A man I knew was offered a dollar and a quarter a day. He said he could n't board himself for that, and because the money was n't comin' fast enough he kep' on loafin'. But no man is wise to walk around a small job when he's out of work. Freedom ain't made us all thrifty, and though some colored men are worth thirty-five or forty thousand dollars others ain't worth a decent suit of clothes.

Perhaps you'd be interested to know that I seen a ghost on the battlefield once. There was a woman in the neighborhood whose company I was very fond of, and I often went to call on her. It was a lonesome road to where she lived and it went across the battlefield. One night I was startin' out to call on her, and I picked up my double-bar'led gun to carry along. I thought some dog might bother me, or I might see a wild turkey up a tree. I'd been

out in the evenin' a while befo' and seen a turkey, and I came cl'ar home, got my gun, and crep' back and killed him.

Anyway, the gun was company, and I took it on my shoulder and started. The night was pleasant and the stars was shining, but the air was cool and the wind was blowin' pretty high. I walked along until I saw somethin' like a big black dog comin' across the battlefield. "If that dog attacks me I'll give him both bar'ls" I thought.

I felt pretty safe with that gun in my hands, for I'd never known it to miss fire. After cocking it ready for business I checked up to let the animal go by if it wanted to; but as soon as I stopped that stopped, too. Then, in a minute or so, it started on again. The country was all ripped up and the fences gone, and the dog came straight along from the field down in the hollow of the road. So I walked out on the edge of the road with my gun pointed right at where the animal was. I'd got within ten feet of it when, Blessed Lord! I saw it was nothing but a cedar bush. It was kind of a goose-egg shape and had been cut off, and the breeze of the air had made it roll. There's many a man would have run and always thought afterward he'd seen a mystery.

When I found out what it was I let the hammers down, threw my gun up on my shoulder, and went on. Anyhow I had a good story to tell when I made my call.

VII

The Widow's Son¹

THEY fought the battle of Shiloh hyar early in the month of April back in 1862, when I was seventeen years old. My father was dead, and I helped Mother run our farm. This was a very rough, thinly-settled region then. Oh! there was n't near the people livin' hyar that there are now. Five miles north was Shiloh Church, the little log building which gave the battle its name, and two miles farther on was Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River where the Union troops got off the steamboats. The nearest town was Corinth, and so it is still. That's fifteen miles to the south.

We had a rather rude, old-fashioned, hewed-log house, but it was a great big one, about twenty by twenty-two feet, and two stories high. Near by was an outdoor kitchen with a hearth in it that went from one side to the other. If it had n't been for that wide hearth the little colored fellers would have got the building afire when they were left in there. The slaves liked to congregate in the outdoor kitchen after supper and sit around a big log fire and talk and laugh till bedtime. They lived in four or five one-room log cabins about sixteen feet square. The cracks between

¹ The narrator was a large-framed, stoop-shouldered man with a long white beard. I met him in his home yard and observed that his failing eyesight compelled him to feel his way about with a cane. While he told his story we sat on the porch of his large, plain farmhouse. Roundabout were irregular fields in thin oak woods.

the logs was daubed with mud, and the cabins was right comfortable.

The slaves was n't mistreated hyar, and they seemed contented. Farther south, where there were big quantities of 'em, they were bossed by overseers who were often pretty rough. But I don't think it was the general custom to abuse 'em anywhere. They were property, and it was for the owner's interest to keep 'em in good condition, and to send for the doctor if they were sick so they'd be cured and get back to work quicker.

The crops on our farm were principally corn, oats, and wheat; and we raised some horses and cows. There was a good range hyar, and we let the farm animals all run out. We fed our cows some so they'd give more milk and we'd have better butter, but the balance of the stock never got any home feeding unless in a real cold time in winter.

The hogs picked up their own living, too. They found plenty of mast, such as beech and hickory nuts and acorns, and in the fall there were muscadines all over the bottoms. The hogs loved those grapes, and they had no trouble getting 'em, for after the grapes got ripe the wind would shake 'em down. We called the hogs up often enough to keep 'em gentle. They'd have gone plumb wild if we had n't tended to 'em. Pork time come along about November, and then we'd get the hogs together by carrying corn to drop along and toll 'em all up into a fenced lot. We'd mark the ears of the young ones so they would n't be taken by other people, and we'd pick out the ones we wanted to butcher and put 'em in a pen and feed 'em. When the weather got good and cold, and the hogs were fat enough we butchered 'em. Then we'd have bacon and sausage, and we'd have souse made out of the feet and head. That souse was a kind of

jelly. Hit was seasoned all up with different ingrediences and pressed, and the women would slice it out about like tobacco plugs and put it on the table cold.

The folks hyar went a hundred miles to Memphis or Nashville to market. Hit took two weeks to go and come. They'd carry cotton and a heap of eggs, poultry, and things like that, and bring provisions back. The produce was loaded into a covered wagon with a bottom that bowed down low in the middle. Four yoke of oxen were hitched to it, and the farmer and a nigger man would set back under the cover and guide the steers by hollerin', "Gee," and, "Whoa, come," to 'em.

Not much land had been cleared, and we had as fine timber in the bottoms as ever you see anywhere in the world. Some of the oak trees would make a thousand rails. A heap of good oak timber grew on the uplands, too, but it was more knotty and not so large. The uplands have been powerfully butchered. We'd deaden the trees—girdle 'em, you know — and when they fell we'd roll 'em up in a heap and burn 'em to get 'em out of the way. There was lots of squirrels jumpin' about in the woods, and game of all kinds was plenty.

Before the battle our Confederate army was stationed at Corinth, and our cavalry would come out hyar tryin' to notice if the Federals had made any inroads. There were boys from this region in both armies. We used to call those that were fighting on the Northern side "homemade Yankees." One of the officers in Grant's army was a man who had been quite prominent in our local politics, and his troops captured a young cavalryman whose home was in this neighborhood. So the prisoner's father went to that officer and said: "I'd love to have you let my boy off. I've

always voted for you"; and the officer allowed the boy to go.

The first little bad time we had was one day about a fortnight before the battle. I was down hyar at the creek with a nigger or two. We were clearing new land, and the niggers was girdling trees and cuttin' bushes, and I was bossin' 'em. We was close to the road, and by and by I heard some one call out, "Halt!"

Hit was the first time I'd heard that word. I looked and saw a Confederate soldier and two citizens sitting on their horses out on the road. They'd been after the mail. A little farther off were some Yankees who called out, "Advance!"

"I'll be blessed if I'll advance," the Confederate soldier said, and he and the citizens started to ride away.

Then I heard a shot singing, and it went through and through one of the citizens. He tumbled to the ground and the other two galloped off. The man who was shot called me, but I was afraid to go to him, and the Yankees come and took him to the nearest house. They had one of their doctors tend to his wound, and after that the neighbors carried him on a litter about four miles to his home.

When I come on up from the creek to the house hyar it looked to me like the whole face of the earth was covered with Yankee cavalry and soldiers. As soon as I could I went to where the man who'd been shot was, and he whispered to me that he'd been bringin' a bunch of letters that our soldiers at Cumberland Gap had written to their home folks around hyar. After he fell off his horse he'd crawled to the fence and poked those letters through a crack, and he wanted me to get 'em. So I went right straight there and took 'em away.

The Union troops camped that night near our house, but

evacuated back to Pittsburg Landing the next day. More and more of 'em kept congregating there, and some of 'em were out hyar every day or two. By the 6th of April they'd increased to forty thousand. They did n't throw up any earthworks or take any special precautions because General Grant was expectin' the Confederates would stay at Corinth till he got ready to attack 'em. But General Johnston, the Confederate commander, brought his army out hyar. They had an awful time comin' with their wagons and cannon. Hit had been rainy, and the roads was so bad the cannon kept miring down, and the men had to be prizing 'em out with poles all the way. On some of these old bare knobs, where the ground is full of lime and nothing ever grows, the mud rolls up as a wagon goes over it and makes solid wheels and has to be cut out from between the spokes. The mud delayed the army so much it staved the battle off one day.

We knew there was goin' to be a hard fight, and I went to bed Saturday night expectin' it would come in at any minute. I did n't sleep a wink. I heard the first guns at four-fifty-five the next morning, and the sound was like the popping of corn. The firin' got heavier and heavier, and soon the roaring of cannon was jarring the window sashes, and the musketry became a constant sound like a storm. But later the firin' would once in a while sort of cease, and we'd think maybe they was done. Pretty soon, though, they'd break out again.

The fightin' had n't been goin' on long when the wounded began to come back. Some walked, and some was hauled in ambulances. As many as could be accommodated come to our house. We moved the beds from the lower rooms upstairs, and the wounded were laid in there

on pallets. They were arranged in rows with aisles for the doctors to go along and see what they needed, and they were groanin' and takin' on, and it was mighty bad. Some had to have limbs taken off, and the doctors did the amputating on a table in the hall. The veranda was crowded with wounded, too, and so was the yard. They lay on the ground with just their blankets under 'em, though it was chilly weather and the ground was wet.

Quite a lot of soldiers come to the house askin' for food, and our old cook went to cookin' for 'em. She was a mighty good cook, old Nancy was. She'd pass out the food and the soldiers would eat it in their hands. Some had little pans in their haversacks to put food in. Nancy kept cookin' the biscuit and ham-meat and bacon, and things like that, till she cooked all that we had.

I was just a-standin' around there skeered right smart. Mother and I and my two little brothers went to a neighbor's house to stay that night.

The Yankees had been driven way back to the banks of the river, and most likely they'd all been captured if twenty-five thousand fresh troops had n't arrived. Hit looked to me next day as if our soldiers was runnin' away. They come scattering along two or three in a bunch at first, but by and by so many were retreatin' back that they were everywhere. All the time the ambulances was goin' through the mud to Corinth with the wounded, and the blood was shakin' out like the drivers was haulin' hogs just butchered. About two thousand men had been killed and eight thousand wounded on each side. I recollect it was several days before all the wounded were taken away from our house. I come up there every day to help wait on 'em, carryin' water or any little nourishment.

There was a right smart fight near by on Tuesday. A few of the Union troops come out hyar, and our men tackled 'em, and they went back faster 'n they'd come. After that the Union army moved very cautiously, but before long they established a camp about half a mile from us, and they were there as late as June. Some of 'em come into our house and looked around, but they spoke noways harsh to nobody.

Our hogs used to go to the camp right in among the tents, and they got very fat feeding on the litter, wastage, and slop, and the soldiers would knock 'em in the head on the sly and clean 'em and eat 'em. The soldiers killed a good many cattle that they picked up around the country. They got all of ourn. I don't think we had ary head left. But you could n't hardly blame 'em for takin' things to eat. I heard one soldier say his colonel would steal right in the middle of a battle if he had a chance. The soldier said he'd seen the colonel ridin' around with his troops in action and a side of bacon under his arm.

That was a lawless time, and the army swept the country just like a cyclone. Hit took everything there was. Some of the soldiers was honest and would pay for what they got, but most would take things and go on. Often they would walk into a house and order the women to cook 'em a meal of victuals, but they never done us that-a-way.

We could n't make no crops that year. The troops went all through the fields, and where they marched they tore the fences down, and lots of the rails was burnt up in their campfires. An old rail burnt pretty good in a wet time. We took the rails that were left and condensed our fences. There was only enough to go around a couple of acres, and by the time we'd got the land ploughed and our corn

planted it was the last of June, I reckon. We raised some roas'in' years, but the frost come before the corn was ripe.

The wagoners was drawing from Pittsburg Landing past our place to the camp, and they'd get off and help themselves to our roas'in' years. I'd holler at 'em, and they'd run like lightning, but that was all a pretence. Mother knew they would n't listen at me much, and she complained to the wagon-master that they was takin' what little we had to live on. Then he give the teamsters an awful cussin' and scoldin', but I reckon that was pretence, too.

All our hogs had been taken, so I went off and bought two shoats and brought 'em hyar. The army wagons was haulin' corn, and so much fell out of the sacks and dribbled along the ground that our shoats would foller the wagons and get all they wanted to eat. We missed 'em one day and my brothers and I went to look to see where they was. We did n't know what in the world had become of 'em. Pretty soon we found their hides and entrails by the wayside. The teamsters had skinned 'em and thrown 'em on their wagons.

Two of our horses was took and we'd have lost the other two if we had n't kept 'em locked up. By spring we had nothing to feed 'em on, and we would let 'em graze down in the creek bottom where we was commencin' to try to make a crop. They shrunk up and got pretty thin, but they picked up enough to keep alive.

One noon, after we'd been to the house and eaten dinner, we come back and the best horse was gone. I follered around the fence till I come to a place where it was let down, and there was the horse's tracks. He was tolerably

fresh shod, and I knew those tracks was his, and I did n't have no doubt that the soldiers had got him.

I was afraid to go over to the camp because I might be shot for a spy before I got there. But I kept a-studyin' about it, and I decided I must go. Hit was a dangerous errand, and I thought I ought to avoid suspicion by lookin' as much like a citizen as I could. So I got my little brother and put him up on the horse behind me. I had a saddle and he had a blanket to sit on. As we went on through the camp we met a feller comin' out ridin' the stolen horse. The horse had a cavalry rig on, but the little horse I was on and the stolen horse knew each other and tried to smell noses. I just jerked my horse away and proceeded on to headquarters.

The general was sitting out on the veranda of the house with officers all around, and I was too green and skeered to say anything. Pretty soon the general noticed that I was hangin' around anxious for something, and he asked what I wanted. I told him one of his men had taken a horse out of my field, and I could n't make a crop with the one little horse I had left.

"You come back to-morrer," the general says.

On the way home I passed the place where the army horses was grazin', and one of the men asked me if I'd got what I went after. He'd sort o' smelt a mouse, and he swore I'd better keep out of the camp. But the next day I put my little brother behind me and went to the general. He turned to one of his officers directly, and said "Lieutenant, you go with this boy and look over the camp, and if you find a horse he says is his bring the feller who has it hyar."

We found the horse tied to a stake among the tents, and

the officer said to the man who had stolen it, "You go with me."

We went to the general leadin' the horse, and the man said, "I found him out hyar on the commons."

"Well, old man," I says, "I don't know as I know what commons are, but you got him in the field where I was ploughin'." He was n't an old man, but that was what I called him.

Then the general said, "Lieutenant, you take this man away and we'll punish him."

I went back home with the horse, but he was so good-lookin' I was afraid he'd be stole again, and I sold him after I'd made a crop. You had to have some old shag with his back skinned, and pore and boney, if you wanted to keep him.

VIII

A Battlefield Farmer ¹

I LIVED in a log house on the main road half a mile south of Shiloh Church. So I was right plumb in the worst danger thar was at all. I'd bought the place in '59 and paid two hundred and fifty dollars on it, and I gave my note for two hundred and fifty more. The land was already cleared, and thar was a cotton gin on the place. I chopped down trees and built the house myself. We did n't have no such thing as a lumber house in this country then much. My house had jist one room and no loft. The roof was made of thin oak boards, three feet long, split out by hand, and put on like shingles. Close by was a smokehouse and a little barn.

I was young them days — not much over thirty at the time of the battle — and I had a wife and two children.

After the Yankees begun to gather hyar early in March, 1862, some of 'em was pretty generally around my place every day. I had some fodder stacked in the field—two big stacks — and they tuck that the first thing. They tuck nineteen bales of cotton, which was all I had ginned, and carried it down to their steamboats, and I never saw any more of it. That same day they tuck my corn, and I says

¹ He was a slight, smooth-faced old man, who was much more lively mentally than he was physically. I found him living with a son-in-law off on a half-wild by-road near the battlefield. The day I visited him was warm, and we sat in the open passage between the two sections of the one-story dwelling.

to the feller that drove up to the crib, "I'd rather you'd jist shoot me down than take my corn."

He told me I did n't know what war was. Well, I did n't, and I don't want to know what it is no more.

They gave me vouchers for the truck they carried off, and I was hopin' I might git money for them vouchers; but one mornin' some soldiers broke into my house while I was away. Thar was a key lock on the front door, but only a thumb bolt on the back door. By poundin' off a board that was nailed over a space between the logs near the back door they reached in and slid the bolt. When I got home at noon I found six of 'em in thar cookin' dinner. I threatened to complain of 'em, and they told me they'd pay me a gold dollar for their dinner. So I said, "All right."

But after they'd gone I found they'd taken my vouchers and every paper I had on top of the earth, and they tuck the old woman's scissors and needles, and they tuck my razor, and they tuck my clothes so I did n't have an extra suit or nothing. One feller put on my drawers, and I found his under the house full of body lice.

I moved my family a few days before the battle right across the hill to my father-in-law's. I did n't want to be at home. The Yankees was camped thick as blackbirds all around my place, and things looked too scarey thar.

On Saturday morning, April 5th, some of their cavalrymen stopped at my father-in-law's and said they was thirsty and hungry, and we gave 'em water and food. Then they went along, and they'd hardly got out of sight in the next holler when two Confederates spurred up to the gate and wanted to know if any Yankees had been thar. "Yes, and they've jist gone," I said.

Whichever side come to me for information I told the

truth and did n't hide anything. Northern or Southern, they was alike to me. I was n't nary one of 'em.

The Confederates asked which way the Yankees went, and I replied, "They went down the hill."

The men questioned me some more and found out I'd been livin' inside of the Union lines, and then they said, "You come along with us."

Thar was two of 'em, and I did n't have a gun, so I could n't do anything but go. They went straight to the head man, Sidney Johnston, and lit off their horses. They'd been out scouting, and one of 'em said to the general, "We've brought you a man who's been in the Yankee camps."

Johnston wanted to know how things looked thar, and I said: "The Yankees' battle line stretched out in the woods so far I could n't see any end to it. Their tents made as pretty a city as I ever looked at."

"Have they got any rifle-pits out?" he asked.

"No, I did n't see any," I told him.

"Do you know the country back hyar?" he said.

I told him I did, and he sent me off to show his men some roads that was n't so muddy as the main roads. In about an hour by the sun I got back to Johnston, but they did n't let me leave till it was gittin' dark. So I stopped that night at my Uncle Peter's on the other side of the creek from my father-in-law's.

The battle began the next morning jist at daylight. I was already awake, but I was n't out of bed yet. As soon as I could git to the stable I saddled up, and I'd ridden down as far as the creek when the first cannon was fired. An old turkey gobbler answered it. Another cannon fired, and he gobbled again, and that was what he did every time till

they was firing so fast he could n't keep up. Then he got ashamed of himself and quit.

About that time some Confederate soldiers caught me, and they did n't turn me loose till ten o'clock. When I was free I hurried to whar my family was and I found a world of soldiers around the house. An officer said to me: "You git the women and children out. Thar's liable to be a fight hyar."

I decided to take 'em to Squire Greer's, a mile above, and I was on the way when some troops stopped me. Their colonel said, "We want you to pilot us across to whar they're fightin'."

But I told him, "I got to take these women and children to a house up hyar a little ways."

"All right," he said, "take 'em along, and then come back."

I did n't have no notion to go back, and after I got to Squire Greer's me 'n' my family — every one — went on down in the swamp. We found a dry place to sit on, and we stayed thar that day. None of us older ones e't any dinner, but I expect my wife had brought along something for the children so they did n't go hungry.

I might perhaps have got some idea of how the battle was goin' by climbin' a tree, but I did n't want to be seen. We was n't a quarter of a mile from Squire Greer's blacksmith's shop. He was busy shoein' the soldiers' horses as fast as he could shoe, but every half hour, or as often as he got news of the battle, he'd come whar we was to report.

Thar was a continual roar of small arms and cannon all day long, and I could tell by the sound that the Yankees was bein' pushed back to the last jump-off. That suited

me well enough. I did n't care which side whipped, and I was n't anxious except to see the thing closed out. I jist wanted to git 'em to quit. That was what I was after. I did n't want no war.

In the evenin', about sundown, after the firin' had stopped, I tuck my family up to Squire Greer's, and we spent the night thar. He had plenty of beds, and I slept tolerably good.

I waked up about day and went to my father-in-law's house. Things looked pretty bad thar. Under a big oak tree in the yard lay a man flat on his back with a blanket over him, and I pulled the blanket up enough to see that he was dead. The house was full of wounded men, and dead men was piled up in the little hall jist like hogs. You see perhaps the wounded would n't more'n git thar in the ambulances than they was dead, and I reckon the hall was a convenient place to pile their bodies. The bullets was flyin' thick thar for a part of the day, and a cannon ball had knocked off the chimney, and a good many trees and limbs were shot off. Thar was blood everywhar all over the place. Hit was most too much for me, but by the end of the week I got so hardened to such things I could have eaten my dinner off a dead man.

Thar was n't no doctor at my father-in-law's that Monday — nary a one — and the first thing I done I waited on the wounded men the best I could. I give 'em some water which I carried around to 'em in a canteen. Afterward I cooked bacon and cornbread for 'em. The armies was fightin' again and I could hear the cannon very plain, but it had begun to rain, and the drops a-spottin' the house made so much noise I could n't hear the smallarms. About two o'clock the Confederates formed a line of battle right

through the yard. I tuck that as a notice to leave, and I went to whar my family was stayin'.

On the first day of the battle the Confederates captured everything the Federals had in their encampment. They drew the things back two or three miles, but the next day, when they retreated, they had to abandon 'em. So they broke the flour barrels, and they piled up the tents and guns and touched a match to 'em to destroy 'em. But thar was stuff that they did n't have time to destroy scattered all along the road with dead men and dead horses and mules lyin' about. On Chuesday thar was n't any soldiers on that part of the battlefield, and the people come from all around and gathered up as much as they could carry off. In places thar was great piles of bacon, and I heard of one family that got enough of that bacon to do 'em the rest of the year.

Hit had rained a-Monday night a big one, but Chuesday was tolerable pleasant, and I started about sun-up to go back to my father-in-law's. The creek was up and out of the banks in places, but I got over on a log. When I reached the house I found the wounded as thick as they could lie in thar. I could n't hardly git around among 'em, and thar was nobody to care for 'em except one soldier. Jist as I was makin' ready to give 'em somethin' to eat a troop of Federal cavalry come and wanted me to pilot 'em. I told 'em I could n't go because I had to cook for the wounded, and besides I had no horse.

"Yes, you can go, too," they said. "We'll have men to take care of the wounded, and we'll furnish you a horse."

So I had to go along, and I was with 'em all day. We went up the road a piece and they marched into an old field. Some of us stayed behind on the edge of it, and the

rest galloped on across and in among the trees beyond. But in a few minutes back they come out of the woods, officers and men all mixed up together, and the Rebels drivin' 'em.

I spoke to those I was with and said: "What in the world have you fellers got me out hyar for? I ain't no fighter."

A major who was right next to me says, "That beats anything I ever see."

They fought in that old field, and I looked on. Over a hundred men were killed thar, and the wagons ran till deep dark bringin' back the wounded. Hit was way in the night that I reached my father-in-law's house. A soldier come with me. I was ridin' a powerful big horse, and this soldier went off with it and his, too. He ran away with 'em. I found that out the next day when his colonel come to the house and asked, "Whar is that horse you rode yesterday?"

I said, "Your man tuck him away."

"If you don't bring me that horse we'll have to hang you," he said.

"Well," I says, "git your rope and go to work. I can't bring you the horse."

He did n't talk any more about hangin', but advised me to move across the river.

I said, "I've stood it this far hyar, and I'm goin' to tough it out."

Later that day me'n' a Yankee doctor went down to my farm. The cotton gin had been burned with about forty thousand pounds of cotton seed and enough cotton that was in the lint room to make three bales. The doctor picked up a piece of shell, and he said a bomb had burst in the gin-house and set it on fire. But a soldier told me that

he was lyin' in the lint room wounded when a big, red-complected man come in and tuck him out. The next thing he knew the gin was on fire. I had a neighbor who was jist sich a man as he'd described, and this neighbor had told me if I did n't burn the gin the Confederates would do so to keep the Yankees from gittin' the cotton. Hit's my guess that he set the fire, but I could n't prove it.

My house was used as a hospital during the battle. The surgeons worked thar, and the arms and legs that they cut off was buried in a great pit near the back door. After the wounded was all carried away the soldiers tore the house down and left the pieces scattered around.

I had 'bout thirty acres in wheat, and the wheat was already headed. I'd put a lot of work into it, and when I was ploughin' in the seed I had often kept goin' till ten o'clock at night. The cavalrymen tied their horses all through the field to stakes that they set as close together as they could and not have the horses kick each other, and those horses had e't off the wheat and stomped it down so I never got nary a bit.

Before the battle I had twenty-four head of nice hogs, and I only saw one afterward, and that was crippled. Hit was done shot, but they did n't git it. They killed the rest of 'em and cut off their heads, and threw the heads down in the well. I looked and I could see the noses and years stickin' up out of the water. Hit was fine water, but I ain't never tried it since. Yes, they got my hogs, but plague it all! you could n't blame soldiers for killin' hogs.

I had a cow and a calf, and the cow ran off over on Lick Creek. The timber was budding out a little, and she went whar she could git some buds. But the soldiers caught her, and they kept her in camp about a week and milked her.

Then she got away, and I found her with twelve feet of grass rope on her horns. So I knew she'd been tied up. Her calf had done starved to death at home.

My mare run away and went up whar she was raised, and before I could go after her another army passed through and she disappeared for good.

One of the wounded men at my father-in-law's had been hit by a cannon ball in the ankle so his foot was jist hangin'. He was shot Sunday, and he did n't git no medical attention till Thursday. Then the doctors cut his leg off just above the knee, and I tuck his leg and foot and buried 'em in the garden. The man said he was a flag-bearer, and that the soldiers always shot at the flag-bearers mo' than at others. One day I noticed a change had come over him, and I said to the doctor, "That man's a-dyin'."

"Oh, no!" the doctor said, "he's gittin' along the best kind."

But in a few minutes he was dead, and I and three Federal soldiers carried him out in his blanket, each hold of a corner. We dug a pit 'bout two feet deep, lowered him into it, folded the blanket over him, and covered him up. His bones are thar yet out on the hillside.

Some of those who was killed on the battlefield never had any graves dug. They lay whar they fell, and a little dirt was thrown over 'em. I saw sixteen Confederates lyin' flat on their backs side by side, and not a speck of digging was done except to git enough dirt to cover 'em out of sight. Lots of bodies had the dirt washed off 'em by rain, or the hogs rooted 'em out; and then the hogs and buzzards and other varmints would devour 'em. The bones lay thar and sun-dried, and a heap of 'em was carried off by people who come hyar to look around. I saw a skull only

the other day that a man had found while ploughing. He had gathered it up and brought it in the house to keep for a show. Oh! I've seen lots of different bones in houses.

When the last of the wounded were moved away from my father-in-law's 'bout the only food we had left was half a flour barrel of bolted meal. I went to the general for a pass to go to mill, but he would n't give me one. He did n't want to have me go outside of the Union lines. I told him I did n't see what I was goin' to do for something to eat.

"Well," he said, "if we starve to death, you will, too. If we don't, you won't."

I went back to the house, and I had n't been thar long when an old Irishman walked in and said, "Hyar's some bread the general sent."

He had an armful of crackers — great big hard fellers. "I can't eat those things," I said, but he showed me how to soak 'em in hot water and fry 'em in fat, and they were good.

All the chickens on the place had been sold or stolen except one rooster, and a soldier come to the door and wanted to buy him.

"I tell you p'int blank you can't have him," I said, "I'm goin' to keep him to crow for me"; and the soldier turned away.

The same old, long-legged Irishman who brought me the hardtacks happened to be callin' on me, and a minute or two later he looked out of the window and said. "Thar's that man tryin' to ketch your rooster."

He went to the door and said, "I'll shoot you down right thar if you don't let that chicken alone."

Of course the feller quit chasin' the rooster then and went about his business. I could n't ask for a better friend than that Irishman was.



A RELIC OF THE OLD BATTLE

In the North you taught your children that the Rebels were idiots and did n't have no mo' sense than to kill little boys and girls; and in the South we taught our children that the Yankees had horns. Well, that did for talk, and talk 's cheap. I know I struck some as clever fellers in the Yankee army as I ever met in my life. Really, you can't git as many men together as thar is in an army but thar'll be some mean ones and some good ones.

The soldiers found out that I could cook, and they brang me their bakin' powder and corn meal and salt, and I'd bake 'em corn bread to halves. Then one of the officers asked me if I could wash, and I told him, "Yes."

So they brang me their fine shirts and drawers and stockings, and I done washing. By that time I'd got my family thar. I washed all day long as hard as I could, and my old woman would starch and iron. We had all we could tend to, and we was paid in gold.

But after a while the last of the army got away, and we moved out on the creek. I spent the summer hunting squirrels and turkeys. We had a little bit of a split-log house we stayed into, and the next year I rented some land and raised a crop of corn.

I was always afraid the recruiting officers would ketch me, and I'd be conscripted. I slept out a couple of nights to avoid 'em. Hit was in October, and I carried along some bed quilts and found a dry place under a tree and slept fine. People who knowed me did n't want to interrupt me because I made shoes for 'em and water vessels, churns, and tubs.

A cousin of mine slept out till he was wild as a buck. He and two other fellers hid together in the woods all the time of the war. They had blankets, and they'd move about

from one swamp to another, and in bad weather they would slip to some old waste house to sleep. I reckon they sponged most of their food, but they made a little corn crop every year, and they shot some game that they'd cook over a fire among the trees. In the daytime they'd mostly jist lie in their nest, but one of 'em would keep on the watch for any soldiers or conscripters who might come in.

I was n't as lucky as they was. One day, in the fall of '63, the conscripters caught me, and they kept me in the army a couple of months. Then I got a slow fever. I had a brother in the army, and he brought me home, and I was never out of the house until the next March. By that time I was able to work a little. I expected to be ordered back to my regiment, but the summons did n't come, and I stayed on and on and got the crops laid by. I'd jist finished when a mule throwed me and broke my arm. After that the army had no use for me.

The guerillas got to be kind o' troublesome late in the war. They was mostly Confederates, and they'd a heap rather rob a Republican than a Democrat, but none of us was safe. A few of the Yankee deserters joined the guerilla bands. I reckon some of those fellers may be livin' yet, and if they are I'll be bound they're drawin' pensions, the same as all the other Northern soldiers.

Them guerillas was about as lawless a set as there was on the face of the earth. I knowed one old man who did n't have much sense, and they shot him off the fence whar he was settin', jist to see him die.

I got into a nest of guerillas myself one evenin' down the river. Me'n' my wife's brother, Hiram, was a-goin' across country on foot when we see a lot of cavalry, as we tuck it to be. Thar was six or eight or ten of 'em. They discovered

us and turned to ride in our direction. That made Hiram anxious, and he wanted to run, but I would n't.

"They'll git us shore," he said, "and I'm a-goin' to throw my pocket-book away."

"I would n't do that," I said. "I don't think they are guerillas."

They soon got to whar we was, and without gittin' off their horses they commenced gougin' their hands in our pockets. I could n't help bein' sort of skeered then. I did n't like their appearance. In my coat pocket I had a home-made twist of tobacco, and they got that. Thar was a three-dollar bill in my vest pocket, and it was every cent of money I had. They did n't happen to find that, and I was afraid they'd be so mad at not gittin' any money from me that they'd shoot me.

But in a few minutes they rode off. Hiram had lost his pocket-book, and he said he wished he had not tuck my advice. We both went home after we got into that yaller-jacket's nest.

The war left this region in pretty bad shape. Every farm had suffered, and Corinth, our market town, was tetotally wiped out. I jist went to work by the day. That war ruined me financially forever, and now that I'm old and can't work any mo' I don't know what's goin' to become of me.

I think perhaps the last war will be fought within fifty years. I've been readin' the Bible and watchin' the signs, and I believe the end of all time is near. Thar's a heap of fightin' right now across the big deep, and troubles are growin' on people jist as the Bible described it. "When ye shall see these things the end is nigh," the Bible says. "There shall be wars and rumors of wars and earthquakes"

— we know those are hyar — “and pestilence and troubles of all kinds, and men shall grow worse and worse unto the end.” Any man with two eyes ought to see that the state of things at present is like what the Bible words describe.

But some people claim that wars and famines and disasters don't indicate nothing in partickerler. They say that human bein's are multiplyin' so fast that the world can't hold 'em, and it's necessary to have some means to destroy and thin 'em out. That sort of argument only shows their ignorance. They think the world is jist the same size now as it always has been and always will be. But they're wrong. Thar's mo' foolish ideas about creation than about anything else. The world ain't over-populated and never will be. It's growin' in size as fast as the people increase in number.

I dug wells in my young days. Once I went down nineteen feet through as pretty earth as I ever saw and found some blue mud that had a hickory log in it with the bark on. I've dug a well sixty-three foot deep and found clam shells down thar. All that earth has formed over those places since the trees and the clams was alive.

That makes me say the world grows, and I shore ain't afraid it will be over-crowded — no, sir, not a bit of it. If God created the world in the first place He can easy make it twice as large to take care of the people.

IX

The Refugees ¹

I WISH my old man was hyar to visit with you. He suffered a great deal in the war, and he'd rather talk about it than eat. Those was powerful troublesome times — scarey times. Me'n' him was young folks then with a little family of three or four children. We did n't live in this country hyar. Our home was fifteen mile up the river. He'd went into the Rebel army, but early in 1862 he come home on a furlough. I s'pose he stayed two months. I ain't certain. You see that's a long time for a person old as I am to ricollect. I'm goin' on eighty now.

His captain come and wanted him to go back into the army and would have rushed him right down hyar where they was about to have a fight. My old man said he would go, but he did n't say when he was a-goin' — he did n't tell him that at all. "Fanny," he said to me afterward, "I've made up my mind to see my father and mother once more while I'm a-livin'."

¹ She was fleshy and elderly. Her home was a primitive, white-washed log dwelling on the battlefield about a quarter of a mile from the river. Now and then, as we sat in the kitchen talking of the long-gone war days, she would pause in her reminiscences to refresh herself with some snuff from a tin spice box. She swabbed it up on the frayed end of a slender stick, put the snuff end of the stick in her mouth, and there the stick stayed with the other end protruding. After she had absorbed a satisfying amount of the snuff she put the stick back in the box and spit tobacco juice into a wooden box of sawdust on the floor with a persistence and precision that would have done credit to a masculine expert.

Their home was somewhere near four miles from ourn, I reckon. He started, and he was ridin' slowly along when he saw a sight of men down the road on horses — awful large horses. The men was all dressed in blue, and the first thing he knew they charged right up to him and said, "Throw up your hands, sir."

They asked him where he was a-goin', and where he lived, and what was his name, and he told 'em. Then they wanted to know if he was a Rebel soldier. Well, there was no use to deny it.

"Do you want to go back to the Rebel army?" they asked.

He said he did n't want to go back if he could help himself. So they asked him to take the oath of religion, I believe they called it. He taken that all right, and they wrote him a great long paper and turned him loose and told him to go where he pleased. They did n't order him to join the Union army because they had plenty of good drilled people, and he was n't.

He went on and seen his father and mother, and then he come back home and bid me good-by. Hit was his intention to go right straight hyar to be near the Yankee army and keep out of the way of the Rebels gittin' him. He come down the river in a bateau with some other men, and when they got nearly hyar they landed on the opposite bank. The next day the battle begun. My old man was on yon side of the river scouting that morning when he heard some men hollerin' to him from this side. The Rebels had housepitals above Pittsburg Landing, and there was a sight of sick folks in them housepital camps. Several of the sick men had come out on the river bank. They wanted to git out of the way of the fightin', and they hollered, "Come over hyar and git us with them boats there."

My husband, he thought so much of the pore sick folks that he went right into a boat and started to row across — and them armies a-fightin' there. About middle ways of the river was a gunboat throwin' shells over into the woods, and the men on it hollered at him, "Halt!"

Well, he just stopped rowin' and floated down onto the gunboat, and the men reached their hands and pulled him in. He was n't scared, for he knowed they would n't jump on him and beat him to death, but so many were blobbin', blobbin' to him that he did n't have no sense. They were all private men, and they kept jabbering to him till an officer came and told 'em to go set down. This officer was the head man, and my husband showed him his papers and told him what he was doin'.

"You can take that little craft of yours," the officer said, "and go git those men there. Take 'em over to the other bank and report back."

My husband went, and tuck the men across to yon side. Then he rowed to the gunboat, and the gunboat men helped him on board. "Hyar's that same man," they said to the commander.

"Yes, I know he is," the commander said, "I recognize his countenance."

Then he said to my husband: "Don't git away from the river. These are terrible times right now."

He gave him a pass to go on shore, and ordered him to report back there the next morning. That night my husband went to his Uncle Tom's about two mile back from the other side of the river, and early the next day he returned to the gunboat and asked the captain could he come out hyar on the battlefield. The captain said he could, and he done so. He knowed he was in danger, but he had a

brother in the Rebel army, and he wanted to look and see if he'd been killed or hurt.

My old man did n't find his brother, though he seen many others that he knowed among the dead and crippled. He tried to pick up and tote the wounded, but he could n't stand the blood and the scent, and the groans, and the hollerin' for water. That was what hurt him. Hit made him sick, and for quite a while he was n't able to sleep at night for imaginin' he heard the cries of those wounded men.

He went back to his uncle's, and after the battle, when things was sort of settled up, he brought me down there. Aunt Mary had butter and milk and eggs and chickens, and he peddled 'em to the soldiers. Oh law! the soldiers was great hands for such things. He ran a ferryboat, too, and carried across a sight of people and wagons and horses. We was used to skiffs and boats, for we was raised beside the river just like a duck. My husband had a man to help him run the boat in the daytime. One of 'em pulled with the great long paddles, and the other steered. I've guided the boat a-many a time on a moonshiny night. I'd leave the littlest children with the biggest and go to help.

My husband got some land and made a fine crop. Hit was bottom land, and he raised mighty good corn. Sometimes he'd go off down the river, and he'd bring back sich things as cloth, pepper, and especially coffee and salt. You could n't hardly git salt at all them times. Thar was nothin' hyar, and he was tryin' to help people all he could. He bought cheap and sold high, and he was makin' money.

We was prosperin', but my old man taken a flux hyar because he had to drink the river water. He like to have died of fever and chills. So the next season we moved to Corinth, and there the old man had yaller jaundice. Hit

like to have killed him, and we did lose one child. Corinth was full of Northern soldiers, and it was sich a nasty place they was a-goin' to vacate. Yes, Corinth was powerful sickly for 'em.

We did n't like it any better than they did, and we moved seventeen mile to Purdy. About a dozen families went at the same time. Hit was March, and the coldest kind of weather, and there was awful deep mud. We was three days on the road. Often a wagon would stick in the mud, and we'd have to pry it out, or double up teams and pull it out. At night we'd camp in the woods and make log-heap fires to cook by and warm us. We slept in the wagons. Our horses was tied to the wheels or the trees. A robber come into our camp and stole a horse one night. We'd 'a' lost a good deal more, I reckon, if we had n't had dogs along to git after people and drive 'em off.

At Purdy the only building we could git to live in was a little old blacksmith's shop. It was pretty cold weather to stay in that old shop, but we stuck in there for three or four months. The building had only a dirt floor, and you could n't say anything good about such a floor except that the wind did n't come up through. Yes, the old plank ¹ blacksmith shop had a tight floor, and that was the only tight thing about it.

While we was livin' in that shop my old man was sick of the diptheria. He had it bad, too, and like to have died. We moved again and went to Savannah on the Tennessee River near where we lived when the war begun. The doctor there waited on the old man about two years before he got well. He was sick all that time, but he was able to work

¹ The word "plank" as used in the South is equivalent to "board" as understood in the North.

some, and he tried to make a crop in the fields right around the house.

We had a sight of trouble with the guerillas while we was livin' in Savannah. They run in there two or three times a week, and they'd whip people and they'd burn up a heap of things for spite. Yes, what they could n't carry off they'd throw in the fire just from meanness. They was powerful folks to drink and was always wantin' whiskey. If they could n't git whiskey they'd drink vinegar, and vinegar got so gone people hardly ever had any. We put ourn in jugs and hid it so those fellers would n't git it. They'd come in and take all our food, and at last we 'lowed to keep only one meal ahead.

If there was a skirmish with the guerillas anywhere around, all the men in the place, except the very old ones, would run and git out of the way and hide hyar and yonder.

Part of the guerillas was Rebels and part was Yankees. Sometimes they'd fight each other, and sometimes they'd git friendly and go together. I suppose we would n't have had guerillas if it had n't been for the war, but this war never made all the rogues. Some were rogues afore, I guess, though I don't doubt the war give many a one a big start in roguery who did n't work for it.

We was n't afraid of the regular soldiers, for we knew they was n't a-goin' to hurt us. But it was different with the guerillas. We dare n't open our doors on a dark night because maybe a robber or somethin' would be standin' out there, and we dare n't talk above a whisper hardly. The whole country was alive with them guerillas, and they'd be about and hear you when you did n't see 'em.

One day we looked out of the window just at nightfall, and there was a party of guerillas off in the distance comin'

along the road. My old man had bought him a new pair of shoes a short time before. We was mighty pore folks, and he said, "Fanny, I believe I'll put those shoes on or they'll take 'em."

So he sat down and put 'em on, and by that time nine of the guerillas was in the house. Two of the village men who was settin' in the next house jumped up and run out of the back door through the briers and one thing another, and the guerillas shot at 'em. Then the guerillas went from our house over to that one, and my old man said: "I expect those old mean men will come back hyar. So give me a couple of quilts and I'll go lay out for to-night."

He took the quilts, and I did n't see him again till the next day. It was a cle'r, pretty night, and he slept in a cotton patch under a big persimmon bush.

Them robbers bolted in soon after he left. They was dressed in black and armed with pistols. "We know you've got some money hyar," they said, "and we're goin' to have it or burn the house."

"Well," I says, "burn the house, if you want to."

But I was scared so bad I just went and got the bucket of water I'd hid the money in and handed it to the head robber. There was ten dollars in silver, and I said, "If the money'll do you any good take it and leave."

He put his hand down in the bucket and got the money. My old man had a rifle gun hanging up in a rack, and he thought a heap of it. Well, one of the robbers took that gun down and bent the barrel and broke the stock.

Then he goes off and the others with him to the next house. The only people there were old Mr. Webb and his wife, and they were cripples who could n't walk to do no good. One of the robbers put his pistol to the old man's

breast and said, "I want that money you're takin' care of for your neighbor."

My husband thought they would n't trouble the old man, and he'd given him his pocketbook. But they knowed he'd done it, and they made Mr. Webb hand the pocketbook over to 'em.

They went to another house and took a young feller and hung him to an apple tree till he was black in the face. They was pretty near drunk, and that was their way of makin' the feller's folks pay 'em money. His mother gave 'em two dollars, and they hung him again till she gave 'em five dollars.

They stopped at every house in the neighborhood, and by and by they went to Mr. Owens' and hollered to him to open the door, and he did so. "We want you to give up that fifty-dollar bill you've got," they said.

"Well, I won't do it," he told 'em, and shut the door and would n't let 'em in.

It was gittin' daylight, and they started off, but before they was out of the yard they got into some dispute and began shootin', and one of the robbers was killed. The next day it rained one of the hardest rains you ever saw, and that dead robber was lyin' there with his brains droppin' out of a bullet hole in his head. My old man said, "I'd throw him out of the yard and let the hogs eat him, only it might poison 'em he was so mean."

We could n't leave him there, and we dug a grave. Hit was n't fur away, and it was n't very deep. Then we tuck him and rolled him into an old box and tied some lines to the box and drug it to the grave and buried him.

Well, that's the way things went in that old war, and we did n't have any comfort until it was over.

X

The Hired Man.¹

THIS village, where I'm livin' now, is right on the southern edge of the battlefield, and it's only two or three miles from the Potomac. Back in war time it had twelve hundred inhabitants.

Lee had been winnin' some victories in Virginia that made him think he could whip any army the Federals could get together to oppose him. So early in the autumn of 1862 he crossed the Potomac and called on the people of Maryland to rally to his standard. But they did n't rally worth a cent. Most of us favored the other side. It wa' n't long before Lee and the Yankees come to grips. They met on the hills hyar, where the battle was fought on September 17th. It took its name from Antietam Creek, which, at the beginning of the fight was between the two armies.

Some of the hottest fighting was done around a Dunkard church, out north of the town on the Hagerstown Pike. Three quarters of a mile farther on, right out on that same pike, was where I lived. I was twenty-two years old. I'd been raised by a man by the name of Jacob Nicodemus, and I was still workin' for him. He had a log house with

¹ I was at Sharpsburg, a very picturesque old place in a region of flowing hills and quaint farmhouses. The hired man and I spent an evening together in one of the village homes. There was a piano in the room, and the grizzled old man drew the piano stool up by the stove and sat there bolt upright telling his story and chuckling over its humorous and unusual phases.

two rooms downstairs and just a sort of loft divided by a partition up above. There was what we called a bat-house with a couple of bedrooms in it attached to the rear like a shed. In winter we used a room in the house for a kitchen, but in summer the kitchen was in another building off a little piece from the house. We had one of these old German barns with a roof that had a long slant on one side and a short slant on the other. The roof was thatched with rye straw.

At the time of the battle we'd thrashed our rye and oats, but our wheat was standing in stacks beside the farmyard. Our corn was on the stalk in the field, and there was sixteen acres of it.

We had 'bout a dozen large hogs and mebbe eighteen or twenty pigs that run with their mammy yet in the fields and woods. We never penned any of 'em up till after we'd done seedin' wheat. Even our fattening hogs did n't get any feed till after that time. Ourn was a pretty good breed of hogs. Up in the mountains they had razor-backs. Them razor-backs looked like two slabs off a log put together, and they would n't weigh more'n' a hundred and fifty dressed. But the meat was good, and they were all right if you had enough of 'em. They were so wild that the owners would n't see 'em sometimes hardly for a month. The mountains were full of these hyar wild sweet potato roots, and the hogs would eat those roots, and they'd eat chestnuts and acorns and would come home fat in the fall.

We had quite a few cattle. I suppose there was over twenty head — countin' steers and everything together, you know.

There was six horses on our place and not one of 'em but what we could both work and ride. All the people

round had good ridin' horses then — lopers, rackers, and pacers. There wa' n't no buggies much. Horseback ridin' was the go of the day. Men and women, too, would travel anywhere on their horses. Ridin' was healthy and it was fun. The country people would take a ride to town, and the town people would take a ride to the country. The young ladies had their horses brought out as regular as clockwork, and they wa' n't afraid of a little mud. If they come to a wet place in the road they'd try to see who could do the most splashing. They wore great long skirts that would almost touch the ground, and they looked much better than ladies do on horseback now. Sometimes three or four of 'em would ride up in the mountains among the bushes to get flowers, and when they come back the horses would be so trimmed up with laurel and honeysuckle you could n't tell what color they were.

On the Sunday before the battle of Antietam the Federals and Confederates fit over hyar on South Mountain. We could hear the guns, but we could n't figure out what was goin' on, and thinks I, "Dog-gone it! I'll go and see this fightin'."

So two or three of us young fellers started. We went afoot 'cross the fields to Keedysville and then to Boonsboro, a matter of five or six miles in all. As we went along we kept pickin' up recruits till there was a dozen of us. A hotel man in Boonsboro spoke to us and said, "You fellers'll get right in the fight and be killed if you keep on."

But we was noseey and wanted to nose in. We wa' n't afraid, and we'd 'a' went till we heard the bullets whistle if we had n't met a wounded soldier. He'd been shot in his hand, and he told us the troops was hot at it up there

on the mountain. So we thought we'd let well enough alone, and we went back home.

We expected there was goin' to be another battle, but we did n't know where or when it would be fought. Nobody was a-workin' the next day. They was ridin' around to find out what was goin' to happen. By afternoon the Rebel army was gettin' into position on the south side of Antietam Creek. Some of the troops was posted off on the edge of our farm, and I went over where they was and walked right up and talked with the pickets. None of 'em did n't offer to do me no harm. They asked me for some tobacker. I had a right good plug in my pocket, and I divided it up among 'em. They took it all, and they chewed and spit and felt pretty good. An officer lent me his glasses, and I could see the Union army maneuvering over on the hills beyond the creek. By and by, while I was layin' there talkin' to the pickets, a shell landed in a fence 'bout thirty yards from me. I'd never seen no battle nor no war, and I was scared, and I said, "Ain't you fellers afraid?"

"Oh, no!" they said, "a shell has to come closer than that to make us afraid."

But I got up and says I, "Good-by, boys, I'm goin' to take care of my horses."

I went to the house, and a feller named Hines helped me bridle 'em up. Then he mounted one, and I mounted another, and we each led two and rode eight miles north to the place of a farmer we knew. We shut the horses up in his barn and stayed there that night.

The next day I set out to walk home, but when I got most to our farm the pickets would n't let me pass, and I had to return the same way I'd come. While I was gone my horses had been stolen. Hines seen the Union soldiers

takin' 'em, and he heard 'em braggin' how much they was goin' to get for 'em. He went to the fellers, and, says he, "Them there belongs to a farmer down near Sharpsburg"; but they took 'em just the same.

Hines said that the fellers belonged to the command of Cap'n Cowles who was stationed at Williamsport, three or four miles away. I follered 'em right up and Hines went along with me. We found Cap'n Cowles and told him what had happened.

"Well," he said, "come with me to the corral where we keep our horses, and if you see yourn there, take 'em."

We found 'em, and the soldiers stood around and looked at us pretty hard while we rode off with 'em.

There was some cannonadin' and fightin' on Tuesday, and they were at it again the next day at sunrise and fought pretty savage way on into the night. They tell me that was the bloodiest day in American history. More than twenty-three thousand men was killed or wounded. During the night Lee got away across the Potomac. It had been only two weeks since he started north with an army of fifty thousand, but he lost so heavily in the battle and by stragglin' that he went back with scarcely half that number.

On Thursday morning I walked home. None of the family was there. The soldiers had taken the children and the old man and old woman off the battlefield before day on Wednesday. The house was full of wounded Northern soldiers, and the hogpen loft was full, and the barn floor. The wounded was crowded into all our buildings.

I looked around to find something to eat, but there wa' n't enough food in the house to feed a pair of quail. We'd left fifty pounds of butter in the cellar and seventy-five pounds of lard and twenty gallons of wine — fine

grape wine — and half a barrel of whiskey. We had just baked eight or ten loaves of bread the day before, and pies, and I don't know what else. Those things was all gone. So was every piece of bacon from the smoke-house. When the family went away there was the big end of a barrel of flour in the house, and I reckon the soldiers had used half of it in making shortcakes. They'd mixed up flour and lard and water in a tin that we called a washall — we washed dishes in it — and they'd rolled the cakes out thin and greased the whole top of the cookstove and baked 'em on that. After bakin' a cake on one side they'd take a-hold of it and turn it over to bake the other side. I did n't hardly know the stove when I come home.

We had four geese and 'bout sixty chickens, and the soldiers got 'em all except one hen. She was settin' under the woodpile, and with all that thunderin' and crackin' goin' on she kept settin'. 'Pears to me that was providential. The Lord seen fit to let us have some chickens. She had seventeen eggs, and every one hatched. We did n't know she was there till she come out with the chickens; and they all lived. I never see chickens grow so fast in my life. We had n't no time to tend to 'em, and the hen raised 'em herself.

The soldiers had done their chicken-killin' in the room where we had our winter kitchen. They'd taken the dough scraper and put it on a chicken's neck and hit it a whack with the rollin'-pin, and that rollin'-pin was all bruised up. They were dirty butchers, and the floor was ankle deep easy with heads and feet, entrails and feathers. It just happened that they could n't cook in there or they'd have burnt the house up, I reckon. The stove was in the summer kitchen.

What we called our cellar was a large cave, 'bout fifteen yards from the house, with a ten by twelve log buildin' settin' on it. The buildin' had been made for a shop, but we'd repaired it up and plastered it, and we kept our parlor furniture in it. If we had visitors of a Sunday we invited 'em in there to set and talk. Our best chairs was in there — mohair chairs with black, stuffed seats, — and a six-dollar lookin'-glass, mahogany finish, and a nice bed. It was a cord bed with the woodwork of sycamore all through, and it had two feather-beds, one to lay on, and one to cover you. There was two sheets of home-made linen, and these hyar old-time coverlids wove by the women on a loom, blue on one side and red on the other, with flowers of all kinds on 'em. That was what you'd call a fine bed in them days, and you could n't buy one like it now, with the pillows and bolsters and sich-like stuff on it, for one hundred dollars.

A shell come in at the northeast corner of that buildin' and hit the bureau and took the top off and went out the southeast corner. Another shell went through the gable ends, and it struck the bed and knocked the headboard and footboard out and took the feathers and sheets and carried 'em right along.

The big house did n't escape either. A shell went through the roof and cattycornered across and went out the other side. Great large limbs were knocked off the trees, and sometimes the whole top of a tree had been carried away. Oh! the trees was knocked to pieces considerable. Yes, indeed!

Our wheatstacks was full of shells, and we picked 'em out while we was thrashing. There was grapeshots in the stacks too. We could n't see 'em, and they broke down the machine several times and made us a lot of expense.

The soldiers stole a good many of our potatoes, which they dug out of the ground, but we still had enough to do us over the winter. We did n't get pay for anything except some hay and rye and oats and two colts.

A good deal of our corn was broken down. The soldiers had two batteries right in the middle of it, but we got enough at the ends of the field to see us out the year.

Our cattle strayed down in the woods by the river. I reckon they got wild at the noise and the sight of the troops and jumped out of their pasture. They did n't none of 'em get killed, but it was three or four days before we found 'em. Our hogs went down by the river, too. Part of 'em come home after the battle, but some was shot. The soldiers took the hams off and let the rest of the carcass lay. More was wasted than was saved.

Fully one third of the fences on our farm was gone. Some of the rails had been used to burn the dead horses, and the soldiers always took rails whenever they wanted a campfire to cook with. It was quite a job to make them rails, and quite a job to lay a fence up again. Yes, sir!

On Friday morning I fetched our horses. I had n't seen the old man and old woman since the battle, but him and her got back that day. They did n't like the looks of things very much. The house had been looted. The dishes was gone, and we had no beds and no bed-clothing. There wa' n't a pillow in the house, and no sheets, no blankets, no quilts or coverlids. There was only bedticks — just them left. The soldiers had taken every stitch of mine and the old man's clothing, and they'd torn up the old woman's clothing and used it for bandages. We got gray-backs and bedbugs and everything on us, and the first thing we did was to renovate the house. It took us three weeks with

hire to get in shape. I never want to see no war no more. I'd sooner see a fire.

Thursday I had come on down half way to Sharpsburg to Bloody Lane, and I went all around as far as I had time to go. I saw a heap of dead men of both sides. The soldiers was buryin' 'em as fast as they could gather 'em together. They'd dig trenches 'bout six or seven feet wide and eighteen inches deep, and those trenches was dug right straight along a considerable distance unless the diggers come to a rock. Each dead man was first laid on a blanket, then put in the trench and the blanket spread over him, and there the bodies was buried side by side. The trenches was so shallow that after the loose dirt which was thrown back had settled down heads and toes sometimes stuck out.

All over the fields the bodies was picked up, but those right around the buildings was left. I suppose the soldiers thought that the people who owned the buildings would bury the bodies to get rid of 'em. It was a warm September. Yes, sir, some days was very hot, and we had to bury them bodies or stand the stench. By Saturday night I had all those on our place buried, but the smell hung on for a month, there was so many dead men and horses that was only half covered. The stench was sickening. We could n't eat a good meal, and we had to shut the house up just as tight as we could of a night to keep out that odor. We could n't stand it, and the first thing in the morning when I rolled out of bed I'd have to take a drink of whiskey. If I did n't I'd throw up before I got my clothes all on.

I buried three bodies right behind our smokehouse, then four layin' at the back barn doors, and one near the well. A lane for our stock run through the middle of our farm, and I buried three in that lane, and I buried fifteen in a

corner of a field that we'd ploughed and got ready to seed. Those fifteen were government soldiers, and they were very near all Massachusetts men. The flesh of the dead men had discolored so they looked like they was black people, except one. He lay close by our well. He had a wound in his neck, and an army doctor who saw him said to me, "Judgin' from his looks and the len'th of time he's been layin' hyar, he must have bled all the blood he had in him."

I took cotton and tied up my mouth and nose and dug a grave right where he was a-layin'. He was an awful big man, and that was the only thing I could do. Then I shoved a board under him and got him to rollin', and he went into the grave. I'd rather not have buried him so near the well, but the water wa' n't very good anyhow. In the heat of midsummer it seemed stagnant like, and we'd haul water from a neighbor's well, a bar'l or two at a time.

'Bout a year later that body was dug up to put in the cemetery, and we found a pocket in the back of the man's coat up between his shoulder blades with a ten-dollar bill in it. But the bill was so rotten it fell to pieces, and we could n't make nothin' out of it, only on one corner we could see it was a government ten-dollar bill. All his other pockets was wrong side out, and that was the way with the pockets of every dead soldier I saw on the battlefield. They'd all been robbed.

The battle made quite a change in the look of the country. The fences and other familiar landmarks was gone, and you could n't hardly tell one man's farm from another, only by the buildings, and some of them was burnt. You might be out late in the day and the dark would ketch you, and things was so torn and tattered that you did n't know

nothin'. It was a strange country to you. I got lost three or four times when I thought I could go straight home.

Another queer thing was the silence after the battle. You could n't hear a dog bark nowhere, you could n't hear no birds whistle or no crows caw. There wa' n't no birds around till the next spring. We did n't even see a buzzard with all the stench. The rabbits had run off, but there was a few around that winter — not many. The farmers did n't have no chickens to crow. Ourn did n't commence for six months. When night come I was so lonesome that I see I did n't know what lonesome was before. It was a curious silent world.

XI

The Slave Foreman¹

WELL, sir, if I live to see the first day of May, I'll be eighty-one years old. I was thirty when the battle of Antietam was fought. My home hyar in Sharpsburg is only about two miles from Calamus Run where I was born. When I was ten months old my mother and I was bought by Mr. Otto, who lived a little outside of the town down toward Antietam Creek, and I've worked for the Otto family ever since.

My boss was a slaveholder. Yes, he belonged to that sec', but he was a good man to his black people. I'll tell any one that. I was foreman on his place for twenty-odd years. His colored people lived in the same house the white people did, and they e't the same food as the white people did. But we had our table in the kitchen, and they had theirs in the dining-room. When I worked in harvest all day cradling wheat I was paid as much as anybody else, and if I went with the horses to do teaming for a neighbor the money for what I done was mine. That's the kind of a boss I had. There was not many like that — no, sir, not in this country.

After emancipation his son said to me, "Now, Hilary,

¹ As I saw him he was a white-haired patriarch who lived in a log cabin on a narrow, uncared-for back lane. On the same lane were numerous other rude negro homes and a primitive little church. I visited with the old man in his dirty, odorous kitchen where he was working at a broom machine.

you're your own man. Pap wants to hire you, but you can go and work wherever you please. If you decide to go away, and it happens that by and by you have nothin' to do, come back and make your home with us."

I stayed there, and later, when I was draughted to be a soldier, my boss said, "Do you want to go?" and I told him, "No, sir."

So me'n' him went to Frederick and he paid three hundred dollars to keep me out of the army.

John Brown, at the time he was condemned to death, said, "You Southern people can hang me, but the cause I die for is goin' to win, and there'll soon be a man hyar for every strand of hair I got in my head fightin' to free the slaves."

That was the truth. There's a good many strands of hair in a man's head, but a right smart of Union men left their homes to fight in the war.

Early in the morning of the Monday before the battle of Antietam the Rebels come in hyar, and the hill at our place was covered with 'em. They'd walk right into the house and say, "Have you got anything to eat?" like they was half starved.

We'd hardly fix up for a couple when a lot mo' would come in. The white people and my mother was in the kitchen givin' 'em bread and bacon. They was great fellers for milk, too. Some sat down at table, and some would just take a chunk of food in their hands. They e't us out directly.

The Union troops, who come onto our place a few days later, was n't so hongry. That was the difference between the two armies. The Rebels was always hongry, and the men were miserable dirty. They certainly looked pretty rough.

Monday night I went up to the village to see my wife who was workin' for a family there. She was skeered up a little but had n't got into no trouble.

When I went back home the Rebels was sleepin' along the edge of the road same as a lot of hogs might. I stumbled over some of 'em, but they did n't say anything. Their guns was laid aside, and they did n't know they had 'em, I reckon.

On Tuesday all the Otto family left and went down country for safety. I stayed on the place. Once I fastened up the house tight and walked up in the field. By and by I had a feelin' that I'd better go back, and I went. I found some one had broke a pane of glass in a window and reached in and took out the nail that kept the sash down. Then he'd raised the window and crawled in. Close by, inside of the room, was a washbench, and he'd set a crock of preserves and a crock of flour on it ready to carry away. I took the things and put 'em where they belonged and started on the trail of the thief. It was easy follerin' him, for he left all the doors open which he went through. In the dining-room he'd poured out a lot of sugar on a handkercher to take along, and he'd gone into my old boss's room and strewed his papers around over the floor. Next he'd gone upsteps, and I went up 'em, too, and hyar he was in a little pantry. He was a Rebel soldier — a young feller — and not very large. I was skeered, but he was mo' skeered than I was — certainly he was; and I said, "You dirty houn' you, I have a notion to take you and throw you down those steps."

Oh! I could have mashed him, for I saw he had no revolver. He did n't say anything. He left. I reckon I was too big for him.

"I'm goin' to have a guard hyar befo' night," I said, and pretty soon an officer come down there and I told him how one of his men had been carryin' on after we'd give the soldiers so much to eat. So he sent three men with guns to guard the place.

That evening the old boss come in and said, "General Toombs is goin' to be hyar over night, and he will be up to supper."

"Who in the name of the Lord will get the supper?" I asked.

"You and his waiter will have to get it some way or 'nother," he said.

Well, we fried some meat and made some biscuit, and the old general got his supper, but he did n't get no breakfast there. The firin' commenced so strong on Wednesday morning that he had to hurry to his post, and the waiter took his breakfast out to him.

My boss went down in the country to get under the hill where they would n't shoot him. The shells soon begun flyin' over the house and around hyar, and while I was out in the yard there was one that 'peared like it went between our house and the next, and busted. I could see the blue blaze flyin', and I jumped as high as your head, I reckon. I've ploughed up a many a shell in our fields since the battle. You'd find 'em most anywheres. Often, I've broke 'em in two. It's a wonder I was n't killed. There was balls inside and brimstone and stuff.

I did n't like those shells a-flyin', and I got on one of the horses and led some of the others and went off across the Potomac to the place of a man who was a friend of my boss. There I stayed all day listenin' to the cannon.

Thursday I come home. Befo' I got there I began to see

the Johnnies layin' along the road, some wounded and some dead. Men was goin' over the fields gatherin' up the wounded, and they carried a good many to our barn, and they'd pulled unthreshed wheat from the mow and covered the floor for the wounded to lay on. In the barnyard I found a number of Rebels laid in our straw pile and I told 'em the Yankees was comin' to ketch 'em. But they said that was what they wanted — then they'd get a rest.

I was goin' over a stone wall on my way to the house, and there, leanin' against the wall was a wounded Yankee. I asked him when the Rebs left him.

"Last night about twelve o'clock," he said.

I asked him how they'd treated him, and he said: "They found me wounded, and I reckon they did the best they could, but that was n't much. They did n't have much to do with."

For a while I carried water to the wounded in the barn, and then I went on to town. I wanted to see where my wife was, and after I found she had n't been hurt I felt considerable better.

A week later the wounded was moved off our place to a camp hospital, and the family come home. The house, as well as the barn, had been used as a hospital, and whatever had been left in it was gone. Besides, every bit of our hay and stuff had been taken to feed the army horses. We did n't lose any of our own horses, but the next year some Rebel raiders got 'em all except two blind ones.

XII

The Slave Woman at the Tavern¹

I WAS the cook at Delaney's Tavern hyar in Sharpsburg when the battle was fought. That was a big time, yes, a big time, and I never want to see no such time again.

The day befo' the battle the two armies was jest a-feelin' for one another. That was on a Tuesday. The Rebels was keepin' the Yankees back while mo' of their men was crossin' the Potomac.

In the evenin' the tavern family was all in the kitchen when a young feller come in and asked for somethin' to eat. My old boss said: "We ain't got nothin' fo' our own selves. You soldiers have e't us all out."

The feller went out the do', and it was n't ten minutes befo' the barn was a-fire. The men jest had to get up on top of the house and spread wet blankets all over the roof to keep the tavern from burning. We could n't save the barn. That burnt down to the ground, and the chickens and everything in it was burnt up. Oh! it was an awful time.

¹ She was seated in her rocking-chair in her tiny sitting-room with a little shawl over her turbaned head. Her mind was still clear, but her body was bent and decrepit. A cat lay sleeping on the lounge. Opposite the lounge was a table on which a family Bible was conspicuous. The walls of the room were adorned with a few framed photographs including an enlarged portrait, and there was a colored representation of the crucifixion, a picture of Lincoln, and one of Wilkes Booth with the devil looking over his shoulder.

General Lee come to the house early the next morning. He was a fine-lookin' man, and he was the head general of 'em all in the Rebel army, you know. Our old boss was a Democrat, too; so he gave the general his breakfast. But while the officers was eatin' there in the dining-room a shell come right thoo the wall and busted and scattered brick and daubin' all over everything. There was so much dirt you could n't tell what was on the table. I was bringin' in coffee from the kitchen and had a cup and saucer in my hand. I don't know where I put that coffee, but I throwed it away, and we all got out of there in a hurry.

I went out to the gate. An old colored man was comin' down the pavement with an iron pot on his head. He said the Yankees had got the Rebels on the run, and there'd be fightin' right in the town streets. He was goin' to get away, and he was carryin' that pot so he'd have somethin' to cook in.

Pretty soon I was back workin' in the kitchen, but the soldiers told me I'd better get out, and then all of us in the house went into the cellar. We carried boards down there and spread carpets on 'em and took chairs down to set on. There was seven or eight of us, white and black, and we was all so scared we did n't know what we was doin' half the time. They kept us in the cellar all day while they was fightin' backwards and forwards. My goodness alive! there was cannon and everything shootin'. Lord 'a' mercy, man! we could hear 'em plain enough. The cannon sounded jest like thunder, and the small-arms the same as pop-guns. Sometimes we'd run up and look out of a window to see what was happening, but we did n't do that often — not the way them guns was firin'.

By and by word was sent in for the women and children



GENERAL LEE'S BREAKFAST IS INTERRUPTED

to all leave town. That was about — le's see — between ten and 'leven o'clock, I reckon. We went out on the street, and there lay a horse with his whole backbone split wide open. The ambulances was comin' into town, and the wounded men in 'em was hollerin', "O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!"

Poor souls! and the blood was runnin' down thoo the bottom of the wagons. Some of the houses was hospitals, and the doctors was cuttin' off people's legs and arms and throwin' 'em out the do' jest like throwin' out old sticks.

We had n't gone only a couple of houses when a shell busted right over our heads. So we took back to the cellar in a hurry. The way they was shootin' and goin' on we might have been killed befo' we was out of town.

After they'd fit all day and it got to be night they ceased fightin' and was n't doin' much shootin', and then we come up and got a little mouthful of food. We did n't have nothin' to eat in the cellar, and, indeed, we was glad to be there ourselves, and was n't botherin' about no dinner or no supper.

At last the Rebels retreated and we heard 'em hollerin'. I spoke to one of 'em who was passin', and said, "Did you have a hard fight to-day?"

"Yes, Aunty," he said, "the Yankees give us the devil, and they'll give us hell next."

I went in the house and laid down, but I could n't sleep none because I did n't know when they'd break in on me. Oh Lordy! that was a squally time — squally, squally time — squally time, sure!

The Rebels all got away the next morning early. They run in every direction. You could n't hardly tell what direction they was n't runnin' to get across the Potomac into Virginia.

We was afraid there would be mo' fightin', and we went out of the town tereckly and stayed with a farmer till the next day. My old boss got a pass. There was pickets all along the road who would stop you. Yes, sir, they stopped every one that come along and asked where they was goin' to. We come home Friday, and then we had everything to clean up. But we thanked the Lord we was n't killed, and we did n't mind the dirt.

Well, my time is pretty near out now. I can't do a day's work no mo', and I jest have to depend on the mercy of people. I'm goin' on eighty-seven years old, and I'm pretty near blind and can't hardly see any one. I have to go around with a cane, and mostly I jest set in my chair and do nothin'.

XIII

The Canal Boatman¹

I FOLLOWED boating on the canal, but at the time of the battle I was here at Sharpsburg where I had a home on the outskirts of the town. I was a young fellow then, twenty-eight years old. In the early part of the war, when I did n't think it was goin' to be much of anything, I felt toward the South because I had a brother in the Confederate army. He liked soldierin' as well as eatin', but he got knocked to pieces pretty well before the war was over. His side was mashed in, and he lost an arm. The doctors never could get his broken ribs into shape so but that he was one-sided, and yet he got through the war sound enough to travel for a firm sellin' goods. Things was very much unsettled in the South where he made his trips, and one time he left us and started on a trip as usual, and we've never heard anything of him since. He had to wear good clothes, and he looked like a prosperous man with money. Maybe he was killed and robbed, or maybe he died of yellow fever in New Orleans.

As I said, I favored the South early in the war, but later I did n't care which side won if only they put a stop to the fightin', though it did seem to me it would be better to have one country.

¹ I spent part of a rainy day with him in a Sharpsburg home. He was a large-featured, full-whiskered man, still in vigorous health in spite of his age.

The Southern troops began to come in here on the Monday before the battle, and on Tuesday the wagons and artillery and men were goin' back and forth, and there was continual noise all the time. We was havin' a drouth, and the weather was very hot. They did n't pay any attention to the regular highways, but went across the fields the nearest way to where they wanted to go, and the dust on those roads they made was ankle deep.

There was cannonading all day, and the people was hidin' and gettin' away as fast as they could. But we'd had word that any one who owned a good house had better stay and take care of it because in an army there's always fellows who will plunder houses left unprotected. So I stayed at home.

On Wednesday morning the artillery opened up before day, and it made such a racket you'd think the earth was opening up. I went out to feed my horse, and on the way back a shell come mighty near gettin' me. It bursted over my head and stunned me right smart. My brother-in-law was in the house, and when I got in there he said, "What's the matter, Jake, that you look so pale?"

I took him out and showed him the pieces of shell scattered all around, and he said, "There's goin' to be a fight, and a big one."

The sound of the shells was like wind blowing over the telephone wires. When the cannonade ceased, then I could hear the bullets buzz like bees. Pretty soon the balls commenced comin' in the house, and I thought it was time to get somewhere else. The hotel here belonged to my brother, and I thought I'd go down there. So I run from behind one big house to another till I got to the hotel. I could look right around the corner of it and see the Confederate artillery on the hill. I see one of the gunners drug away from

the cannon down in a hollow where the reserves were, but I don't know whether he was crippled or killed. Two other men was with me, and we was the only citizens in sight around the town.

We had n't been there but a very short time when half a dozen Confederates come down a cross street with eleven prisoners. One of the prisoners had his jaw shot off. I shall never forget how he looked.

A shell went into a hogpen near us and killed two hogs. Another shell struck the heel of a soldier in the street and turned him over and over like a wagon wheel.

About one o'clock I started to go back to my own place to look at my horse. But after I'd dodged along a ways the cannonading got so heavy I thought I'd go into a cellar till it ceased a little. I was behind an old log house, and I took hold of the basement door. At the first pull it did n't come open, and the second pull yanked the door off its hinges. Then I saw that the basement was full of Confederate soldiers. I went down in there, and about that time a shell struck the end of the house and knocked out some logs and bricks. I heard a scuffling in the room above. Another lot of Confederate soldiers was up there, and they came down to the basement for better protection.

One of 'em had a splinter — a piece of a log, you know — in his arm. He asked some of his comrades to pull it out, and they would n't. Then he asked me, and I did n't dare refuse. I pulled him off his feet before I got it out. The explosion had skun his back from his neck down and tore his clothes pretty near off of him. He must have been lying down on his stomach. He fared worse than some who fought in the battle. There was skulkers on both sides, but I saw only Confederate skulkers in that old house.

I had just one lot to cross to get to my stable, and when the firing slacked up and I went, I did n't go very slow, I tell you. But I found my horse was gone, and the stable was full of cavalry horses. A fellow was there lookin' after 'em, and I said, "Where's mine?"

"He's out there hitched to the fence," the fellow answered.

I looked, and I did n't know the horse at first because he had on a cavalry saddle and bridle. "I've been riding him," the fellow said, "and he's a good horse. Sell him to me."

He seemed to be a gentleman — that fellow, and he offered me three or four times what the horse was worth, but it was Confederate money. The horse was a fine one for any purpose, and only six years old, and I did n't want to part with him for Confederate money. I told the fellow I'd be back in an hour or so, and then I'd sell the horse to him. That was the only way I could save my horse. I took the rig off, put on a bridle of my own, and rode up an alley to the hotel. The stable there was full of straw, but I pulled out some and got the horse in. Then I tucked the straw around so he could n't be seen, and there he stayed till the battle ended. A month afterward, when the straw was being used, a shell was found in it that had come in through the log walls. If that shell had exploded, the straw would have been set on fire, and my horse would have been killed.

Stragglers were running around robbing the houses of people who'd gone away, and they got in my house and just took everything. Besides, they took five mules of mine out of a field where I kept 'em. Them were mules that did my towing on the canal.

Some of the houses in the town were used for hospitals.

The doctors would huddle the family all into one little room, or turn 'em out. The house across the way from mine was a hospital, and the family there got what the doctors called camp fever, and some of 'em died.

For three or four days the soldiers was busy out on the battlefield burying the dead. Lots of dead men got pretty strong before they was buried, the weather was so hot; and the stench was terrible — terrible!

On Friday I was engaged in helping drag the dead horses out of town. A farmer with four horses and a black man and myself did that work. We'd hitch a log-chain around a dead horse's neck, and it was all that the four horses could do to drag the carcass over the hills. We burnt what we could on the edge of the town, but fence rails was the only fuel and most of those had been used for campfires. I s'pose we burnt ten or twelve, and we drug nearly as many more out on the farms so as to get the stench away from the town.

One trouble, after the battle, was to get feed for our stock. I had to ride a whole day to buy some hay, and there'd been a lot made, too, but it had been taken for the army horses.

I don't care about ever seein' a war again, but of co'se I would n't stand havin' another country pitch onto us. Why, in that case, if I was a young man, I'd fight as sure as you're born.

XIV

A Maryland Maiden¹

WE were all up in the Lutheran Church at Sunday-school on the Sunday before the battle when the Rebel cavalry came dashing through the town. The whole assembly flocked out, and there was nothing but excitement from that on. We just imagined something was going to happen, and the children ran home from church in terror. There was no dinner eaten that day. The people were too frightened. We'd go out the front door and stand waiting to see what would be next to come.

I was twenty years old then. My father was a blacksmith, and we lived in this same big stone house on the main street of the town. I suppose the house was built a hundred and fifty or more years ago.

Most of us in this region favored the Union, and the ladies had made a big flag out of material that the townspeople bought. For a while we had it on a pole in the square, but some of the Democratic boys cut the flag rope every night. So we took the flag down and hung it on a rope stretched across from our garret window to that of the house opposite. In pleasant weather it was out all the time. But when we heard that Lee had crossed the Potomac Pa began to be uneasy, and he says, "Girls, what

¹ We chatted in one of the old-fashioned, wood-panelled rooms of her ancestral village home. She was a slender, elderly gentlewoman, but though the years had left their mark they had in nowise subdued her natural alertness and enthusiasm.

you goin' to do with that flag? If the Rebels come into town they'll take it sure as the world."

He thought we'd better hide it in the ground somewhere. So a lady friend of mine and I put it in a strong wooden box, and buried it in the ash pile behind the smokehouse in the garden.

When the Rebel cavalry went through that Sunday we had no idea what they were up to, and we could n't help being fearful that we were in danger. We expected trouble that night, but all was quiet until the next day. Then more Rebels came, and they nearly worried us to death asking for something to eat. They were half famished and they looked like tramps — filthy and ragged.

By Tuesday there was enough going on to let us know we were likely to have a battle near by. Early in the day two or three Rebels, who'd been informed by some one that a Union flag was concealed at my father's place, came right to the house, and I met 'em at the door. Their leader said: "We've come to demand that flag you've got here. Give it up at once or we'll search the house."

"I'll not give it up, and I guess you'll not come any farther than you are, sir," I said.

They were impudent fellows, and he responded, "If you don't tell me where that flag is I'll draw my revolver on you."

"It's of no use for you to threaten," I said. "Rather than have you touch a fold of that starry flag I laid it in ashes."

They seemed to be satisfied then and went away without suspecting just how I'd laid it in ashes.

Tuesday afternoon the neighbors began to come in here. Our basement was very large with thick stone walls, and

they wanted to take refuge in it if there was danger. There were women and children of all ages and some very old men. Mostly they stood roundabout in the yard listening and looking. The cannonading started late in the day, and when there was a very loud report they scampered to the cellar.

A lot of townspeople run out of the village to a cave about three miles from here near the Potomac. The cave was just an overhanging ledge of rocks, but shells and cannon balls would fly over it and could n't hurt the people under the cliff. I reckon seventy-five went to that cave.

Before day, on Wednesday, a cannon ball tore up the pavement out in front of our house. Oh my soul! we thought we were gone. There was no more sleep, but most of us were awake anyhow. After that, you know, we all flew to the cellar. Very little was stored in there at that time of year. We carried down some seats, and we made board benches around, and quite a number of us got up on the potato bunks and the apple scaffolds. We were as comfortable as we could possibly be in a cellar, but it's a wonder we did n't all take our deaths of colds in that damp place.

We did n't have any breakfast — you bet we did n't — and no dinner was got that day, or supper — no, indeed! We had to live on fear. But a few of the women thought enough to bring some food in their baskets for the children. The battle did n't prevent the children from eating. They did n't understand the danger.

A number of babies were there, and several dogs, and every time the firing began extra hard the babies would cry and the dogs would bark. Often the reports were so loud

they shook the walls. Occasionally a woman was quite unnerved and hysterical, and some of those old aged men would break out in prayer.

In the height of the fighting six Rebel soldiers opened the basement door and said, "We're comin' in, but we're not a-goin' to hurt you."

We had a spring in the cellar. The water filled a shallow tank, and that was where our family got what water was used in the house. Those refugee soldiers went back in a little nook right next to the spring. There they stood like sardines in a box, and every once in a while one would slip down into the water.

We had two cows and a horse in our stable, and at dinner time Mother and I went to feed 'em. We climbed up to pull down some hay and found the haymow just full of Rebels a-layin' there hiding.

"Madam, don't be frightened," one of 'em said to Mother. "We're hidin' till the battle is over. We're tired of fightin'. We were pressed into service, and we're goin' to give ourselves up as soon as the Yankees get here."

And that was what they did. When the Yankees rushed into town these Rebels came through the garden and gave themselves up as prisoners.

There were deserters hid in every conceivable place in the town. We had a lot of sacks of seed wheat on our back porch, and some of the skulkers piled the sacks up on the outside of the porch three or four feet high, as a sort of bulwark, which they lay down behind to shelter themselves. How they did curse their leaders for bringing them into this slaughter pen. They said they hoped the hottest place in hell would be their leaders' portion.

Some of the townsmen in the cellar would come up and

venture out under the porch, but they were afraid to stay out; and the danger was n't just fancied either. A shell exploded right out here at our front gate and killed or wounded seven men.

And yet, mind you, on Wednesday afternoon, another girl and myself went up to the attic, and though the bullets were raining on the roof, we threw open the shutter and looked out toward the battleground. We were curious to know what was going on. The bullets could have struck us just as easy, but we did n't seem to fear them. On all the distant hills around were the blue uniforms and shining bayonets of our men, and I thought it was the prettiest sight I ever saw in my life. Yes, there were our men, advancing cautiously, driven back again and again, but persistently returning and pushing nearer. My! it was lovely, and I felt so glad to think that we were going to get them into town shortly. We stayed up there I suppose a couple of hours at that little window, and then old Dr. Kelsey came hunting for us and made us come down. I shall always remember what we saw from that window, and many times I go up to the attic and look out, and the view brings it all back.

In the evening mother and I slipped down to the stable and did the milking. But afterward we went back to the cellar, for the firing kept up till ten o'clock. Then we came up and snatched what little bit we could to eat. We did n't cook anything but took what was prepared, like bread and butter and milk. Our neighbors who had been in the cellar did n't attempt to go home. Some of the older ones we accommodated in beds, others lay on the floors, but the best part of the people sat up all night and watched, for we did n't know what was going to come on us.

About midnight we heard the Rebels retreating. Oh! the cannon just came down the hill bouncing. And the cavalry — my! if they did n't dash through here! The infantry, too, were going on a dead run, and some of the poor, hungry fellows were so weak they were saying to their stronger comrades, "Take hold of my hand, and help me along." A lot of 'em were drowned in going across the Potomac.

We were overjoyed to know that our men had won — yes, we certainly were happy. Well, the next morning everything was quiet. It was an unearthly quiet after all the uproar of the battle. The people who had taken refuge with us saw that the danger was over, and they scattered away to their homes. Father and I went out on the front pavement. We could see only a few citizens moving about, but pretty soon a Federal officer came cautiously around the corner by the church. He asked Father if any one was hurt in the town and said they had tried to avoid shelling it, and he was awful sorry they could n't help dropping an occasional shell among the houses.

I lost no time now in getting our flag from the ash heap so I could have it where it would be seen when our men marched into the town. I draped it on the front of the house, but I declare to goodness! I had to take that flag down. It made the officers think our house was a hotel, and they'd ride up, throw their reins to their orderlies, and come clanking up the steps with their swords and want something to eat. So I hurried to get it swung across the street, and after that, as the officers and men passed under it they all took off their hats. Their reverence for the flag was beautiful, and so was the flag.

I had a little flag in my hand, and while I was waving and waving it and cheering our victorious troops some prison-

ers marched by, and, bless your soul! among them I saw the very men who had demanded the big flag that was now suspended across the street. They looked at the flag and at me and shouted, "You said it was burned!" and they cursed me till some of our men drew their swords and quieted 'em down. "We'll settle with you when we come through here again," they called back, but they never came.

Our men were much cleaner and better fed than the Rebels, and their clothing was whole. The trains soon arrived with the hardtack, and there were baggage wagons and ambulances and everything. We had our men here with us quite a while camped in the town woods, and so constant was the coming and going of troops and army conveyances on the highways that we did n't get to speak to our neighbors across the street for weeks. Those were exciting times, but we felt safe. Of course there were some common, rough fellows among the soldiers, but as a general thing we found them very nice and we became much attached to them. When they went away it left us decidedly lonely here.

As for the day of the battle, it was tragic, but after the fighting was all over and I just sat and studied everything that had transpired a good deal was really laughable.

Well, the region was dreadfully torn to pieces by the conflict, but now you see no trace of it only the cemeteries.

XV

The Little Rebel¹

My father used to be a bookkeeper in a Fredericksburg store, and for two years before the war he had just been dying of dyspepsia. He did n't weigh over one hundred and twenty pounds and was nothing on earth but a frame of bones. One day he came home from work and said, "Well, war has been declared, and I must join the army."

He got an appointment as quartermaster. We thought he could never stand army life, but he had to go out foraging, and the knocking about did him good. He recovered from his dyspepsia, put on flesh, and became hearty and strong.

However, after he'd been in the army about a year he was taken sick with typhoid fever down in Richmon'. Presently he began to get better, and he felt that he must come home. The Yankees had control of Fredericksburg at that time. So he did n't dare come straight here, but stopped a few miles away at the home of a Mrs. Smith, who was a friend of ours. He asked her to get word to Maw, and she sent her little boy with the family carriage and a

¹ At the time of my acquaintance with her she was a gray, slight little woman, whose closest companions seemed to be two dogs. She was living in a small, old-fashioned wooden house that the Northern bombshells had battered, and the passing years had warped the walls and floors so that the doors were troublesome about opening and shutting. Dressmaking furnished her a livelihood, and while we talked she sat with her work scattered all about and her sewing-machine close at hand.

note that said: "Come at once. Have a surprise in store for you."

We lived in a nice large house on the main street in the business part of the town. I was sixteen then, and I had two brothers who were both younger, and a sister who was a little tot just beginning to walk.

The carriage that our friend sent was drawn by one horse, but it had two seats, and me and Maw and my little sister got in and went along. When we reached Mrs. Smith's house, there was Father, and he looked like death itself he was so white and thin, for he'd been ill a long time. I suppose his full black beard and long black hair made him appear all the paler. We got there in time for supper, and we stayed two days. It was on a Sunday afternoon that we started for home. Father walked along with us as far as the road gate to bid us good-by. We got in the carriage and left him standing there, and Mother called back, "When you get to Richmon' be sure to write."

He was a great home body, and it like to have killed him to have to part from us. He just thought to himself, "Can I give them up and not see the others?" and instead of going to our friend's house he came right on toward Fredericksburg. The railroad track made a short cut into the town, and he followed that. He had on citizens' clothes, and nobody paid any attention to him. So he walked on and on, and at last came in at the front gate of his own home. That was shortly after we'd got here, and Mother had just gone across the street to tell some of the neighbors that she'd seen him. We sent for her, and when she came and found out who was there she was perfectly miserable. Of course she was glad to see him, but she was just wild she was so 'fraid the Yankees would ketch him.

The Yankee suttlers had stores in the town, and we knew a little Northern drummer boy who worked for one of them. He had been sick a while before, and Maw was so sorry for him that she had him stay at our house where she could take care of him. On the day after Paw came into town this drummer boy spoke to me and said he'd like to give my father some oranges and bananas.

"You're foolish, boy," I said. "You have n't seen any man in our house."

"Yes," he said, "I saw one go in yesterday, and I thought he looked like you."

"Oh, no!" I said, "but you can bring that fruit to me. I'll eat it myself."

Father stayed in town a week, but he went to the house of a friend for the last three days, we were so fearful he would be discovered if he remained with us. Sunday came, and about seven o'clock in the morning he went out on the street carrying a little bucket in his hand as if he was going blackberrying. Mother had told him good-by the night before. "Don't come again, please, till after the war," she begged.

Things were getting too hot here, and it was certainly high time that he made his way out. The town was just filled with Confederate soldiers spying, and we'd heard there was goin' to be a general search for 'em. Sure enough, on Sunday afternoon, when Paw had only been gone a few hours, a dozen men with an officer came to the house, and the officer said to Maw, "Have you seen Captain Turner?"

"No," she said, and she considered that she was tellin' the truth because *she* called him Jim.

But the officer insisted on searching the premises. Maw was nervous, and I did most of the talking, and I followed

the officer as he went about. He noticed that I wore a breastpin with a man's portrait on it, and he said, "Is that Captain Turner's picture on your breastpin?"

"You can find out, sir, if you are able," I retorted. "You're lookin' for Captain Turner, and you ought to know whether this is the picture of the person you're after."

"Is n't that your father?" the officer asked.

"I have n't told you who it is," I answered.

"You're a saucy little minx," he said.

There we were — only him and me — up on the third floor jawing. He searched from the cellar to the roof. There was n't any place he did n't search in, I tell you. He turned up the beds, and he looked in the wardrobes and closets. He even pulled open the bureau drawers, and I said, "Do you think Captain Turner is small enough to get in there?"

At last he climbed out of a dormer window onto the slate roof, crawled up to the ridge, and looked down the chimney. I don't know how on earth he ever got up there. When he was comin' back his feet slipped, and I leaned out of the window and just managed to ketch him by his two arms. I held on and hollered, "Help!"

One of his men come rushing up the steps, and Maw come, too. They helped pull him in. "Oh!" he gasped, "you have saved my life."

He was speakin' to me. "I did n't do it from choice," I said, "but because I did n't want a dead Yankee on the place on Sunday afternoon."

That was a close call for him. If he'd fallen three stories onto our brick-paved yard he'd have been killed.

Father had started off as if he was goin' berrying, and he



A NARROW ESCAPE

did n't meet a soul. He went right out the plank road west of the town, and kept on walkin', walkin', till he just had to sit down to rest himself. But finally he got to Mrs. Smith's where he was before.

"Well, for heaven's sake! where are you goin' now?" she asked, when she found him at her door.

"I'm tryin' to make Richmon'," he said.

He stayed at Mrs. Smith's over night. Next morning, while he was eating breakfast, he looked out and saw a dust rising from the road in the distance. "I believe there are soldiers comin'," he said.

But Mrs Smith told him the dust was raised by cattle, and Father went on eating. Presently he heard the sound of horses' hoofs and saw from the window a whole company of cavalry entering the yard. He dodged out of a back door and started down the hill toward the woods. The cavalrymen saw him, and five of them charged after him. By the time he'd crossed the yard they were so close they struck at him with their sabers. He made a dive through the barnyard gate, and the gate closed after him. His pursuers had to stop and open it, and that gave him a chance to jump the barnyard fence into a field. Then he ran on down the hill to a little spring branch in among a right heavy growth of trees. The cavalrymen had a little difficulty in getting their horses over the fence, and their leader was very angry. He stood up in his saddle and shouted to his followers: "Circle to the right two abreast. We'll find that man if we find him in hell to-night."

Father had got into the woods, and he lay down right in the water of the little branch — and him gettin' over the typhoid fever. The cavalrymen dashed about huntin' for him, and if he'd had a three foot stick in his hand he could

have touched them with it they came so close, but they did n't find him.

By and by, the men gave up their search, and Mrs. Smith sent a negro woman to get some water down at the spring, which was near where she'd seen Father disappear among the trees. "If you see Captain Turner," she said, "tell him to keep on in the woods and not try to come back to the house."

The woman went to the spring, and Father crawled out of the branch and spoke to her, and she said, "Ain't they done killed you?"

She was excited and talked louder than he thought was necessary. "Hush!" he said. "Where are those men who were chasin' me?"

"Their commander called 'em back to the house," she answered.

"Well," he said, "you can tell Mis' Lizzie I'm safe so far."

Then the colored woman gave him the message her mistress had sent, and walked off with the bucket of water on her head as if nothing had happened. The cavalrymen were still at the house, and they questioned her, but did n't discover her secret. She was right smart not to give it away.

Father kept out of sight on the wood roads till he got way up country, and in the end he reached Richmon' in safety.

The front room of our house was made for a store, and a man by the name of Jones rented it and kept groceries. He often sold things to the Union soldiers who were camped on the other side of the Rappahanock for several months before the battle. We had burnt the bridges in '61, but a

wire bridge for foot passengers had been fixed up, and the soldiers would come over on that, eighteen or twenty in a bunch, to visit the city. Sometimes the streets would be thronged with 'em.

One day a soldier came into the grocery store and went behind the counter and took a piece of tobacco, and he was n't goin' to pay. The tobacco only cost ten cents, and he took it for a projec' more than anything else. That was his idea of fun. "Stop!" Mr. Jones said. "Pay for what you've taken or I'll have you arrested, sir."

But the man went off with the tobacco. Then Mr. Jones just spoke to a guard, and the soldier was locked up for a certain number of days as a punishment. The officers were right strict with the men and tried to make 'em behave themselves, but in a crowd like that, you know, there's bound to be some rowdies.

Early in December that soldier hollered across the river to our pickets: "You tell Roy Jones he'd better get out of town. We're goin' to hang him if we ketch him, and we're goin' to burn his store."

The threat was reported to my mother, and she was very uneasy. Mr. Jones had begun to move his business to a town farther south, things were so unsettled at Fredericksburg, and Mother said to him, "Please take your sign along with your goods."

"Oh, yes!" he said, "I'll sure take that. I'll need it where I'm goin'."

He got it off from the store front and put it inside, and there he left it while he went with a load of goods to his new location. He'd got to come back for another load, and then he intended to carry along the sign. But a couple of days later our minister came to the house and said to

Mother: "Sister Turner, orders are bein' sent around that we must leave before daybreak to-morrow. The Yankees are goin' to shell the town."

The Northern commander and General Lee had consulted under a flag of truce, and they'd agreed to give the citizens that warning. Maw did n't want to leave. Our soldiers were in the town then, and she vowed she would stay cookin' and handin' out things to 'em.

But it seemed as if everybody else was gettin' out of here. They went up the road by the dozen carrying bundles of clothes. I set up there in our second story window, and watched 'em. One man went past with such a large bundle I could n't help laughing. I pointed him out to Maw and said, "It looks to me as if that man had a feather bed on his back."

"Mary, I believe you'd laugh at your own funeral," Maw told me.

"Well," I said, "I reckon I'm half-past silly."

Lots of people went out of town on the cars. Others went in teams, and they hired everything in the world in the shape of a vehicle that was available. They were branchin' out from the town anywhere they could get. There were families of means that took refuge in little log cabins — even in the negro cabins — and were glad of the shelter.

At last Maw consented to leave, but when I went for a carriage I could n't get one, nor a cart, nor a vestige of anything. But General Lee sent in ten big canvas-covered army wagons, late that night, and I got one of those. We put in a bed and some provisions, and then got in ourselves. My aunt, who lived across the street, went with us. It was just getting daylight in the morning when we started. I

had a Confederate flag hanging out of the rear of the wagon, and my aunt was scared to death because the batteries across the river had a direct line on us. She was afraid the Yankees would shoot us as we was drivin' up the street.

"I don't care," I said; "I'm goin' to fly my colors. They have no business makin' us go out of town. If they don't want me to fly my flag they can let us stay here."

We'd gone a mile or two, and I was settin' there in the wagon when we met some troops comin' up the road. General Lee and his staff were with 'em, and I waved my flag and the general saluted it. About three miles farther on we got beyond the firing line, and the captain of the wagon train spoke to us and said, "Now here's where I'm ordered to dump everybody, and you'll have to get out."

"No, indeed," I said, "you'll not put us out here. I'm Captain Turner's daughter."

All the army men knew Captain Turner, and the wagon master said he'd take us wherever we wanted to go. A friend of ours, Mr. Holliday, lived eight miles from town out on that road. He had a big farm and was quite a wealthy man before the war. He must have owned hundreds of slaves. Their cabins were all around his house, almost like a village, and each family had a little garden spot. The first time I was ever there I went with Father, and we met some little darkies as we approached the house. Father asked them who they belonged to.

"We belong to Mr. John Holliday," they said, "and he's a mighty nice man."

"Does n't he whip you?" Father said.

"No, sir," the oldest child replied, "and he would n't let my mammy whip me if he knew it."

When we refugeed I had the army wagon take us to Mr. Holliday's. I only weighed sixty-eight pounds, but I'd put on three dresses that morning — in fact, I was wearing nearly all the clothes I possessed; and the colored man who helped us out of the wagon thought I looked so big and strong that I did n't need any assistance, and I just flopped out.

A good many others had flocked to Mr. Holliday's, and when night came we had to sleep anywhere we could. I shared a room with twelve others. We arranged blankets and quilts on the floor so we could lie side by side, one right after the other. When they had all lain down except me I counted 'em and said: "I won't be the thirteenth. I'm goin' to sit up in a chair."

Don't you know, speakin' of that, the war was a sad thing, and it was often a hardship bein' knocked around as we were, but we had right much fun.

We did n't have pillows that night, and we tipped chairs down so the backs would slant up for us to rest our heads on. But after the first night we arranged things so we were more comfortable.

Mr. Holliday's house was heated only by fireplaces, and I shall never forget how cold it was there in those days of early winter. We had great big fires, but you had to sit right on top of 'em to keep warm. I said to Maw, "I feel like my face was burning up and my back freezing up here before this fire."

We'd been at Mr. Holliday's nearly a week and there'd been no bombarding yet; so I decided to go to town and see if I could save some furniture. I walked, and two other ladies came with me. A part of the way we went around by paths and through strips of woods to flank the pickets. But

we finally met a picket down here back of the town, and he says, "Ladies, where are you goin'?"

We told him what we wanted to do, and he let us come on in. The place was almost deserted. There were just a few people about, and all the stores were closed except one or two and the eating-places for the soldiers to get a lunch. I went to an officer, and he ordered two men to take a four horse wagon and go with me. He said I could fill that with whatever we wanted to carry off, and he would provide an ambulance for me and my friends to ride back in. I packed away some of the things at the house, and had the men put in the wagon such articles as we needed for every-day use. I know the load included considerable clothing, several chairs and beds, and a couple of bureaus. Later in the day we returned to Mr. Holliday's. That was December 12th.

The next morning, about five o'clock, I reckon, I was waked by the report of a cannon. It shook the glassware in the china closet that stood in the room where we were sleeping. The gun was fired by the Confederates to announce that the Yankees were attempting to cross the river. After some sharp fighting the Federals succeeded in making pontoon bridges, and in order to drive back the Confederates they shelled the town off and on all day. Finally they got across and our men retreated.

When the town fell into their hands some of them went into a house near ours and asked a negro servant, who was the only person at home there, for a firebrand. He wanted to know what they intended to do with it.

They said, "We're goin' to burn that house across the way because Roy Jones, who treated us so bad has his grocery store in it."

"But Jones has moved away," the negro told 'em.

"You can't fool us," they said. "We've looked through the window, and we can see his sign inside."

So they took a chunk of fire from the kitchen fireplace and went into our cellar and started a blaze. We had thirteen cords of wood in the cellar and the greatest quantity of groceries that my Paw had put in to last two or three years. He was a splendid provider. When he was buying supplies for the army he would get supplies for us, and we had everything in the world we wanted. There were three barrels of flour, two barrels of sugar, a sack of coffee, and a barrel of corned beef, and there were the hams and shoulders of three hogs hung up ready cured. All that was burned, and so was our china-ware and library and everything. I never bothered with any deep literature then, but Father said he had books he couldn't replace to save his life. The house of our nearest neighbor caught fire from ours, and went up in flames; and all that destruction was the result of the soldiers' antipathy toward one man — our tenant, Jones.

On the night of the twelfth the ladies who were at the Hollidays' scraped lint, and I haven't made any since. I got my share of makin' it then. We certainly did work hard. I scraped two tablecloths into lint with my penknife. Indeed, I scraped right down through my clothing to the flesh, and I said to the others, "It's time I was dressin' my own wounds."

After the fightin' began the next day I walked with a lady friend up to within three miles of the town. The bullets were flying, and there were lots of wounded who needed attention, and we thought we would help take care of them. We came to a field hospital where they had amputation tables all about among the trees of an orchard

close to the main road. The doctors were cutting off arms and legs, and the amputated limbs lay in piles by the tables. It was such a terrible sight that we did n't stay there long. We could n't stand it, and we returned to Mr. Holliday's.

All day the ambulances were going past the house on their way to the nearest railroad station. You could hear the wounded men in them groanin' a quarter of a mile away, it hurt the poor things so to jolt over the road. A good many of the ambulances stopped in front of the house to have the men's wounds dressed, and sometimes the men would be laid out on the grass. The rags on their wounds got so dry they chafed them, and we had to wash the wounds and put on clean cloths. I don't know how many sheets we tore up.

"O lady! we do thank you so much," they'd say when they were leaving. They were taken six miles farther to the railroad and sent on to Richmon'.

The sight of blood makes me faint. I can't bear it. I can't even cut a piece of fresh meat for my dogs. But I think you can get used to anything when you have to; and it seems to me, on that battle day, I got to helping with the wounded before I knew it, and I was n't affected by what I saw at all.

Most of the fighting was done just back of the town where the Yankees tried to force the Confederates from their position on Marye's Hill. Lines of cannon crowned the height, and the sides were covered with rifle-pits which concealed a host of sharpshooters, and at the base of the hill was a stone wall behind which crouched several regiments of infantry. Six assaults were made, but not a single Yankee could get beyond that wall. The Union

loss was twelve thousand, and ours less than half that number.

You have no idea what a wreck this town was after the battle — so many buildings burned, and so many battered by the balls and shells, and so many of them pillaged. The soldiers went into the house of an old lady who lived the second block from us, and they took her haircloth parlor suite out into the street and some of the things were broken all to pieces. They pulled a lot of clothing out of the wardrobe, emptied the oil can and two or three cans of preserves onto the clothes, mopped 'em around, and threw 'em in a corner, I reckon they did the same thing in all the houses. They seemed to want to ruin whatever they could lay their hands on. I don't think they found much silver in their rummaging. Our people connived every way in the world to hide and keep that.

I heard a man tell how at his house they made batter in a bureau drawer and opened the piano and poured the batter all over the wires. He never saw such a mess in his life. He'd refugeed, but he came back right after the battle to find out how things were lookin' at his place. He had a mirror that his daughters could see themselves in full length from head to foot, and the soldiers had busted that all to pieces, and they had taken an axe and split a wardrobe from end to end. He was a real ignorant old man, but he had sense enough to make plenty of money. Oh, yes indeed!

It was the fall of '63 when we moved back to town. The place looked pretty desolate. There were a good many women here, but only a few men and those all old. Supplies were scanty and prices way up in G. We toasted wheat and rye and used it for coffee. Some one from the

country told me the other day that at his house they had drank wheat coffee ever since the war. They liked it better than the real coffee and thought it was much healthier. Another substitute for coffee was made out of sweet potatoes. We peeled the potatoes and sliced them very thin, then toasted the slices in the oven and ground them up, and that potato coffee tasted splendid.

The first year of the war Mother took a tin box that had two compartments, and filled one side with Java coffee, and the other with crushed loaf sugar. Each compartment had a lid and held about five pounds, I reckon. We'd just use the coffee once in a while when we wanted it for extra occasions.

Once we went to Richmon', and Mother took her box of coffee and sugar along. The baggage master who put it on the train for her said, "You surely must have all your gold and silver in this, it is so heavy."

"What I've got in there is just as precious as gold to me," Maw said, and she told him what the box contained.

We used to buy things of an old gentleman who ran the blockade. He never would tell how he managed it, but I know he went up to Alexandria to get the goods. He just brought shoes and drygoods and articles of that sort. Toward the end of the war Mother got a pair of Congress gaiters from the old man. He said they would be two dollars in silver, or two hundred dollars in Confederate money. Mother said she did n't have the silver, so she paid him the two hundred dollars. About the same time she paid twenty-four dollars for a pound of sugar. My brothers went barefoot. They had good shoes, but they did n't want to wear them out because they were 'fraid they would n't get any more.

When Grant was fighting in this region in 1864 a boy roomed with us who carried newspapers and writing materials on to the front to sell to the Northern soldiers. He went back and forth on horseback. One day he brought me a haversack of French patent leather and the skirt of a saddle that he'd picked up on the Wilderness battlefield. "You can make a pair of shoes out of these," he said.

I took them to a shoemaker and paid twenty dollars to have him make me some shoes. The leather was very nice and soft, and I had those shoes yet after the war was over.

A good many of the Northern wounded and stragglers came here at the time of the Wilderness fight. They'd hardly begun to arrive when some of the officers went to the stores and got all the casks of whiskey they could find and broke the heads and emptied the whiskey into the gutters. The officers were fearful, if the men got to drinking, they'd tear up the town. I remember looking out of the window and seeing some of the soldiers with cups and canteens trying to save what they could of the whiskey from the gutters, and I said, "Maw, will you please look at that."

At last the war ended, and Paw came home directly afterward. He had bought a lot of tobacco in Richmon' just before the surrender, but lost it in the fire that burned the city. If it had escaped the fire he could have sold it for thirty-five thousand dollars. When he reached home he said, "Richmon' has gone up, my tobacco's gone up, and I'm goin' up."

Pretty soon the Union troops were passing through the town going home North. There was cavalry, artillery, and men on foot. We had some nice meat, and we went to cooking for 'em. Mother and the servant and I sat up all one night cooking. We got ready ham and beef sandwiches and

coffee and pie and hot rolls and lightbread. My two little brothers stood at the window and sold the things. Father was in back of the boys watching to see that everything was all right. "The idea of my settin' here," he said, "and sellin' to Northern people who've whipped us!"

I told him, "Don't say whipped — just overpowered."

The men were pretty well worn out, and it seemed to be quite a treat to 'em to get soft bread. Well, that was not to be wondered at considering how long they'd been living on hardtack.

One of the men had a mule that he said he'd sell us, saddle and all, for twenty-five dollars. It was the prettiest thing I ever laid my eyes on — just like a butter ball. Paw told him he s'posed he'd stole it, but the man said, "No, I only want to sell the mule because I can't conveniently take it North."

Mother and I had the money, and we bought the mule. Father had rode a horse home, and now that we had the two creatures it gave us a little impetus. He rented a piece of ground and put in a crop of corn, and then he secured the position of bookkeeper in a flour mill, and we got along very well.

We had a Northern man who was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness staying at our house for three weeks after the battle. I was always telling him funny things. "You want to kill me laughing," he'd say.

He was wounded in the cheek bone, and it hurt him to laugh. To retaliate and tease me, he'd say, "You'll marry a Yankee."

"Never in the kingdom!" I'd declare. "I'm too much of a Rebel."

Just before he left us an army friend of his who'd called

to see him remarked to me: "I've seen you before. One day you were down by the river, and I was on the other side. You wore a brown dress and had a little slat bonnet in your hand. I was looking through my field glasses."

I recalled the time. Some men on horses across the river had called out: "Hello, sis! Want a cup of good coffee?"

They thought I was a child, I reckon, I was such a little bit of a midget.

"Want a hot biscuit?" I called back, and pointed to a cannon that was near me.

It's curious, but after the war I met the Northern soldier who saw me that day through his field glasses as he looked across the Rappahannock, and we married. I've spent a good deal of my life since up in Connecticut, but I have n't become a Yankee. My friends there call me, "The Little Rebel."

XVI

The Colored Cooper ¹

ME and my wife was both free born. We could have gone away befo' the battle, but we had a house hyar in Fredericksburg and four small chil'en, and I had work in town makin' barrels. So we stayed all the whole time. There was n't many who did that.

As soon as the Yankees got hyar the slaves begun to run away from their mistresses and masters. They went by hundreds. You'd see 'em gittin' out of hyar same as a rabbit chased by a dog. Some carried little bundles tied up, but they could n't tote much. Often one of the women would walk along carrying a child wrapped up in a blanket. Fifteen miles from hyar they got to the Potomac, and the Yankee gunboats would take 'em right to Washington. Then they'd pile in wherever they could git. They never come back this way.

A good many of the Rebel soldiers stole off, too, so they could git into the Yankee lines, and not have to fight.

We had such cold weather that December when the battle was fought that the ice formed quite thick on a pond up hyar in the early days of the month. I promised Mr. Roe, who carried on butchery, that I'd help draw to fill his ice-

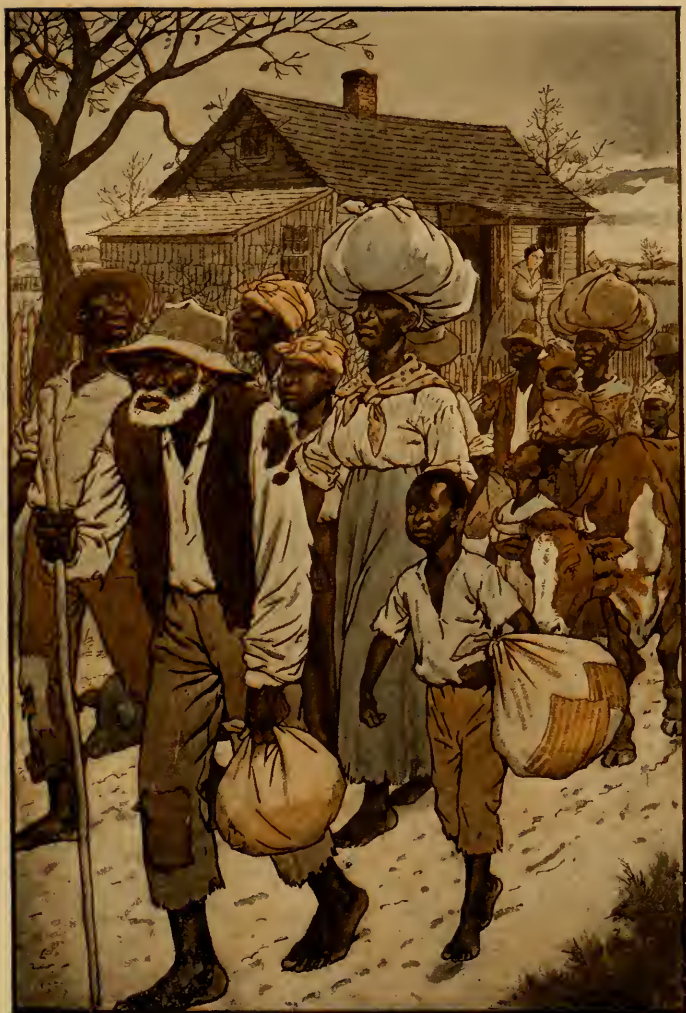
¹ That his years were many was evident in his stooping form and thin white hair, but he was still working. I visited him in the shop where he was making barrels as of yore, and he continued at his task while he told his story.

house. He was to start work on the 13th. The night before was cold — bitter cold. I wanted to be at the pond early, and when a noise waked me, after I'd been asleep a good long time, I thought it must be near about daybreak. So I got up and went to the barn and fed my horse. But what I'd heard was the Yankees fixin' to come over hyar from the other side of the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges.

Colonel Lang was camped up the lane, and pretty soon he marched right past my door with one thousand Confederate troops. They went down in intrenchments along the river. Then the old signal gun went off, and there was somethin' doin'. I did n't know what it meant — a gun goin' off at that time in the morning. Lang killed about seventy-five men who were makin' the pontoon bridges — swept 'em off clean as a whistle — but later in the day the Yankees come across in their boats and swept him off.

Early in the morning word was sent around that they was goin' to shell the town, and they done it, too. But I did n't git no warning and did n't know a thing of it till I saw people running. Some ran with their nightclothes on. They did n't have any time to play, I tell you. All that could, got out into the country and the woods was full of 'em — white and colored. But I stayed in the town. I think there was two hundred Yankee cannon over the river on the hills. The shelling begun about five o'clock, as near as I can come at it, and the gunners could shoot the bombs and balls just where they wanted to. I know two people was killed dead in bed that morning — an old man and an old woman. We had rough times hyar. I don't want any mo' of that bumbarding in this world. I don't want it in the next world either, if I'm ever able to git there.

Tom Knox who owned the hotel had a narrow escape.



COLORED REFUGEES GOING NORTH

He got up when the signal gun fired and put on his clothes as quick as he could and got out of town on foot. He left everything he had behind him, and he was hardly out of the house when a shell come in and split his pillow open. It did n't hurt the bed, but they tell me a knife could n't have cut that pillow into two parts any better than the shell did. The shell was lookin' for Mr. Knox, but it did n't git him. It would have split *him* open if he'd stayed there. Yes, fifteen or twenty minutes longer in his bed would have fixed him.

The neighbors come into my house when the shells begun to fly. Oh! we had the greatest quantity of women and children there. The house was full. They all wanted to have plenty of company so if any of 'em got hurt the others could help 'em. By and by a solid shot — a twelve-pounder — come right through my house. The Yankees had been firin' a right smart while, and I s'pose the sun was 'bout half an hour high. I was settin' up by the fire with some of the others in my bedroom. The ball cut one of the big house timbers plumb in two, and I never saw so much dirt flyin' around in my life. It took the end off the bureau just as clean as you could with a circular saw, and it left dust and everything else all over the room as if some one had been sowin' seed. Ah, man! I never want to see that pass over no mo'. It was terrible.

I had a splendid cellar under my house, and we all went down into that. We did n't have no breakfast. But I did n't bother my mind at all about that. I was n't hungry a bit. I was already filled up with skeer. The chil'en would have liked breakfast, but 'deed and they did n't git it. They was not so skeered as the grown folks because they did n't know the danger. The older people was just skeered

to death, all hands of 'em, and some was mo' uneasy 'bout the chil'en than they was 'bout themselves. We had a tejiuous time of it with nothin' to do but talk of how the shells was running.

That was an awful day — awful day, but the firin' stopped up some by noon, and we all come up and took a peep. I went out in the back yard where I could look and see the Yankees like bees on them heights across the river. A ball had struck a haystack I had piled up in my lot, and I expected my horse would be killed tied right there in the stable, but he wa'n't hurt a bit. The town seemed to be deserted. I walked up as far as the corner, and looked up and down and could n't see a soul — man or woman, cat or dog. The neighbors stayed at our house until night, and then they went home and give the chil'en something to eat, I reckon.

Next day the place was full of Yankee troops. One of the citizens had a good deal of whiskey in his cellar, and I had helped hide it. The cellar had a brick floor, and we took up a part of it and dug a hole. All the liquor was in jimmy-johns, and we put the whole parcel of 'em down in the ground, covered 'em up with dirt, and laid back the bricks. Nobody would have known anything was buried there if they 'd walked over that hyar cellar floor all day. Some one must have told, for the Irish brigade found the whiskey, and the men got so drunk they did n't know what they was doing.

The Rebels was on Marye's Heights. That was a hot place — a hot place! The Yankees never had no chance to win there. They kept chargin' a stone wall at the foot of the Heights. But Lord 'a' mercy! they was all cut to pieces every time. Some got up to the wall so they could put their

hands on it, but they could n't git no further. That wall still stands, and when there comes a rain they say the blood stains show on it even yet.

One of the leading Southern generals in this fight was Stonewall Jackson — you've heard talk of him. He was a plague, he was a honey, old Stonewall was — he was a honey! He wanted his men to take off their pants and just have on drawers so he'd know 'em. They would n't do it, and I don't blame 'em. They did n't have much to take off nohow, I reckon, and it was winter weather. Jackson's men did n't wear no shoes. Instead, they had on each foot a piece of leather tied up behind and before with leather strings. I found one of those foot protectors where they camped. Old Stonewall was a terrible man. He did n't think anything of marching his troops thirty mile in a night. They had the hardest time of any soldiers I heard of in the war. Ha, ha! do you know what kind of food he gave 'em? Three times a day each man got one year of corn — a raw year of corn. They did n't have to stop marching to eat it, but gnawed and chewed it as they tramped along.

I went to the battlefield and took a look around when things got cool, and I can tell you I don't never want to see no mo' war in my day. The battlefield 'peared like somebody had been doin' something — it 'peared awful bad! The dead was scattered around, and some looked like they was fast asleep. When a man had been hit by a shell that exploded it bust him up in such little pieces you would n't 'a' known he was ever the shape of a man. A good many bodies was all laid in a row side of the stone wall with blankets over their faces. I saw some old gray fellers among the dead. They had no business to be in the war at their

age. Out in front of the stone wall was the Yankees where they'd fallen one 'pon top of t' other.

The Southern troops took possession of the town after the battle. Some of 'em was so smoked up I did n't know whether they was white men or black men. They was nasty and dirty, and their clothes was dreadful. If a Rebel wanted a good pair of pants or shoes he had to shoot a Yankee to git 'em. Every Union man that was killed was stripped, and you often could n't tell the Rebels in their borrowed clothing from the Northern soldiers.

A heap of 'em on both sides suffered mightily for food. Some had the rashions but no chance to cook what they had. 'Bout noon one day two Rebel soldiers come up to our house off of the river, and they said to my wife, "Aunty, we've got some fish we want you to fry."

They'd been on picket duty. The Rebel pickets was on this side of the river and the Yankee pickets on the other side layin' there watchin' one another, and these fellers had put in some of their time fishing. They'd caught a mess of herrings, but they did n't have no salt nor nothing to cook 'em with. So my wife took a piece of meat and fried the herrings nicely and gave the men some bread to eat with their fish. Their rashions could n't have been much. Some of the soldiers pulled up wild onions and e't 'em.

I had to work for Confederate money during the war, and I know that one time I paid five hundred dollars for a barrel of flour. Well, that old Confederate money wa'n't no account to me. It did n't amount to anything, and I did n't care what I paid. I had a hundred dollars of it when the war ended. There was some one dollar bills, some fives, and some tens. Union soldiers going North liked to have a

few of those bills to take home to show to their wives, and I just divided mine out among 'em.

We used to pick up bayonets, guns, and other things regular out on the battlefield, but the woods have been pilaged so we don't find 'em any mo'. Occasionally, though, bones are found when digging is being done in the back streets.

There's a national cemetery now on the slope of Marye's Heights beyond the stone wall, and you could n't give some people in this town fifty dollars to go in the cemetery at night. Once we had a kind of public meetin' hyar for election, and the candidate had furnished a jug of whiskey and a little crackers and cheese, or something like that for refreshments. I s'pose there was a gallon in the jug, and it had n't been passed to mo' than two or three when a feller grabbed it and ran. O man! there was excitement then. Every one taken out after him. But he ran to the cemetery and jumped over the fence, and the rest stopped right there. They certainly were feared of ghos'es. He had whiskey for a number of days, and I guess he drank it all himself. Nobody remembered sharing it with him.

XVII

A Slave Woman's Troubles¹

I BELONGED to Mr. Sam Gordon, and I nursed and took entire care of his sister's children. They'd always go with me everywhere I went, and I loved 'em, and they were jus' as dear to me as my own. They e't with me and slep' in the room with me, and the little ones, up to three or four or five years old, slep' in my bed. I dressed 'em and waited on 'em, and their mother jus' come to see 'em when she felt like it. In them times, if the family went traveling, I went, too. I was kep' busy, and I seldom had any Sunday at all. But I had a good mistress and master. They did n't push their slaves in work, and they did n't put 'em to work young — not till they were fifteen.

I was raised right in the house with the white people. My mistress raised me jus' like she raised her own children, except that I did n't get no book education, no, sir. I wish to the land I had some. But my old mistress learned me how to work and to be clean and genteel. When night come she'd say: "Now I'm goin' to learn you a few things for your own benefit. You'll thank me when you're big."

¹ She was a spectacled, kindly old body of whom every one in Fredricksburg spoke highly. All her family had the reputation of being self-respecting and industrious. Her daughter's house, where she lived, was very neat and suggestive of prosperity. There I spent an evening in the kitchen. The old woman sat in a corner by the stove. It was plain that she enjoyed recalling her early experiences, even if there had been much of sorrow and hardship in them.

Sometimes she'd keep me working till about ten or 'leven o'clock. I did n't like to work at night, but I'm glad I got to understand how to act and how to weave, spin, wash, iron, sew, knit, and everything of that kind.

I was nearly forty years old when the war begun. I'd been married a right smart while and was living in a cabin with my own family. Mr. Gordon's place was ten miles below the town. Befo' the battle it was jus' like a city. The Southern soldiers were camped all around us, and they had little old stoves back in the woods to keep them warm and to do their cooking. Often they'd exchange some of their army food for what I had. They'd bring me a bag of flour and I'd give 'em corn meal for it, and I'd let 'em have milk and buttermilk and all such things. Perhaps they would n't have any tea or coffee to use with their sugar, and they'd give the sugar to me. A good deal of the time they did n't have salt, and they were so pitiful I felt right sorry for 'em. Yes, the Southern soldiers were hungry. They e't every chicken we had, and a cavalryman got our hog — took it right out of the pen, then cut it in two, and hung half on each side of his horse and rode off.

I would n't let the soldiers come into the house, and my mistress would say, "Fanny, you ought not to be so hard-hearted."

"Well," I said, "I ain' gwine let 'em come in. I have a whole parcel of children hyar, and those men are lousy. They'd be droppin' their lice all around. Besides, the first thing they'd do they'd pick up my two little children that are twins and want to take 'em out to camp."

One day a soldier started to walk in, and I said, "Yo' cain' come in hyar."

He asked for a drink.

"What's the matter with yo' neck?" I says. "You've got diptheria. I cain' let yo' drink out of any of my cups."

So he went along to the next house, and drank out of a cup there. Some of the family used it afterward, and two of the children died of diptheria. Oh! we had terrible times in the war.

I tol' yo' we lost our chickens. Some Northern gunboats come up the Rappahannock a few days later and knocked off two or three tops of houses near hyar. A number of the gunboat people come to my house. I heard a rap on the do' and looked out, and there was three of 'em, standin' around the do'step and a whole row mo' was settin' on the plank fence next the gate. One of the three at the do' spoke and said they would like to buy a few chickens.

"Gen'lemen," I said, "there's the henhouse. Walk right in and he'p yo'selves."

Our soldiers had done wringed the chickens' heads off, and when the men looked into the henhouse, they called back, "We don't see anything hyar but chickens' heads."

"No," I says, "the Southern soldiers done took all my chickens and turkeys and geese, and put 'em in a bag and carried 'em off. That's what they done — and me with seven children to feed."

Then one of the men down on the fence said, "Come on, boys; no game hyar."

Another time some Confederates come to the house late in the night. I was the only one up, and the commander said, "Where is yo' husband?"

"In bed," I answered.

"Well," he said, "we want him to show us the way to yo' master's house."

So I tol' my husband to git up.

He had on a white nightshirt, and he was skeered and forgot to take it off when he put on his pants. They went along up the lane, and he was all the time watchin' for a chance to git away. Pretty soon he dodged through a gate, slipped his white nightshirt off and ran. They could n't see him in the dark after he got that shirt off, and he heard the officer sayin', "Where in thunder did the nigger go?"

He come home, and they did n't trouble him no mo'.

The Northern soldiers lay over the river. Our men had burnt down the Fredericksburg bridges, and there wa'n't nothin' but a scow to git across from one side to the other. But when those Yankees got ready to come across they came. They were the wildest people I ever see. While the battle lasted we could hear the cannon and the musketry. Oh, yes! and it was a perfect judgment. The hills back hyar were jus' washed in blood, and the town was all filled up with the wounded.

The signal corps had a telegraph in a shop at our place, and they got the news every minute. Old Mr. Cobb lived up on the hill. He had been worth a million dollars, but now he'd spent it all and had to do his own garden work. He was deaf, too, as yo' had to holler at him to make him hear. Mr. Gordon was gwine to carry him the news of the battle, and he started to ride up there on his horse. It was a right smart ways, and some very bad soldiers from North Carolina — Tarheels they was called — was up in the woods. Those soldiers wanted to have a little fun with Mr. Gordon, and they threw rocks at him and knocked off his hat. So he turned back and come home a-flyin'.

When the battle ended and I heard that the Union army had been defeated, I could n't believe it. My mistress said

to me, "Yo' know the Northern soldiers cain' fight us hyar."

But I said: "Ain' God the captain? He started this war, and he's right in front. He may stop in his career and let yo' rest up a little bit now, but our Captain ain' never been beaten. Soon He'll start out ag'in, and yo'll hear the bugle blow, and He'll march on to victory. Where the Bible says, 'Be not afraid; yo' shall set under yo' own vine and fig tree,' that means us slaves, and I tell yo' we're goin' to be a free people. You-all will be gittin' yo' pay sho' for the way you've done treated us pore black folks. We been killed up like dogs, and the stripes you've laid on us hurt jus' as bad as if our skin was white as snow. But I ain' gwine to run away or frow my children in the river as some slaves have, for I'm as certain this war will set us free as that I stand hyar."

I tol' her jus' what I thought, and my mistress said, "Fanny, you is foolish," and my master said, "You ain't got no sense."

And I said to my master, "When I was a young girl yo' sold ninety-six people at one time to pay a debt."

Then I sat down and cried, and the white people stood there and laughed at me. "Lord," I said, "I'd rather be dead than have my children sold away from me."

They sold my brother and three sisters down in Alabama, and I was left entirely. My brother would go around and preach, and the gen'leman that owned him did n't want him to preach and would n't have no meetin's or preachin' on the place at all. So they beat my brother and whipped him with a cowskin. That killed him tereckly. He could n't stand it. He was not used to that up hyar. His master was one bad man.

My oldest sister was owned by that same man, and she ran away from him. She had a baby boy that she left behind with a daughter who had been used so bad it made her crazy. While her mother was gone the baby died. They found him there in the cabin presently, and the foolish daughter said, "He's been sleepin' a week, and I'm glad of it, because I ain't bothered with him."

She was a field hand, but not much good. Once they put her to ploughing and gave her an old sleepy mule. The mule wanted to go slow, and she wanted to go fast. So she put a nail in a stick and struck him, and he jus' jerked the plough and her, too. That made her mad, and she drove him into a hornet's nest. The hornets lit all over him, and he ran. "Go to Jerusalem!" she said, and she give him the plough. He went jus' sailin', plough and all, as far as she could see him.

The overseer scolded her and said, "I'm goin' to kill you."

"Kill me then," she said, but he did n't do anything to her at all.

After the war we was free and could go where we pleased, and I talked with my husband about movin' to Fredericksburg. He said, "If yo' live in the city yo' have to pay for the breath you breathe."

But I tol' him, "Yo' have to pay for yo' breath anywhere," and I got him to come because they had good schools hyar. Down there the children had to walk three miles to school. As soon as we moved I got all the washin' I could do, and me and my husband worked and got this house. I would be up half of the night ironing, but I did n't mind that, for I was used to long hours. About the only time I'd leave my work was when some sick person needed

my help. Once a neighbor woman had dropsy, and she was sick even unto death. Her children were wild and rattle-brained, and for quite a while I went to her house every night.

Some claimed that after dark they could see people in the soldiers' cemetery goin' along without any heads. Others said the ghos'es looked like cows or horses. Some told, too, of hearin' a band playin' over where the army had camped. The strangest story of all was that way about midnight a man in soldier's clothes was in the habit of ridin' a horse through the street back of the depot. People said they could see his buttons and everything, and that they could hear the horse's hoofs — ker-flop-up, ker-flop-up — jus' as plain as could be. They'd hear him a while, and then they would n't hear a thing.

My husband said to me: "I should think you'd be afraid to go to that sick woman's in the dark the way you do. Some night that ghos 'll skeer you to death."

"I'm gwine on jus' the same," I said, "for I never knew the dead to hurt the livin'. That ghos' can keep on with his racket and go on about his business."

So I done my duty, though sometimes I heard things and felt kind o' funny about it.

Of co'se people are often skeered by what they imagine. Once we had a revival hyar, and a young man attended the meetin's who could n't seem to git religion. So the old folks tol' him he sho' would git religion if he'd go and pray in the woods away from the wickedness of the town. He thought he'd try it, and he went way out toward the Wilderness onto an old battlefield. Then he got down on his knees, and he'd started praying when something tol' him to look behind him. He looked, and there was a skull, and he got up

and flew. He did n't try to git religion no mo', and he ain' got it yet — no, indeed!

There certainly was spirits in ol' times. I heard of a house where every night the china and other things on the sideboard kep' up such a rattling that the people who lived there could n't hardly sleep. "What is anybody gwine to do with this house?" they said.

By and by they went to some ol' prophet, and he had 'em turn every do' the other way up and make new keyholes. The ghos'es could n't find their way in after that, and the things on the sideboard stopped rattlin'.

I'm ninety years ol' now. When I was little some of the colored people lived till they got mighty near two hundred years ol'. But they're weaker these days and don't live half so long. Hyar I am crippled up so I cain' do anything, and I cain' see hardly at all. But never mind, I can take my stick and walk.

I've had twelve children and they all growed up. I ain't had no trouble with 'em. They were good children, and I call that a blessing. I learned 'em all to love the way of salvation and to hate the ways of sin. Now I've got twenty-two grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

I 'fessed religion when I was fifteen years ol', and I got a strong belief in the almighty God, our Captain. He knew I meant to treat everybody right and myself right. So He let me live till I was ol', and He's goin' to take me to heaven. I ain't afflicted, and there's nothin' I ask for that I don't git it. I'm trustin' in the Lord. When night comes I kneel down and say: "I thank yo' Lord, that I've passed through one mo' day. Now I lay my head on the pillow, and I pray yo' will enable me to go through the night and see the light of day ag'in."

When morning comes I say: "Well, Lord, I'm hyar yet, no pain, and I don't wish nobody no harm in this world. I'm too ol' for that. I take it all with patience."

I'm happy, and I can't thank Him enough, and soon I'll cease from trouble, and then I will reap my reward.

XVIII

The Carriage-Maker's Boy ¹

LEE crossed the Potomac early in June, 1863, and the battle was fought here on the first three days of July. I was only seven or eight years old, but you know when a boy is that age things stick in his memory as they don't when he grows older. I could n't tell you nearly as well about what happened a couple of years ago as I can tell about what I saw and did at the time of that battle.

When the war began this was a town of between three and four thousand inhabitants. It was a trading center, and there was a flourishing stove-manufactory located here, and quite a business was done in making carriages. My father had a two-story carriage shop near our house on the borders of the town.

We're only a few miles from the division line between the North and the South, and we were a good deal exposed to raids. Again and again we'd get a report: "The Rebels are coming! The Rebels are coming!" and any one that had stock would hurry to get it out of the way so it would n't be carried off by the enemy. You'd see the farmers one week running away with their stock and the next week coming back with it.

¹ He had followed his father's trade, and I chatted with him in his shop amid a variety of vehicles, one of which he was painting. At the time of the battle he had been only a little fellow and his aspect was as yet that of a man still in middle life.

I had two older brothers nearly men grown, and they went off with our horse several times; but the alarms proved to be mostly false, and at last Father said, "Boys, don't you go again until I tell you to go."

It got to be the 26th of June. That afternoon Father went up street, and in a few minutes he was back in a great hurry, and said, "The Rebels are right out west of the town coming in this direction."

So the boys hitched into a buggy and drove off as fast as they could go. They wanted to get on the other side of the Susquehanna River. There we thought they'd be safe. It was a forty mile ride, and they had n't been gone a great while when some of the Rebels came galloping down our street — a whole lot of 'em. They were after the people who were flying with their stock.

Just one square above us lived a butcher who had a little Dutch feller by the name of Charlie Supann working for him. He sent Charlie off with his horse before our boys got started, but they overtook Charlie out here by the toll-gate house. Charlie was drivin' along pretty leisurely, and they told him he'd better hurry.

"But my orders are not to drive fast," he said.

Well, our boys went on and left him behind, and the Rebels caught him and took his horse. While they were parleying with him our boys hurried along as fast as they could, and they escaped. They got to the big covered bridge at Columbia over the Susquehanna, and they told us afterward that people were going through there with their horses just like a cavalcade — chasing through one after the other all the time. At the far end were some Union officials stopping every one that had a good horse, and if the horse suited 'em they'd take it and give in return

a slip of paper entitling the owner to pay from the government.

Right in front of our boys was a young feller on an awful nice horse, and the officer said, "Is that a good riding horse?"

"Yes," the feller says, "Father keeps him for that."

"Then you jump right off," the officer said. "He's just what I want."

Next he spoke to our boys and asked if theirs was a riding horse.

"No, you can't do anything with her for riding," they said.

"Then get out of this," he told 'em. "We don't want her."

They were lucky to get across the bridge when they did, for the pursuing Rebels were close behind, and the Federals burnt part of the bridge just before the enemy got there to keep them from going farther.

Our boys were now strangers in a strange country. But they soon located on a farm with a man who was starting harvesting, and they got right out in the harvest field, and went to work.

The next excitement that I remember at Gettysburg was the arrival of four thousand Union cavalry on the night of June 30th. They camped west of the town on Seminary Ridge, a low hill that got its name from a theological Seminary located there. South of the town was a similar hill known as Cemetery Ridge, which had Little and Big Round Top at one end, and Culp's Hill on the banks of Rock Crick at the other end.

Not far from my father's shop was another carriage shop that was no longer used for its original purpose. Hay was

stored in it, and we boys often went in there to play. A number of us were in there on the morning of July 1st. You know how boys would do — well, we had a lot of fun jumping on the hay. But pretty soon we came outside to watch some soldiers and older town boys riding the cavalry horses out north of the town to the crick to water 'em. Then we went back into the old carriage shop and got into the hay business again. We were still at it when my sister ran in there and said to me: "You're to come home now. The fighting has begun."

Yes, the battle had begun, but it was a small affair at first, for both of the armies were very much scattered. Some of the troops were forty miles away, and they kept arriving all that day and the following night.

I went home with my sister, but some of the other boys tried to get where they could see things.

By and by a Union officer came through the street warning every one that our men were falling back toward the town, and the bullets were likely to be flying right among the houses.

"I'm goin' to stay here to watch our buildings," my father says to Mother, "but you'd better get to some safer place."

"Well, I guess I'll go," Mother says.

My sister and I went with her, and my sister carried along some of our belongings in a basket. We were passing the schoolhouse when a man who was a cousin of mine says to my mother, "Aunt Susan, where are you goin'?"

She says, "I don't know where I'm goin'."

"Quite a number of us are in the schoolhouse cellar," he said. "You'd better come in there, too."

But instead she went on up what we call Baltimore Hill

to the part of the town that was farthest away from the fighting. A woman standing in a door there spoke to mother and said, "Susan, you'd better stop right here with me."

"Lizzie, I guess I will," my mother said.

Pretty soon the Union artillery came up the street and went down over the hill about as fast as the horses could go. They anchored out here just south of the town on Cemetery Ridge. The next we knew the street was filled with Rebel cavalry, and we rushed to the cellar. The cellar had a door out in front on the pavement, and a Rebel lifted it up and said to some of his comrades, "It's full of Yankees down here."

"There is n't anybody in this cellar but women and children," my sister said, and he let down the door.

We stayed where we were till things quieted down late in the day, and then Father came to get us. He said that after we left he had gone up in the cupola of the Lutheran Church with several other men. They watched from there till the Union troops began to run, and then they took refuge in the cellars of the houses.

On our way back I see some dead horses and a number of dead men layin' around on the pavement.

The enemy had possession of the town, and just before dark, when Mother was out behind the house feeding the chickens, one of the Rebels came along and asked her to lend him an ax.

"Will you bring it back?" she said as she handed it to him.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he told her, but he never did.

We slept that night on the parlor floor. We did n't know what might happen, and it seemed safer there than

in our beds upstairs. And I slept all right — oh, yes! a kid can sleep when older people can't.

Two doors from our house lived a Presbyterian preacher, and the next day he said to us: "Come over to our cellar. It's got a floor in it."

So we spent that day in his cellar. There was no very fierce fighting until the latter part of the afternoon. Then General Sickles out on the Union left made an advance and was driven back with great loss of life across the "Valley of Death."

Night came, and we went home to sleep again on the parlor floor. But we returned to the preacher's cellar in the morning. After the war he went around lecturing as an "Eye-Witness of the Battle of Gettysburg." Well, he did go up several times and look out of the trap-door.

Our second day in his cellar was drawing to a close when some one came and said, "The Rebels are gone, and the battle seems to be over."

That gave us courage to come out. I was a little boy with pockets in my pants, and I went along the street and filled those pockets with bullets that lay scattered about. Right square in front of our house, in the middle of the street, was a dead mule. He'd been in the artillery out on Cemetery Ridge, and when he was wounded they cut him loose, and he had wandered into town. As he went on he got weaker and weaker till he tumbled over and died. Several Rebel sharpshooters had stationed themselves in our shop, and the Union cannon made it a target to drive 'em out. I think eleven shells went into the place. It was full of finished buggies and carriages, and vehicles that were being repaired. The shells knocked some of 'em into kindling wood.

Day after day, following the battle, the army wagons were going out on the roads to gather up the government property that was strewn around on the battlefield. Men were busy, too, carousing around and getting together the crippled horses. Such of the horses as were n't likely to be of any further use in the army were disposed of here at sales. Some could hardly walk, and it was possible to buy a horse for as small a sum as twenty-five cents.

XIX

The Farmer's Son ¹

THE very month that the battle was fought I was nineteen years old. My people lived in a small stone house, just across Rock Creek from Culp's Hill.

On Monday night, June 29th, a neighbor called on us, and said: "The Rebel army is close by. Why, there's miles of campfires along the mountains back here."

He went away with his horses that night, and my brother and I went off with ours. We rode about five miles down on the Baltimore Pike and stayed there till morning. Then a lot of Union cavalry passed along the pike in the direction of Gettysburg. We had n't a doubt but that they would stop the Rebels, and we returned home and put our horses in the stable.

Wednesday morning came, and everything was apparently quiet. So we went to ploughing and grubbing just as if there was n't a Rebel this side of the Potomac River.

One of the Gettysburg warehouse men at that time was a Mr. Spangler, and this man Spangler came out to our place that morning to buy some flour. We had fourteen barrels

¹ His age was close to the fourscore mark, but he was hearty and vigorous, and he spoke with ardor as he related those far-gone incidents of the battle. We had walked out to the borders of the town, and while we visited we sat on the parapet of a convenient stone bridge. Off across the fields was the place where he had dwelt as a boy, and he used his cane to point out various features of the vicinity that came into his story.

of it on a wagon just as they had come from the mill, and Father agreed to hitch his horses to the wagon and take the flour right up to Spangler's warehouse. Spangler went off, and Father was soon ready to start with the load of flour. He was driving out of the yard when the first two shells of the Battle of Gettysburg were fired. But that did n't prevent him from going on with his load. When he said he'd do a thing he'd just go and do it, no matter what the difficulties or the dangers. He got to the town square and met Spangler. The battle had broken loose and everything was in a tumult. "Suppose you take your load back home," Spangler said, and that was what Father did.

The noise of the battle excited me greatly, and I went up on Culp's Hill and climbed a tree and watched. The weather had been quite dry, but the firing of the guns stirred up a rain, and it rained like sixty for a little spell. I was in my shirtsleeves, and of course the rain chilled me. So I come back to the house. There I found two or three town families had taken refuge with us. They'd been scared out of their own homes, and you bet they did n't go back till the battle was over. Later in the day, when the Rebels drove our men through the town, there was a great rush of citizens out in our direction to get away. Some went empty-handed, and some carried clothes and stuff of that kind, and they were going like anything. They cut right across our farm and through our wheat that was just ready to harvest.

We made those who stopped with us as comfortable as we could that night. The next morning we got up as usual about daylight, and there was nothing in sight to indicate the likelihood of anything but an ordinary, uneventful summer day. We were all at sea and did n't know what was

goin' to happen. On Culp's Hill we could hear a sound of chopping and guessed that the soldiers were building breast-works.

Some of the farm fencing had been pulled down the day before, and a neighbor's cows had got into our wheat. Father thought he would drive them out. The wheat was on a hillside, and he walked up the slope to get a good look over the field. On its upper side was a fringe of brush and trees and a stone wall with a couple of rails on top. He was within twenty or thirty feet of this fence when he discovered some men standing behind it. Father would have liked to get away, but he concluded he would be safer to go forward. One of the men was a Rebel general. He had glasses that he was looking through, and he asked Father about the Federals. Father told him he did n't know anything about them, and then he started for home, but the general said: "Oh, no! you can't go back. You'll have to stay inside of our lines."

So they sent him to the nearest house, which happened to belong to Father's brother Dan. We did n't know what had become of him, and we did n't dare risk going to look for him.

Shortly after mid-day I was standing in our lane with Mr. Martin, one of the townsmen who was stopping at our house, when here comes a Union soldier. He held his gun all ready to fire, and he was a savage-lookin' chap, too. "I had a notion to pull on you fellers," he said. "You wear gray clothes, and I did n't know but you were Rebels. My colonel wants to talk with you."

We went with him down the lane to where the colonel was sitting on a rock beside the creek. He questioned us as to the location of the Rebels, but we were just as ignorant

about that as a newborn babe. We were n't accustomed to armies, and we did n't understand their movements and had n't attempted to find out where they were or what they were doing. The soldier went back up the lane with us, and we'd gone about half way when Martin's little boy came running toward us waving his hands as if he wanted us to stop. He did n't say anything until he got to where we were. Then he told us some Rebels were at our house. At that our soldier dropped back, but we went on and found two Southern soldiers in our kitchen. They were after food, and we let 'em have some.

The latter part of the afternoon we had just sat down to supper when the battle opened out right close by. We did n't finish eating. I went upstairs and looked out of a gable window. Some of our men were in the orchard deployed behind the trees. They'd take and load their guns and fire and then fall back. They were only a skirmish line, and did n't pretend to fight the Rebels, who had cut loose on them at a terrific rate.

Presently, by George! zip went a bullet right past my nose. I thought it was just a chance shot until later I was down in the kitchen, and a big Rebel came walking in. "Who was firin' out of the gable window at our soldiers when they were passin' here?" he asked.

Mr. Martin spoke up and said: "Nobody thought of such a thing. It's doubtful if there's a gun in the house."

"Well, I saw somebody up there," the man said, "and I took a shot at him."

I knew then how that bullet happened to come so close to me.

We saw the Rebels driving our men across the open fields to the woods. Every time they got within a couple of rods

of a rail fence they'd lie flat on the ground, except a few who would run forward and jerk the fence down. Then the rest would jump up, and on they'd go. The sound of the volleys they fired was just like you'd take a handful of gravel and throw it on a roof. They yelled like the mischief when they charged. I could n't distinguish any words, but it was kind of an ugly yell.

Soon the wounded began to be brought back. They laid 'em on the floor of our kitchen, and up in the barn, and out in the yard. Some were groaning and others would swear. The sight of the first wounded man was dreadful, but it is remarkable how quickly one gets hardened to such things. In a little while I could see a man's leg sawed off, or his head sawed off, for that matter, without being disturbed.

I talked with a wounded North Carolina man. He spoke sort of regretfully of the war. "We got nothing against you people," he said, "but the war came on and we were forced to go."

Beside our kitchen wall was a big half hog'shead that water flowed into from a spring, and the Rebels were all the time coming to fill their canteens there. They were seen by the Yankees, who began shelling 'em. The shells would strike in the meadow and throw up the dirt, and one went through the seat of a horserake in the orchard. Another came into the kitchen. A Rebel was leaning against the doorframe, and the shell cut off the jamb opposite and keeled him over into the yard. But he picked himself up and walked in brushing the dust off his trousers, no more concerned than if the accident was a mere trifle. The shell went into the chimney and exploded and scattered some pretty big stones among the wounded men lying on

the floor. But that did n't seem to alarm them. They made no ado whatever.

After a while the firing ceased and three ambulances came to get the wounded at our place. They drove in around our hogpen, and the drivers had got out when the shells began to fly again. Immediately the drivers jumped back in and went off in a great hurry. A little major came into the house and asked for some red cloth to make a hospital flag, and Mother got him a piece. He tied the cloth to a stick and had a soldier climb up a ladder and nail it on the roof so our men would stop their firing in that direction. "Those Yankees are a lot of brutes or they would n't shell ambulances," he said to me.

"Well," I said, "that's no worse than what your fellers did at Chancellorsville when they set the woods on fire and burnt our wounded."

It was kind of risky for me to talk so, for he could have put me out of the way, and that's all there would have been of it.

After dark that evening they put blankets up to the windows so the lights would n't be seen and perhaps be fired at by the Federals. Nine o'clock came, and then, to our surprise, in walked Father escorted by a Rebel soldier.

Friday morning the wounded were still on the place, and across the lane was a bunch of six or eight Union prisoners lying asleep. By and by a Rebel came into the room where our folks were and asked, "Who's the man of the house?"

"I am," Father says.

"I'm goin' to take the first horse inside of your stable," the feller said, "and here's one hundred and twenty-five dollars to pay for him."

"Well, all right," Father says, "I can't help myself.

You'll take the horse anyway. I guess it don't matter whether you pay or not. Confederate money ain't very valuable."

"That money'll be just as good as yours after this battle," the feller said.

Father took it, and we've had it ever since. The bills were new and nice, and they're nice yet.

Later that day the Rebels told us they were goin' to place a battery on the knoll back of our buildings, and we had better move out. So we gathered up a few of our things and went to Uncle Dan's. We were at his house when the two armies cannonaded each other in the afternoon over beyond the town. That was something terrific. I declare! I just thought the earth would go down. It did n't sound good to the soldiers either. Lots of 'em sneaked away from the ranks, and I'll tell you this much — there are skedad-dlers out of every fight. Oh, by gosh! yes! I found that out, and there wa'n't no distinction in that respect between the two armies. Some of the Rebel officers came and hunted the men up. "Why ain't you with your regiment?" they said.

"We don't know where our regiment is," the men replied.

"Well, you go find it," the officers told 'em. But the fellers would contrive not to get back till the danger was over.

The Rebels left after the third day's fight, and I heard their wagons going all night. Next morning we went back home and found two Rebels in our shed eating chicken. They seemed to think it was time for them to get out of there, and they slipped away down the lane.

Pretty soon our soldiers began to arrive on the farm, and

Mother went to bakin' pancakes to give 'em. She made the pancakes out of flour and salt. The Rebels had taken everything else in the food line. Oh, bless you, yes! they just took all that they could make use of. The whole house was mussed up and turned upside down. It looked like they'd gone to the bureau drawers and pulled 'em out and dumped what was in 'em on the floor. They took only a part of our flour, but they got all our meat and all our chickens, and our five horses. Our field of wheat was trodden down, and so was our grass and oats. The soldiers had dropped their guns here and there, and we often mowed into those guns with our scythes afterward. At first we thought we'd lost our cattle. They strayed away during the battle, and there seemed small chance of our seeing them again, but we got them together in a few days. The thing that troubled us most was the being left without horses. They were a dead loss to us, and besides it was a great handicap not to have 'em for working the farm. Father was a man who did n't often say anything, but when we came home after the battle and looked around he said, "I feel just like starting off and never looking back."

My mother was subject to severe attacks of headache, and she had one on that Saturday. In the evening she said to me, "I guess you'll have to go to the doctor's and get me some medicine."

So I went to town, and I found the streets barricaded and our fellers uncertain whether the Rebels had gone for good or whether another attack would be made. By the time I got home it was dark, and the soldiers on picket duty around our buildings called out, "Who's coming?" But they let me pass when I told 'em I belonged there.

We had found two dead Rebels lying back of our barn, and no one came to bury 'em till late the next day. They'd been left with a blanket spread over 'em. One had his thumb and every finger on his right hand shot off.

At the house next to ours on the road to town a Rebel sharpshooter had climbed up in a tree in the yard and buckled himself fast to a limb with his belt. He was picking off our men, and of course it was n't easy for them to make out where he was because the thick leaves hid him. But at last they noticed a puff of smoke, when he'd sent a bullet in among 'em, and don't you forget it — that was the last shot he fired. They aimed at the place the smoke came from and killed him, and after the battle, I'll be dog-goned if he was n't still in the tree hanging by his belt.

I went over to Culp's Hill Sunday. They were burying the dead there in long narrow ditches about two feet deep. They'd lay in a man at the end of the trench and put in the next man with the upper half of his body on the first man's legs, and so on. They got 'em in as thick as they could and only covered 'em enough to prevent their breeding disease. All the pockets of the dead men were turned out. Probably that was done by the soldiers who did the burying. They thought they might find a ring, or money, or something else of value.

A neighbor of ours — old Mr. Tawney — came to get some flour on Tuesday, and he said, "Over here in the woods I found a dead man."

So Father and I took a mattock and a shovel and went along with Mr. Tawney to the spot where he'd come across the body. There it was, all bloated up, seated leaning against a tree. We had to make the grave a rod or so away on account of the tree roots. It was impossible to handle

the man to get him there, he was so decayed like, and we hitched his belt to his legs and dragged him along, and no sooner did we start with him than his scalp slipped right off. We just turned him in on his side and covered him with earth.

That was awful, was n't it? Well, the whole fighting business is awful; and I'm a-goin' to tell you this — war is a reflection on Christianity and civilization. It seems to me, in the case of nearly every war, after each side has done its worst and perhaps fought to the point of exhaustion and bankruptcy, they go back to the original question and begin to settle it by reason, good sense, and so on. Really, they might as well have done that in the first place without the terrible slaughter.

The School Teacher¹

MY father was a justice of the peace, and I was a teacher in the town schools. Our home was here on Baltimore Hill not far from where I live now. The sentiment in Gettysburg was strongly Union, but at the same time we had in the community a good many Democrats, or Copperheads as we called them, who naturally affiliated with the South. They were not very open in upholding the Southern cause, but just seemed to think the South was right, and we often squabbled on that subject.

Raids and rumors of raids were frequent. Whenever we saw a farmer come into town on horseback, or in a wagon, leading a couple of horses we knew he had heard that a raid was imminent. It seemed to be the great worry of the farmers that their horses would be taken.

Every report of raiding, too, would set the darkies to migrating, they were so afraid they'd be carried off into slavery. They looked very ragged and forlorn, and some exaggerated their ills by pretending to be lame, for they wanted to appear as undesirable as possible to any beholder who might be tempted to take away their freedom. That illustrates the natural ingenuity of the race.

During the month preceding the battle we were excited

¹ She was a refined, elderly woman living in one of the comfortable homes in the better part of the town. There I talked with her in the parlor.

all the time. The dangers of our situation kept us in constant turmoil, and not much work was done. We were like Micawber "waiting for something to turn up," or like those people the Bible tells of who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." Oh, those were awful times!

On the last Friday in June the raiders really came, and they occupied the town for a day and a night and had their headquarters in the courthouse. We had a vague idea that the Rebels were a dreadful set of men, and we did n't know what horrid things they might do. So we mostly kept in our houses out of their way. They demanded a great sum of money of the townspeople. We could n't give it to them, and we were nearly scared to death.

The following Tuesday evening we knew the Rebel army was near because we could see their campfires from our upper windows off on the borders of the mountains to the west. Those campfires looked very ominous.

The next morning, along about nine o'clock, I was ironing when I heard a shell fired out west of the town. The battle had begun. All of us townspeople betook ourselves to the streets and stood around in groups or sat on doorsteps. We could hear the guns and cannon and we were nearly frightened out of our wits. Presently a bloodstained horse was led along our street, and then a soldier with a bandaged head went past, supported on either side by one of his comrades. It was sickening.

Troops were constantly arriving hurrying to the battlefield, and we brought out some buckets of water and several tin cups. There were five of us girls in our family, and we handed the water to the soldiers as they double-quickened through the town. They drank without ever stopping and

threw the cups back to us. Besides giving them water, we handed them cake, bread and butter, and anything at all we could find in the house that was good to eat.

About four o'clock in the afternoon our artillery dashed through the streets retreating, and some officers as they rode along shouted: "Women and children, to the cellars! The Rebels will shell the town!"

Our cellar was large and well-lighted, and it served as a refuge for some of the neighbors as well as ourselves. We spent two hours in it. There we were — a huddle of women and children — some crying, and some praying — praying more, maybe, than we ever did before. That was the awfulest time I ever experienced — listening to the screeching of the shells, and the helter-skelter retreat of our men, and the unearthly yelling of the pursuing Rebels. But the town was n't shelled, though a good many missiles accidentally came into it during the battle.

The Union troops retreated through the town in a regular stampede. Some of them came up an alley behind our house and in at the rear door and out at the front. Afterward we found in our back yard a number of guns loaded and capped that they'd thrown away. They could easily have pillaged the house, but the only thing we missed was a little linen apron I'd been ironing. I think perhaps a soldier took it for a handkerchief.

As we were looking out of one of the cellar windows we saw some of our men who'd been taken prisoners, and they were standing so near that we spoke to them. They said they expected to be sent off South and wished we would write to their home people. Then, one after the other, they gave us their names, and the addresses of the persons to whom we were to write.



WATER FOR THE MARCHING TROOPS

The town was full of Rebels when we came up from the cellar, and we could see a Union soldier lying out in the street with his head cut off. He had probably been overtaken by the enemy's cavalry.

Early next day one of the doctors came to our house and said to us girls: "You must come and help take care of the wounded. The men are suffering, and you are needed."

It did n't seem as if I could do such work, but I went. The doctor led the way to the Catholic church, which, like all the other public buildings, had been turned into a hospital. Some of the wounded lay in the pews, and some lay on the floor with knapsacks under their heads, and there were very few persons to do anything for the poor fellows. Everywhere was blood, and on all sides we heard groans and cries and prayers.

I knelt by the first wounded man inside of the door and asked, "What can I do for you?"

He looked up with mournful, tearless eyes and answered: "Nothing. I am going to die."

That was too much for me, and I went hastily out and sat down on the church steps and cried. But I soon controlled myself and returned to the wounded man. He told me his name was Stewart and that he had an aged father and mother and a wife. Then he asked me to read the fourteenth chapter of John, which his father had read the last time they had all gathered around the family altar. Later in the day he and eleven other wounded men were removed to our house.

Meanwhile the battle was going on, but I was too busy to be afraid. The only time I realized the danger was on the afternoon of the third day. The heat was stifling and I sat on a low chair by Mr. Stewart in the back parlor fanning

him. He had begged me to go to the cellar for safety, but I would not. Presently I changed my position, and I had scarcely done so when a bullet came in through a shutter and a window pane, and struck the floor just the other side of where I had been sitting.

Everything was very quiet the night following the battle, except for the squawking of chickens. The Rebels were leaving, but so far as I know it was only chickens and other things to eat that they took from the houses in the region. They were all gone the next morning.

The wounded remained in the town buildings till toward the end of the month. Those who could stand a railroad journey were then taken to the city hospitals, and the others out east of the town to a camp hospital which was continued till autumn. Up to the time of this readjustment I ministered to the wants of the "boys" quartered in our house, and went daily through the hospitals with my writing materials to read and answer letters. All the other townspeople were busy in similar ways. They constantly visited the wounded soldiers, took them dainties, and did everything they could for them.

Quite a number of the wounded had friends come to see them, and we accommodated as many of these strangers as possible at our house. All our rooms were kept full, and I slept on the floor in the hall upstairs with a roll of carpet for my pillow. That was the only bed I had, and for weeks I did n't have my clothing off at night. Our ordinary household routine was very much broken up. We came in and ate when we wanted anything, and it was a long time before we all sat down together.

One of the soldiers in our house had lost a leg. My two youngest sisters often sang for him, and he would tell them

stories of his experiences. I remember he said he was once in a battle where the troops were exposed to such a storm of bullets that the general ordered them to lie down. So down they lay, all except the general, who was very short and fat. Some of them shouted for him to lie down also, but he responded: "Why should I lie down? I'm as tall then as when I'm standing up."

This wounded soldier seemed to be getting along very well until one night, in his restlessness, his bandages became loose, and by the time the fact was discovered and a surgeon had been summoned, he had lost so much blood that he only lived an hour or two. A few days later his wife came. She was young, and had left at home a babe the father had never seen. She learned of her husband's death after she arrived here, and her grief was heart-rending.

Some of the wounded boys whom our home sheltered were presently well enough to rejoin their regiments, and one was killed in his next engagement.

Mr. Stewart lingered till the Monday following the battle. The next summer his widow and his brother visited us, and the acquaintance with that brother led to my marrying him. He, too, had been a soldier, and he had come out of the army an invalid. We had been married only eleven months when he died. He had been educated for the ministry, and his brother was to have inherited their parents' farm; but the war took them both, and left the father and mother desolate in their old age.

I had five uncles and eight first cousins in the Union armies — all from this town. When they enlisted they thought they would get back in two or three months. One of my cousins starved to death in Andersonville Prison. Another was shot in the throat and never spoke a loud word

afterward, but made himself understood chiefly by motions. A brother of his had both feet shot off and died in an ambulance that picked him up on the battlefield. Another brother was killed at Cold Harbor. Their father would n't let the youngest son go into the army, and the boy ran off and died in camp of measles.

Practically all the young men in Gettysburg who were able went into the army, and I don't suppose any other town suffered as this town did.

XXI

The Colored Farm Hand ¹

AT the time of the battle I was workin' for a farmer down in the country about four mile from the town. But I heard the firin' — oh my, yes indeed! just like continuous thunder; and the whole country was full of black smoke. I could smell that smoke way down where I was. It certainly was a hard fight, and there was no eatin' or sleepin' hardly for the people around here durin' the three days it lasted. We did n't have no feelin' for shuttin' our eyes.

A great many people had skedaddled, but the man I worked for stayed. We'd run off before when there'd been false alarms, and had our trouble for nothin'. So the man I lived with said to me, "Isaac, we won't run no more."

We were right there when the battle begun, and then we loaded up a wagon with provisions and grain, and got away with seven or eight of our horses down an old road into the woods. After we'd gone far enough to be well out of sight and hearing we unhitched the horses that drew the wagon,

¹ He showed a courtesy and an intelligence that were quite attractive. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of his personal appearance was the large-checked pattern of his trousers. The house in which he dwelt in the negro quarter of the town was fairly large and substantial, though not without touches of shabbiness. The door knob, for instance, was so loose and wobbly I wondered that it could be used at all. But I fancy that such flaws did not disturb the occupants of the house much, and that on the whole they were serenely content with the free and easy comfort of their way of living.

and tied them and some of the others to wheels, and the rest we tied to the trees.

There I stayed fearin' and tremblin', and looked after the horses. If the Rebels had happened to come through they'd have took 'em and me, too, but they did n't git there. Feeding and watering the horses did n't take long, and most of the time I just loafed around. At night I lay in the wagon. The man's son come back'ards and for'ards to bring me something to eat and make sure everything was all right. Once he took my place, and I went toward Gettysburg to get a sight of the battle. But I had n't gone more 'n half way when I found wagon trains stickin' in the woods with guards to protect 'em, and there were men movin' every which-a-way. It wa'n't safe to travel, and I turned back.

The armies just about ruined the country here. Harvest time had come, but we had n't cut our wheat, and a lot of troops marched through it and laid it flat as a board. They chopped down trees to make breastworks, and they dug deep trenches and made walls of earth to git behind and shoot. The soldiers was bound to take the nearest way to where they wanted to go, and they hacked the fence posts off and tilted the fences over so they could git into the fields quick. Most of the fences were burned in the campfires to make coffee and roast meat, but they burned some fences just for fun. They were wasteful in a good many ways. When a beef had been killed, a man would start in and skin back a little so he could git a piece of meat, and then he'd quit and put the meat on the point of a bayonet gun and hold it over the fire. If he had enough for himself that's all he cared about, and the other men got their meat just as he did.

Lots of farmers who were well-to-do befo' the battle were poor afterward. Their hay and feed was gone, their growing

crops ruined, their cattle stolen, and on some places all the boards had been ripped off the barns for firewood. A good many who had lost their horses went to the condemned sales of army horses and mules and stocked up with those old cripples, all lame, or collar sore, or used up in some way.

I visited the battlefield three days after the fight, and it made me sick the bodies were so numerous and so swelled up, and some so shot to pieces — a foot here, an arm there, and a head in another place. They lay so thick in the Valley of Death that you could n't walk on the ground. Their flesh was black as your hat — yes, black as the blackest colored person. I been told that come from drinkin' whiskey with gunpowder in it to make 'em brave. A man would face anything then.

There were thousands of the very prettiest kinds of muskets layin' around, and any amount of blankets, and lots of other stuff. Clearin' up was a hard job, and any one who wanted to work could make big money. A man would n't turn around less'n you gave him half a dollar. As quick as they could they throwed a little dirt over the horses, and they dug long, shallow trenches, and buried the men in 'em. The work was done in a hurry, and in some places you'd see feet or arms stickin' out. But within another week men and horses were all buried down decent.

For years afterward farmers ploughing would once in a while find a skull, and they'd take those skulls home and have 'em settin' up on the mantelpiece for relics. But I did n't want no such relics as that.

With all those dead men and horses buried close around the town, and the awful smell that was in the air for quite a time after the battle, it's a wonder we did n't die like flies. I guess we must have been saved from a pestilence by the

buzzards. There were multitudes of 'em — and oh, my! they were the biggest ever seen. At night they'd go to the woods to roost and you could n't walk through under the trees they was so thick. It would n't have been pleasant, for they was throwin' up and everything else.

Soon after the battle ended we had a rain. It just poured down; and all the streams were floatin', and the roads were nothin' but mud. The Rebel cavalry went through Emmetsburg with the Union cavalry pell-mell after 'em, and the horses' hoofs spattered the buildings up to the second story so you could n't tell what color they were. Deep ruts were cut in the roads by the heavy wagons and cannon, and for some time after the troops left we had to drive carefully in order not to have trouble. One day I was hauling a big load of hay to town. Probably there was much as three ton, and I had six horses to draw it. By and by the wheels on one side went into a cannon rut, and the wagon upset and turned over on top of the hay. The feller's livin' yet that helped me right my wagon and get the hay back on again.

The worst feature of the battle was the way the Rebels was allowed to escape. The water was so high in the Potomac that they lay on the north bank thirteen days waiting for it to go down so they could cross, and yet we let 'em git away. I think there was trickery. You see General Lee was a high Mason, and lots of our men was Masons, too, and they was bound to show him all the favors they could. If we'd been fighting with a foreign nation I don't believe the war would have lasted a year.

XXII

The Colored Servantmaid¹

MY home was at a farmhouse a mile out of town on the Chambersburg Pike, where I worked for Mrs. Hartzell. She was a widow woman with two small children — a boy and a girl. I was about twenty years old then.

The Rebels knew this country well, and some time before the battle they come ridin' all around here dressed in women's clothes spyin' out. We had a militia troop in the town but the Rebel raiders druv our militia clean out of sight.

On the mornin' the fightin' begun there were pickets on horses all up and down the pike. We were standin' at the gate watchin' 'em, when suddenly they come tearin' along shoutin' that there was goin' to be a battle, and we were ordered to go to the next house. I was bakin' that day, but I left my bread in the oven, and we did n't take nothin' we were so scairt. Mrs. Hartzell ran along with the little girl, and I gathered up the little three-year-old boy and hurried after her. We got up to the high ground and stopped to look back — and oh! there was the beautifulest sight — the Union army all in line of battle. The blue coats and

¹ She was a fleshy woman who looked much younger than she really was. I spent an hour in the late dusk of an afternoon in her sitting-room. She had politely made me welcome and then disappeared. But she soon returned with her cap adjusted and her apron turned to present a clean side and sat down on the sofa after removing a sticky fly paper that was covered with flies.

guns and flags stretched away a long distance as fur as we could see.

The Rebels fired the first shell, and I pointed it out to the little boy way up in the air. After a while it busted. The Rebels fired twice befo' our people turned loose. Then we ran, and I fell. Mrs. Hartzell thought I was shot. But we got safely to the house of an old gentleman named Chriss. He and his family, and the rest of us went down in the cellar where we'd be mo' safer; and how that poor old soul did pray! My laws! you never heard such prayin' in your life, and I think the Lord heard his prayers and took care of us. The children and nearly every one was cryin'. Once a ball come in through a window and rolled down in the middle of the floor. I was thankful it did n't hit us. I wanted to see my mother then, but I was satisfied to stay there till they were done fighting.

Once I looked out. The Rebels were charging, and when the Union troops fired their volleys I see men among the Rebels stumble and pitch forward and fall as if they were tripping over briars.

We were inside the Rebel lines, and the soldiers were all the time running in and out of the house. You'd hear 'em load their guns — clicky-click, and push 'em out the windows and fire. We did n't know what they was goin' to do with us. 'Long about five o'clock the noise stopped for a while, and the old gentleman said, "I b'lieve I'll go up and see what's goin' on."

In a minute he run back and says, "Women and children, fo' the Lord's sake come up!"

We went up and looked out of the kitchen door, and down a little way toward the town there was a bayonet charge in a wheatfield. They were just cuttin' and jaggin';

and of all the hollerin' and screamin' and rattlin' of swords and bayonets I never heard the like. It was the awfulest thing to see! They had ambulances there, and as fast as the men fell they were picked up and carried off. Pretty soon they commenced firin' again, and we all fell right back down in the cellar. Then some one come and told us we must get out of there and go across the fields to another house. That house was Dave Hankey's. His place was thronged with Rebels, and they stopped me, and said to Mrs. Hartzell: "Hey, what you doin' with her? She's got to go along with us."

"You don't know what you're talkin' about," Mrs. Hartzell said, and I was so scairt I hung onto her skirts.

We got down into' the cellar, and I crawled way back in the darkest corner and piled everything in front of me. I was the only colored person there, and I did n't know what might happen to me. Up in the kitchen was a sick officer, and he wanted the women to come up out of the cellar to take care of him and do some cooking, and he promised they should be well treated. Mr. Hankey says to him, "Would you see a colored person protected if she was to help with the work here?"

He said he would, and he sent out a written somethin' or 'nother orderin' the men to keep out of the kitchen, and he had the door boarded up half way so they could hand in things to be cooked and we could hand 'em out afterward. No one could go out and no one could come in. The officer must have been pretty sick. 'Deed, I don't know what was the matter of him, but he just lay on the broad of his back. I had to comb his head, wash his face, and take off his shoes and stockings. We stayed up all night doin' nothin' but cook and bake for the Rebels. Good land! they killed cows

and calves and chickens and everything they come across, and brought the things to us to cook. I heard Mr. Hankey pleading with 'em not to kill his calf, but it did n't do no good.

By morning we were pretty near dead. There was no chance to sleep, and I could n't have slept anyway for hearin' them miserable wounded men hollerin' and goin' on out in the yard and in the barn and other buildings. They moaned and cried and went on terribly. "Oh! take me home to my parents," they'd say.

The battle was at a distance the second day, and late on the third day the Confederates left. They'd just heard of some great army comin', and they run. I never seen such a sight of goin' people with their wagons, cannons, ambulances, and horses. Nobody has an idea of the excitement and noise. But in a little while the place was rid out. We were free souls then. Our army did n't pursue 'em. The people that was in the battle needed a rest, and the people that was n't in it was satisfied to take a rest, too.

When we got back to Mrs. Hartzell's we found everything either thrown out of the house, or all broken up, and the garden all tramped and mashed down. She had relatives who give her some things so we got fixed up after a while.

Near us was a brick tavern, and in this here tavern a company of soldiers put up after the battle. We used water from the tavern well, but it got so ugly and smelt so bad we could hardly drink it. The soldiers was sick, and we was sick. They thought there was dead frogs down in the well, and so one day they pumped and pumped to clear it out, and by and by here comes up a little piece of a wrist and thumb. They'd been cookin' with that water, and so had we; and now that they knew what was the matter there was

a lot of gaggin' done among 'em, but what was down they could n't git up. We did n't use that well no mo', and to this day I could n't drink a drop out of it just for the thoughts of what was found in it so long ago.

I knew of another well that was half filled with dead soldiers. That was an easy way to bury 'em. Those was rough times — rough times — and I'm sure of one thing — if they ever fight again in this country I don't want to be around.

XXIII

The Bank Clerk ¹

I WAS a clerk in the Savings Institution. There was one other bank in town. Whenever the bank officials got fearful that the place would be raided one or two of us would go away with the funds. We had scares all along from the fall of 1862 until late in 1864, and we carried off the funds eighteen or twenty times. On several occasions I went alone, and there was once I took as much as one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. I'd drive with a horse and buggy by the old pike twenty-eight miles to York and then ship the funds by railroad to Philadelphia.

We were particularly uneasy before the Battle of Gettysburg, for we'd heard that Stonewall Jackson had threatened to lay waste the country when he got into Pennsylvania and not leave one brick on top of another. But none of the whites were scared quite as badly as were the darkies. I remember a nigger named Jack who worked on a farm near the town. At a time when a troop of raiders was known to be swooping in our direction he said, "They'll kill all us niggers, or take us back to slavery."

He was a bow-legged nigger who could n't make much speed, and he did n't have any confidence in his ability to

¹ In his maturer years he had risen to the position of bank president, and his residence was the finest in town. There I spent an evening with him in one of the handsome rooms. Roundabout were beautiful and costly mementoes of foreign travel, and in cases ranged along the walls was a wonderful collection of colonial china.

outrun the raiders. So he crep' under a haystack and stayed without a morsel to eat for three or four days. He almost starved.

A great many refugee darkies passed through Gettysburg going northward. Some would have a spring wagon and a horse, but usually they were on foot, burdened with bundles containing a couple of quilts, some clothing, and a few cooking utensils. In several instances, I saw 'em trundling along their little belongings in a two-wheeled hand-cart. Occasionally there'd be one who was driving a single sheep, or hog, or a cow and a calf. They were a God-forsaken looking people. The farmers along the roads sheltered them nights. Most of these here poor runaways would drift into the towns and find employment, and there they'd make their future homes.

Just before the raid that occurred in the last week of June, 1863, I went off with the bank funds, and when I returned I found the Rebels in possession of the town. They took me to the bank and made me show 'em that we had n't any money there, and one of 'em threatened to send me and the treasurer to Richmond. They had demanded that Gettysburg should give 'em twenty-five thousand dollars in money, ten thousand barrels of flour, and a lot of mess pork and other things, but they did n't get the money or much else in the town. The stores would have yielded them a lot of plunder if the proprietors had n't guarded against that possibility by carrying just as small a stock as they could. However, the raiders went out into the country around and stole every farm animal that walked, and secured a great deal of corn, oats, hay, meat, etc. Their teams were going all the time taking the stuff south into the Confederate lines.

A few days after this raid some four thousand of our

cavalry came here, and, although we knew Lee was near by, we felt then as if everything was safe. Oh, my goodness, yes! our belongings were under Uncle Sam's protection, and they were all right.

The following morning the battle began on the edge of the town, and all the time more of our troops were arriving. They went through the streets in the double-quick step, which is next thing to a run. Some of 'em had marched thirty-two miles. It was very hot weather, and they'd thrown away much of their clothing. Often they had very little on but their pants, and went right into the engagement, hatless, shirtless, and shoeless. Some of 'em had welts around their bodies, where they wore their belts, three inches wide of blood and gore. Their supplies never got here till that night or the next morning, and they made breastworks by digging with their knives and spoons and plates.

A good many of us citizens went out to the battlefield with food. Some of us carried baskets of pies and cake, but mostly we took bread in flour bags and broke it up and gave it to the soldiers. The heat and the smoke there on the battle line were suffocating, and at times the smoke was so thick it obscured the sun and hid the enemy from sight.

About four in the afternoon we food-carriers were ordered back to the town, and soon afterward our men retreated and the place fell into the hands of the Rebels. Many Union soldiers took refuge in the houses. They were hidden all over town. We had two in our cellar until after the battle was over. They came in completely worn out, and left their guns and knapsacks by the dining-room fireplace. Mother had just time to throw the knapsacks out of sight back of the fireboard, and to lay the guns down and

push them under the lounge with her foot when there was a rap at the door. She opened it, and on the steps stood some Rebels who asked, "Are there any Yankees here?"

"Do you see any?" she said.

That did n't satisfy 'em, and they searched the house, upstairs and down, but they did n't happen to go to the cellar. We gave the fugitives some blankets to sleep on. One of 'em had been wounded in the face by a piece of shell. He ought to have gone right to the hospital, but he had such a horror of falling into the clutches of the Rebels that he would n't leave the house. Mother put hot water and camphor on the wound to relieve the inflammation, and when her supply of camphor ran out she grated potato and used it with cold water from the well. But the treatment was n't effective, and when the fellow did get to the hospital it was too late, and he died.

All our schoolhouses, churches, and other public buildings had been converted into hospitals, and I was one of the helpers in them during the second and third days of the battle, and for some weeks afterward. Sunday morning, the fifth of July, the hospital stewards went with wagons and doctors to search for any wounded who might have been overlooked. There had been a good rain Friday night that was very refreshing to the wounded on the field, and it no doubt saved many of their lives.

You can't conceive what a sight the battleground presented with all its devastation and wreckage, and its strewing of dead horses and dead men. Where there had been severe fighting in woodland the trees were all splintered and broken, and some that had been a foot or more through were shot away till they looked like pipe-stems.

On my uncle's farm, just below Big Round Top, eighteen

hundred of the dead were buried in a single trench. They were covered very shallow, and at night you could see phosphorescent light coming out of the earth where they were buried. You might think the buzzards would have swarmed to the battlefield, and we used to have a popular guide here who declared that they gathered from the four corners of the earth to prey on the dead. He described how, when they rose from their horrid feast, they darkened the sky. Some one asked him why he told such a yarn as that.

"Oh, well!" he says, "it amuses the people. They want things made exciting."

Really there were no buzzards here, probably because they were frightened away by the smell of the powder and the noise of the cannonading. They never made their appearance till several months later.

Such of the wounded as were able to crawl dragged themselves to the streams and to the shade of bushes, and they often got to spots so secluded that they were not easily discovered. Moving them sometimes opened their wounds afresh, and they bled to death. We found two on Tuesday afternoon. One of them, with a compound fracture of his leg, lay in a swamp where he had sucked water from the mud.

A year passed away, and Lincoln came and made his great speech in dedicating the national cemetery here. I was within thirty feet of him when he spoke, and I remember distinctly how he looked — a tall, awkward figure with one of his trouser's legs hitched up on his boot. But his words made a tremendous impression, and that immortal speech goes far to compensate for the horrors of the battle.

XXIV

The Merchant's Son¹

FATHER had a store here in Vicksburg, but the war ruined him. He was getting to be an old man when the war began, and after two years of it he had to quit. That was true of dozens of other merchants. They could n't get goods, and a great many of their customers had left town to go to places twenty, thirty, and forty miles distant where they thought they would be safer.

There was an increasing stringency in merchandise from the time that intercourse with the North ceased. Very soon our coast was blockaded, and then our lack of manufacturing became a serious matter. The supplies brought in by blockade runners were scanty in amount and high in price. Clothing of all descriptions, dress-goods, millinery, and shoes were very scarce. So were tinware and crockery and other household utensils. Not much flour was to be had, and no raisins or dates, and seldom any oranges, lemons, or bananas. We were cut off from all kinds of oil and light. Kerosene had come into common use here, and when that was no longer to be had we got out our candle molds and made candles. Some made dipped candles.

No one who was n't here can realize the privations we

¹ He was a white-haired, serious man of affairs, of New England ancestry, but ardently Southern in his point of view. We sat and chatted one morning in his upstairs office on the main business street of the city.

went through. We made coffee out of crusts of bread that we toasted brown and ground up, and we made it out of burnt sugar. Rye coffee was quite a drink, and there was sweet potato coffee, which was better than nothing at all. I've drank many a cup of it and was glad to get it; and I've put many a dab of butter in my coffee instead of milk, because milk was so scarce. Lots of people who ordinarily would have used considerable flour ate corn bread for months and months and months. Pies and cakes and things of that kind were a luxury. At our house we made pound cake by mixing a little flour with cornmeal, adding butter, eggs, and sugar, and cooking it in a round tin dish.

Most of our young men joined the army. One crack company of them left here one hundred and fifty strong. When that company returned it numbered only twenty-eight.

For a long time we had large numbers of Confederate troops in or about the city. They were not a desirable element in the community. Soldiers never are, even in times of peace. Environment is more important than heredity in determining a man's character. You cut a man off from his family and home surroundings, and he is not in his proper element. With the natural restraints gone man returns to his brute instincts. An army is a big drain on the region where it is quartered or through which it moves, whether it consists of friends or enemies. And the meeting of troops in battle is hell for them, and it is hell for the people living there.

When Vicksburg became a center of military activity troops occupied the courthouse and were in tents and hastily-built barracks all around town. Marauders always abound among soldiers, and though the officers tried to con-

trol their men and prevent lawlessness, that was impossible. Our orchards were raided and our chickens taken. The soldiers were up to every deviltry you can think of. They would come into a store, get hold of the end of a ball of twine, then go outside and pull the twine till they had all there was in the ball. Another favorite joke was to unscrew a nut from the wheel of a buggy that was standing on the street. They put the nut into the buggy, and when the unsuspecting owner got in and drove away the wheel would come off.

Grant arrived in this vicinity in January, 1863, to attempt the task of capturing the city. The Mississippi made a great bend opposite Vicksburg, and he tried to dig a canal across the peninsula, which was only a mile wide, so that vessels could go up and down the river without coming in range of the city guns. But after six weeks of the hardest kind of work a flood drowned many of his horses and forced the men to fly for their lives. He made other unsuccessful experiments, and there was a general demand in the North for his dismissal. At length he sent his army below Vicksburg by a route west of the river, and on the night of April 16th three supply boats, protected by Admiral Porter's ironclads, set out to run past the eight miles of batteries here. All the vessels were damaged, but with the exception of one transport that was burned they got away down the river. A week later another supply fleet ran past the batteries.

The army met the boats twenty-five miles south of here, crossed the river, and after a succession of fierce battles arrived on the heights around the city on May 18th. They assaulted the works the next day, and again three days later, but gained no advantage of consequence and lost

many lives. Then they settled down to starve us out, and Porter's fleet bombarded the place incessantly.

Many of the streets were cut through hills, and there were clay banks on either side of them. These clay banks offered an opportunity for making caves to shelter us from the missiles that the enemy was hurling into the place. So there was much burrowing in the earth, and many of us spent a large portion of our time in the underground domiciles which we made.

My home was on a hill in the better residence section, and we dug a cave just outside of the yard in the bank by the public road. We made the roof out of railroad iron and crossties. The iron rails supported the crossties, which were laid close together, and the crossties were covered with dirt. The cave was as large as a fair-sized room and high enough so a person could stand up. There was a board floor and we had mattresses and pillows in there, and several chairs, including one rocking-chair. We kept candles in the cave to furnish light. Its greatest lack was perhaps in the matter of ventilation, and the atmosphere was stifling to some extent. Often we slept in the cave, but we rarely stayed in it during the daytime unless there was a hot bombardment.

We were n't afraid of the big shells. They went over the town, and we'd see them at night like shooting stars. As a matter of fact the bombarding was all of it more spectacular than dangerous. The Yankees could have shelled Vicksburg till hell froze over, or the termination of all time, and not have captured the place. But think of all we had to contend with — our lack of food and the shabby equipment of our troops. I never have understood why so much credit was given to General Grant for capturing the city.

We were on the verge of starvation. There were no delicacies even for the wounded, and the surgeons did n't have chloroform half the time. Many of the garrison and the citizens perished from sickness and exhaustion.

So on July 3d, about the middle of the morning, white flags were unfurled on the parapet of our fortifications, and the cannon ceased to roar. Grant and the Confederate commander, Pemberton, met that afternoon and arranged the terms of surrender, and the next day the Union troops took possession of the city.

I recall that the Confederate prisoners were driven bare-foot through the streets. That looked rather rough to us, but I believe the North thought the Union prisoners who fell into Southern hands during the war were hardly treated, too. Probably it was about six of one and half a dozen of the other.

What hurt us worst in connection with the war was the aftermath — the days of reconstruction. Many of the soldiers came home to a standing chimney. There was no house, no fences, no slaves, no anything to do with; but there was a wife and children to be supported. Perhaps the man had never worked in his life — did n't know how — that was the tragedy.

The Soldier's Wife ¹

THIS old house here on the heights of Fort Hill overlooking Vicksburg and the river and all the surrounding country was where my father and husband lived at the time they went away to join the Southern army. The hill was fortified by the Confederates, and you might think that fact accounts for its name, but really the name is inherited from an old Spanish fort that was here long, long before on the topmost height — a ridge known as the Devil's Backbone.

After the war had dragged on for about two years the Yankees began to close in around the town. They had a fleet of war vessels up beyond the turn of the Mississippi, and one day a curious thing happened. A Northern gunboat came down the river with a white flag a-flying. I watched her. Presently she approached the shore, and down went the flag. The commander stood with one foot raised ready to spring off, and right behind him were his men all armed and prepared to follow him. Evidently the plan was to come so close with the boat that the water-batteries could n't depress their guns enough to hit her. A few moments more and the troops would have landed, but just then a ball was sent through the boat's hull, and she

¹ She said she was seventy, yet was so youthful in appearance and so sprightly in manner that I would more readily have assented to thinking her fifty. I called on her in a pleasant farmhouse on the suburbs of the city. We sat and talked in the parlor one warm afternoon while a grateful breeze blew in at the open windows.

backed out and started up the river. They hoisted their white flag again, but our batteries kept firing till she went in among the willows across the river and sank. It was an unfair deception to use a white flag that way.

Our people were always on the lookout for attempts to run boats down past the batteries, and of course we wanted to thwart any such undertaking and destroy the boats. We had what was called the "Mosquito Fleet" which consisted of several skiffs rowed by men belonging to the river batteries. As soon as the enemy's boats were detected coming the Mosquito Fleet was to row to the opposite shore and set fire to some houses there. That would light up the whole river like day, and then our guns could be aimed at the Yankee vessels. I recall the first alarm. We were in bed and asleep way in the night, and the signal cannon boomed. It had hardly fired when the Mosquito Fleet men had the houses across the river blazing. We jumped up and ran out on the gallery. First the Yankees sent down some scows filled with hay and that sort of thing. They waited to see how those dummies would fare, and afterward, on two different nights, started out with gunboats and transports. We looked on while some of the vessels burned or sank and the cannon balls flew back and forth.

When the enemy began to bombard the town we fixed up a shelter over in a gully hardly a stone's throw from the house. Mother did n't want to have a cave. She was afraid the roof would come down on her, and she said she'd rather be killed and buried than be buried alive. So we shoveled away enough dirt to make a level place like a shelf on the side of one of the steep slopes there in the hollow. Then we laid a floor and leaned some good long plank against the hill and drove stubs into the ground at the lower ends of the

plank to hold 'em in place. We put mattresses inside, and we generally slept in the shelter at night and were often there in the daytime.

One morning I was going along a cattle path on my way to the hollow when the Yankees commenced shooting. I stopped and said, "Never mind, I'm going to stay here and see what you are doing."

About a minute later a shell dropped so close that the dirt it threw up buried me nearly to my knees.

We had so many hairbreadth escapes! Our house was in an exposed position, and by the end of the siege the north side was like a pepper box with holes made by the Minie balls that had passed through it. When those balls were flying thick it just sounded like the biggest hail I ever heard. But I was n't frightened. I never thought a bullet was made for me.

I remember the soldiers told us, "Ladies, this is no place for you," but we would n't desert our home.

Late one day as I was in the front part of the house getting ready to go over to our night rendezvous, a shell came down in our kitchen. I thought from the sound that it had smashed the stove all to pieces. So out I rushed to the kitchen to investigate, and I fell through a gaping hole in the floor. I did n't get out of there till they chopped me out with an axe. I bear the scars yet.

Another time two of us girls were at the table eating. The Yankees were firing, and Mother had sent the younger children over to the hollow. Suddenly she said, "Get right up and come out because I know something is going to happen."

She was so earnest about it that we thought we would humor her, and we stepped out to the gallery. Almost

instantly a shell passed right through the room. It would have taken our heads off where we had been sitting. It's very strange — those warnings to get out of danger. I s'pose we have to thank the good angel that is always with us.

I used to have a little fun with two of the guns that were firing from the other side of the point. They were what were called Columbiads. I don't think they ever did any damage. They had a certain range and I soon learned just where the balls from each would fall. I'd get on my horse to ride, and the Yankee gunners would see me and imagine I was a courier. Bang! would go the first gun and the ball would fall in a near gully. At once I would gallop on till I approached the range of the second gun. Then I'd stop till the gun fired, and afterward I'd canter along about my business.

Blackberries were plentiful all around us, and one afternoon I went out back of the house to pick some. I wanted them to take to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. As I was stooping down reaching for some a Minie ball passed in front of my face and took off a piece of the bush I was picking from. Oh! I've felt the wind of many a Minie ball. I had about a quart of berries, but that was n't enough, and I did n't go to the house till I had filled my pail and eaten all I wanted besides.

One day I went to call on a woman who lived over on the Jackson Road, a mile and a half away. I walked, and Mother told me just how long I could stay. We never thought of disobeying our mother. It so happened that I had a curiosity to go to some other place, and in order not to overrun my allotted time I cut short my call. Hardly five minutes after I left the woman a shell came into

her house and struck her and scattered her brains about. People who were there said I had n't got out of sight. Mother heard that shell explode and knew pretty near where it fell, and she never had a moment's peace till I came home. I got there on time.

My husband was in a detachment at the extreme right of the Confederate lines. I used to ride over there on my horse three times a week. He was sort of a dudish fellow, and I liked to see him look nice. So I always carried him some clean clothes, and I'd cook up biscuit and meat to take. I had an old-fashioned carpetbag that would hold a bushel, and I put the things into that and hung it to the pommel of my side-saddle. There were five men in my husband's mess. He divided the food I brought with his comrades, and they watched for my approach as much as he did. "Your wife's coming," I'd hear them holler to him.

Firing from both sides was common, and their situation was not very safe, though it was protected by entrenchments. Sometimes the lieutenant would tell me to go way back behind a large tree. Then I'd go and sit down in the rear of their tent for a few minutes, but as soon as the lieutenant's attention was engaged I'd return.

We saw hard times during the war. We did n't have very much to begin with, and a good deal of that was stolen. But let me tell you — I've seen the armies of both sides, and there's a class that follows the troops and steals things even if they don't want 'em, and the blame is put on the soldiers. Of course, though, the soldiers took a good deal, too.

Once we filled some candle molds full of tallow that had a little beeswax in it to make it harder, and we set 'em out to cool. We left 'em there till after dark. Then I went to

get one of the candles to light, and the molds and all were gone. I suppose some of our soldiers had candles up at camp that night.

Sometimes they would be shooting and hit a cow or a calf, and then they'd have fresh meat. They were quite apt to accidentally kill a beef creature when they got very hungry. We managed to keep our cow. But chickens! oh my heavens! they disappeared long before the surrender. The last survivor was a pet hen. My little girl, only two years old, just loved that chicken. One day a soldier came along and saw the hen, and he stopped and wanted to buy it for a sick comrade who could n't eat anything but chicken soup. I called the little girl and said: "Gerty, a poor sick man wants your chicken. He's mighty hungry, and this friend of his will pay you two dollars for it. That's enough money to buy you a pretty dress."

She consented to part with the hen, but she did n't want to see the man ketch it, and she run out of sight.

Once we'd just finished churning and had taken the butter out and put it away when the shells came so thick that we went over to the hollow. We left the churn with the buttermilk in it on the table in the dining-room. While we were gone it was taken. No doubt the buttermilk was what was wanted, and we'd have been glad to spare that if we could have retained the churn.

That made us more careful than ever. We had a barrel and a half of flour, and I said, "It would be a good plan to put our flour in two different places."

So we set the half barrel in the back hall where it would be most convenient, and we put the full barrel in one of the bedrooms and threw some soiled clothes over it. The next morning we came over from the hollow to cook breakfast,

and there was only enough flour left of the half barrel for one meal. We tracked the thieves to camp, and then I said: "Oh Ma! it's the soldiers. Let's go back."

By the end of the siege not a fence was left in the suburbs. They'd been taken for kindlings. The soldiers began destroying them, and then the people saw that the fences were doomed and concluded they might as well use them for firewood themselves. We could n't get wood hauled in from the farm districts. When the war began the town was surrounded with great forest trees — wa'nut trees, oaks, and sycamores. But the soldiers cut them down because they were in the way, or because they needed them for firewood or breastworks. The camps were everywhere, and the stumps were to some degree a convenience. A soldier could build a fire against one and it served for a backlog as long as it lasted.

We had a garden plot, but we could n't raise anything in it. Somebody was sure to pull every sprig that came up. However, there was a kind of wild onion that grew over back of the garden near the stable where the soldiers did n't get hold of it. We secured enough of those wild onions to flavor hash and things like that.

At last our flour got reduced to three pounds and our cornmeal to a single half bushel. Until nearly that time we had rice, and we could always buy brown sugar and molasses and cowpeas. We ground up the cowpeas and made mush and baked bread out of it. But the bread did n't taste done. It tasted like it was raw. For variety we boiled up the cowpeas with water till they fell to pieces. We had no meat or salt to put in, but we called it soup. I don't eat many beans now like I used to in my young days because they remind me of the war and cowpeas.

Toward the end of the siege the soldiers, sick and well, did n't have much else. Just think of a man lying there with chronic dysentery and fed with cowpeas! No wonder the soldiers died. I heard of an instance where three of them who were brothers starved to death in a tent out in a field here.

One evening a soldier came along the road to our house, and spoke to me. "Madam," he said, "could you give me a piece of bread?"

He was actually staggering for want of food. I got a plate of bread, and the children came out with me to see him. There were five of them. "Do all these children belong here?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"I have a houseful of children myself at home," he said, "and I'd want to murder any man who'd go there and eat their bread. Save every crumb you have. You don't know how long this siege will last."

He turned and walked off as fast as he could go, apparently in haste to get away from the food which he might be tempted to accept. Two of the little girls ran after him, each with a slice of the bread, and urged him to take it. But he refused to do so in spite of his sore need. I consider him one of the bravest men among the defenders of Vicksburg.

His was not an isolated case either. When the Federals got into the city they broke open the warehouses and were dumbfounded to find in them great quantities of provisions. Our starving troops had never touched them because they were private property.

After a siege of about seven weeks poor Vicksburg was humiliated into a surrender, and we sat in sackcloth and

ashes. The surrender occurred on the Fourth of July, a day that belonged to North and South alike. It could just as well have taken place on the third, but Grant wanted the big thing of capturing the stronghold on the Fourth, even though men were suffering here for lack of food. Many a good fellow starved to death because of that delay. It was a mean thing in Grant to demand such an arrangement and a mean thing in Pemberton to agree to it. I've never forgiven them. They both got their reward. Grant himself starved to death — not because he did n't have food but because he could n't eat; and Pemberton died in obscurity and no one had any respect for him.

The Federal troops marched into town right past our place. Among the rest were some colored troops, and every last one of those negro men had on a big blue army overcoat. It was a hot midsummer day and they were sweating to beat the band, but no doubt they were happy in their gay military attire and proud of their release from slavery. They were Uncle Sam's children now, and every man was going to get forty acres and a mule — at least that was what they were told as an inducement to enlist.

One of the niggers was carrying an American flag. He had it over his shoulder and it was trailing along in the dirt. The road was very dusty. I don't believe it had rained but once during the entire siege. That sight took away all the respect I had for the flag and I said, "They've turned their flag over to the niggers — let the niggers have it."

Ever since the Union forces closed in about the city there had been one of their flags over on their breastworks that we could see from our house. I used to point to it and say to our soldiers: "If you capture that flag treat it with respect. Roll it up and bring it to me. I'll take care of it."

But after what I saw of the way its defenders allowed it be mistreated when they were marching into Vicksburg I can't think of it with affection any more. I've made up my mind, too, that it is not nearly so beautiful as our original Confederate flag — the one that had three broad stripes and a blue field of stars. Really, the American flag looks like an old bedquilt.

The Confederates had a cannon on this hill that they called "Whistling Dick," because its discharge was always accompanied by a peculiar whistle. No matter how many other guns were firing you could distinguish that sound; and, besides, the gun had individuality in its appearance, for it was very, very long. We could depend on its accuracy, and it was a pet with the soldiery, and the citizens thought a whole pile of it, too. The troops hated to have Whistling Dick fall into the hands of the Federals, and on the night of July 3d they disposed of it. The story is that it was taken out in the Mississippi and sunk.

Another thing the soldiers did was to roll some of the cassions down into the gullies along here. There was a good deal of powder on the cassions, put up in red flannel sacks, and the boys got hold of it. They'd learned from the soldiers how to lay a string of powder and touch it off so as to make a kind of fireworks. The boys stored the powder around here and there where they would have it handy. One day, by some mischance, a lot of it went off. It tore a great hole in the ground and blackened a near house and injured some of the boys.

My little brother Lem, six years old, was one of the boys who was there. Mother had started out to find him and call him to dinner when she heard the explosion. Some colored people got to the spot first. Lem and a colored boy

of about the same age had been blowed up. The powder was damp or it would have killed them. One of those who hurried to the spot, alarmed by the explosion and the screams, was the mother of the colored boy. His clothes were on fire, and she stripped him. Next she stripped Lem, for his clothes were smoldering, too. Then one of the colored people brought some molasses and put it on the boys' burns, and another put on some flour.

They had started to carry Lem home when Mother and I met them, and I could n't help but laugh to save my life, Lem was such a sight. His face was scorched and his eyebrows burnt off. Usually he wore a palmetto hat that we'd woven ourselves, but some soldier had given him an army cap, and all his hair was singed off right up to the edge of that cap. His fingernails were blowed off, and we thought he'd lost his sight. "Are your eyes burnt out?" Mother asked.

"No," he said, "I can see," and he opened his eyes, "but you better go and find my shoes. I left 'em down there where the powder blew up."

Lem's fingers had to be tied up separately, and he could n't feed himself for six weeks. We had to pick the powder out of his face or he'd have been marked for life. The colored boy was permanently disfigured because he took a knife and scraped his scabs off.

Unexploded shells were numerous all around here, and a free darky named David Foot gathered 'em up out on the line, took the powder out, and sold 'em for old iron. But one day, as he was digging up a shell, he struck it in such a way that it exploded and blew his legs off. He died shortly afterward.

I had one serious war-time adventure a year after the

surrender. I was out with my horse riding on the battlefield. It was all grown up with tall weeds, and I was pushing along through 'em when I heard a negro's voice call, "Halt!"

I did n't want to be stopped by a negro, even if he was a government guard, and I pulled my horse aside down into a trench out of sight. I knew some of those ditches ran a mile. That was farther than I cared to ride through a jungle of weeds. So after I had gone a short distance I urged the horse till he jumped with me up on the bank. Again I heard the negro shout, "Halt!"

I rode up to him and said: "Uncle, I'm lost. My patience alive! how these weeds do hide everything! Won't you please show me the way to the road?"

"Lady," he said, "if it had n't been for the wind blowing your veil just as you came up out of the gully so I knew you was a woman I should have shot you."

I suppose it was his duty to take me to headquarters, but I persuaded him to show me the road, and then I galloped back home as fast as I could.

Father had left the army and returned to us. He owned a wagon and two horses and for a while he drove regularly out into the country making trips that were ostensibly for the Yankees. But his main purpose was to smuggle medicine and things to the Confederates. The Union authorities caught onto his game presently, and confiscated his team.

Mrs. Vinton, a friend of ours, was another blockade runner. She was such a sweet-toned person you would n't think sugar would melt in her mouth. Oh! she'd be so sweet to those Federal officers up at the courthouse that they'd do anything on earth for her; and yet she'd have

helped the Confederacy to the last drop of blood in her body. She lived two or three miles out and drove back and forth in a little spring wagon. Apparently she was making her living by carrying the mail and bringing in vegetables, but all the time she was smuggling supplies to the Confederates and getting information for them.

My mother was born in Ohio, and that was one thing she was ashamed of and would n't tell unless she had to. She came South when she was twelve, and she and all the rest of us were thorough-going Rebels.

Half a dozen Federal officers boarded with us for a time, and I was quite spiteful to them, and they were spiteful to me. We were always saying cutting things back and forth. But our family did n't have better friends in the world than some of those Northern men. Once Mother was very ill and my sister went for help to a neighbor's and found a Federal doctor there seeing a sick child. She got him to come to our house, and as soon as they arrived she took me aside and told me who he was.

"H'm!" I said, "you call that man a doctor — that rough-looking feller! He can't come in to see my mother."

The man needed shaving very badly, and his hat was crushed in, and he was in his shirt sleeves. But my sister urged, and I yielded; and he certainly did bring Mother through her illness without any serious consequences.

We've kept up a correspondence with him ever since, and he always calls us "Dear Girls" in starting his letters. Not long ago he was here to a reunion and called on us. I saw him at the gate, and, thinks I, "In the name of sense, who is that great tall feller comin' in our yard?"

"You don't know me, do you?" he said when he got to the door.

"Hold on," I responded, "I'll place you in a minute. Yes, you're our Yankee doctor."

In one of the later battles of the war my husband was shot in the neck. When the men who were picking up the wounded found him they looked at his wound and said: "It's no use carrying him off. He can't live."

He held a cloth to the wound and lay there with the battle still going on. By and by a cavalryman took pity on him and got him onto his horse. The cavalryman sat in front and my husband behind. They had n't gone far when the cavalryman was shot and fell off dead. My husband fell off, too, and then he crawled and crawled until he got to a hospital. The doctors thought his was a hopeless case, and he lay there two days before he got any attention. They never probed for the bullet. He could n't talk above a whisper for a year afterward, and he always had to speak very slowly.

Do you know, that ball was the cause of his death? It shifted and pressed on a nerve going to the brain and gradually paralyzed him, but that was after he'd got to be a rather old man. We had to lead him around, and he did n't recognize any one but me. He coughed right hard and choked, and he'd perhaps get only one meal a day. The rest of what he ate all came up. Besides, he had the rheumatism caused by walking in the army on ice and things without shoes.

Suddenly, one Friday afternoon, his paralysis left him, and he asked me how I was getting along and if I had kept up his life insurance. I knew he was failing and I talked with him about the things he might like to have done. One question I asked him was whether he wanted the minister to come to see him. "I can get the Episcopal minister," I

said, "but there is n't a Presbyterian minister in the town just now."

"The Episcopal minister need n't call," he said. "I was born a Presbyterian and I'll die a Presbyterian."

The next morning, while I was getting breakfast, he wandered outdoors, and we found him in the yard dazed and helpless. He lived for three months, but he never knew anything again.

XXVI

The Fighting Slave ¹

I'M seventy-four years old now. I ain't young no mo', but thar's nothin' the matter with me except I've got the heat and hit makes me scratch. I don't know how I come to be alive when so many others have died. Hit mus' be God is savin' me for some good purpose.

I've lived right hyar on Fort Hill on the edge of Vicksburg ever since war-time, and that's long enough. Hit's longer'n a man ought to stay in one place.

I was raised in Kaintucky, and was thar until five years befo' the war. Then a man bought me who had a place near Vicksburg. I was sixteen years old and a good worker, but thar was one thing I would n't stand — that was beatin' up. If any man was tryin' to jump on me I'd fight. I don't do so no mo'. I've got kind o' ca'm since the war, but I was a devil when I was growin' up. Oh, Lord! I was a finished-out little rascal then. I'd fight tryin' to git away from Dad when he was punishin' me. If a boy bigger'n me was to whop me he'd better look out. I'd git a rock and

¹ He was a gray, sinewy old negro in a two-room shack in the ridge of a rough hill that was only separated from the business section of Vicksburg by a deep ravine. Roundabout were other shacks with their tiny garden patches. They clung to the steep slopes in a curious helter-skelter, linked together by irregular, narrow lanes. The old man lay half-clothed on a low bed and tossed about and scratched while he talked. The odors of the place were not very delectable, and I sat as close as I conveniently could to an open door.

slip aroun' and cut his head to the fat. Yes, I was up to all such didoes as that. I'd fight white and black.

Generally an overseer would have the slaves so cowered that when he snapped his whip they'd go right down on their knees ready for a whippin'. But I would n't. I was a fighter, and besides I was from Kaintucky, yo' see, whar they treated yo' like yo' was people. But hyar, if yo' was out in the cotton patch ploughin' or doin' somethin' else, and did n't work to suit 'em, they'd whip you and cut your back all to pieces. Hit would take five or six men to put me down. I did n't believe in so many pitching onto one. If thar was goin' to be any whippin' they ought to have had two men stan' up and fight man to man and let the best man beat. But a whole parcel of 'em would pile onto me and git me down and tie me to stakes, and I'd cuss 'em and tell 'em that I'd kill 'em when I got up.

If I could git hold of an axe befo' they pounced on me I'd go to chop 'em up like I was choppin' up wood, and then they were 'fraid to come at me. After that perhaps I'd run out in the woods to stay. They'd think that I'd be starvin' and that I would soon come back, but I'd git all I wanted to eat. Plenty of hogs was feedin' in the woods, and I would n't let a hog pass me if I was hungry. I'd use a club on him. They were not wild at all because they were used to havin' some one feed 'em once in a while. I could take a year of corn and go in my master's lot and call every hog thar.

When I was ready to fry a piece of pork I'd steal somebody's skillet, and I did n't care whether I stole it from white or black, so I got it. Nobody did n't hide anything them days, and I could always git a skillet without much trouble. Perhaps I could n't very well carry it along with me, and I'd leave it. Then I'd steal another when I needed

one, or it might be I'd go and speak to some colored man at his cabin and say, "Partner, let me have a skillet so I can cook something to eat."

"All right," he'd say, "I've got two or three, and I'll bring you one."

I'd make a fire way down in the swamp in the cane thicket and brile or boil my meat, and the next day I'd be way off somewhar else among the bears and painters. Oh, yes! thar was wild animals in the woods, but they never bothered me; and if they had thar'd been a fight just as sure as God made Moses. I wa'n't scared of nothin'.

Often I'd watch whar some black folks was workin' in the field, and I'd wait till the cart come with their dinner. As soon as the white man who brought the dinner was out of the way I'd step over whar the hands were and git something to eat. But I had to be careful about meetin' folks. If I was talkin' with anybody in a field, and hit look like my talk did n't suit him I'd git away.

Once in a while I'd go to a mill and git meal, and then I'd make ash cake as nice as ever yo' e't. If I could git cabbage leaves I'd wrap the ash cake up in 'em befo' I put it in the hot ashes. The cabbage leaves gave it a good scent, and a good taste. Any one who's eaten ash cake baked like that would n't want it no other way; and if I was startin' gittin' such an ash cake ready yo'd holler, "Quick! I want some in a hurry."

I used to carry along a little saw and a tin bucket and a spoon. Sometimes I would n't have the spoon, and I'd use a stick instead.

If it rained I'd crawl into a holler log. I'd stay in thar all night, and all day, too, if I did n't want to walk. It was a good place to keep any one from seein' me. Snakes and

things would be slippin' along by me to git up farther, but thar was room for them and me, too. Yo'd git a wild scent after yo'd stayed in the woods a while, and if yo' did n't bother the animals they'd never bother you. — I know that. Co'se, if I'd done got scared and made a rustle they'd 'a' bit me. But yo' got to git entangled with 'em — that's all the way yo' can git 'em to bother you.

In nice weather I'd hide in a thicket, and I'd hear the birds sing and holler, "Skip-a-ree!"

If people come hunting me I knowed I could see as far as they could, and I was able to dodge 'em anywhar. But one time they dodged me and hid and let me come right up to 'em.

I was goin' along a road that day and hit took me right thoo a man's field. He was ploughin' his corn, which was knee-high. Two or three colored boys and men were hoeing. The man saw me, and I started to run. "Halt!" he cried, but I kept on as fast as I could go.

I passed thoo the man's yard and on into the thick woods. I was sure I could give him the dodge in the woods.

He went to his house and got a gun, and him and another man follered me. By and by they saw me when I did n't see them, and they hid and let me come up to whar they was, like I tol' you.

"Stop!" the man called, "stop or I'll shoot."

"Shoot and be hanged!" I shouted, and I started to run. He fired at me and I heard the shots flyin' past my head. I stopped in about ten mile, I reckon.

But that same day I got betrayed. They never did ketch me fairly. I was betrayed by my own color. I'd gone to a house to git something to eat, and the people thar sent word to their master that I was at their house. I



THE RUNAWAY BROILS SOME MEAT

did n't know nothin' 'bout that, and I stayed around and stayed around till they asked me to spend the night. So I went to bed, and I'd been in bed long enough to git asleep when I heard a knocking. Up I jumped and went to climb out of the winder, but I found two men standing outside with sticks ready to knock me down.

Then I ran to the do', and I could n't git out thare either. A man and a great big dog were in the way. The dog would have torn me to pieces. I had to give up that time. Yes, that's what I done. The dog backed my judgment about fightin'. So I just made myself easy and gin up. They crossed my hands and tied 'em with a rope. When they fix yo' that way they can carry yo' anywhar they want. They took me down to the gin house and tied me inside to one of the timbers of the building and locked the do'.

The next day the man what cotch me carried me home in his buggy, and he had me tied to the seat so I could n't hurt him nor git away nohow. I'd been gone near a month. I went off when they were choppin' cotton, and when I come back they was pullin' fodder in June. My master blamed the overseer for bein' so rough with me as to make me run away, and he turned him off and made him pay for ev'y day I'd lost.

I was whipped a little bit for runnin' away, but that was the last whippin' ever I had. My master got so he liked me, and he would n't let no overseer hit me. "That man is smart," he'd say. "He'll do what yo' tell him, but he'll fight if yo' try to lay on the lash."

After the war began my master let me go down to Vicksburg Sundays to work on the wharves. I got forty cents an hour in Secesh money. I'd help git the cotton and the sugar on and off the boats. Yo' know I must have been a pretty

stout feller to roll those cotton bales and those hogsheads of sugar. Any time a hogshhead broke yo' could eat all the sugar yo' wanted and take home as much as yo' pleased, too.

When the army commenced to fortify the place ev'y planter had to send so many hands to dig trenches. The officers would come and press you. I was one of those that had to go. We camped a little outside of the town. They kep' us workin' pretty hard diggin' pits and makin' forts. But I was a man then, and they could n't hurt me with no work. We were out thar in the camp till the Yankees come and run us away. They'd th'ow balls over disaway from the river thoo the co'thouse steeple, and they'd th'ow 'em right into camp and git us runnin' worse 'n dogs. We'd done camped five miles from whar their mortar boats were over yander beyond the bend of the river hid out of sight under the banks. So we thought we was out of their reach, but we was n't.

They th'owed those grape and canister just for a pas-time. Yo' could see the shells comin' in the night red as blood, and we'd hide behind trees. If a shell bust whar some people was it would kill ev'ybody around. Sometimes a solid shot would hit and cut off a tree, or it might cut off a big branch which would fall and kill the people down below. They fired solid balls bigger 'n yo' head.

The Rebels kep' us in that camp until they was ready to let us go, and hit looked like they wanted to have us git killed. We could n't leave the camp at night without strikin' a picket line, and them pickets would shoot the heart out of you.

Thar was one gun back up hyar on Fort Hill that the soldiers called "Whistling Dick." She growled when she fired

like she was goin' to eat yo' up. Yo' could hear her twenty mile. I was hyar when they put that gun up thar, befo' the Yankees got so bad. Well, Whistling Dick sot up thar keepin' the Yankees back, and I did n't think they'd ever git her, but they did. They th'owed a ball right plumb in her mouth and plugged her. That was done with one of their little jackass pieces, as they called 'em, — a gun that fired a steel-p'inted ball. The ball wa'n't larger'n yo' arm, but the front end was finished like an augur. When it struck anything hit would turn and go in. Even if hit struck mighty thick iron hit would bore its way thoo.

I done run away from hyar at last. That was n't a week befo' the surrender, I reckon. As soon as Vicksburg went up I started back. I come in of a night and brought my wife and three or fo' children. We wanted to be whar we'd have the Union soldiers for protection. I put my family in the ol' Prentiss House, which was a big hotel with twenty or thirty rooms. Mo' than three hundred black people was in thar. They died like sheep, and we lost all our children but one.

Then I j'ined the army and had to go away. I sent my wife money, but after a while the letters was returned to me. In June, 1866, I was mustered out down in Mobile, and I ain' never been thar no mo' since. I come back hyar, and the Prentiss House, whar I'd left my wife, was gone. Hit was torn down in a hundred pieces. Some said my wife and child had gone up the river on an island, but I could n't never find 'em or hear anything mo' of 'em.

Well, hyar I am. I could do anything when I was young, but now I'm old and cain' do nothin' but eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow I die. Thar, I done tol' yo' enough, and hit's all truth — yes, sir, hit's all truth!

XXVII

The Cave Dweller¹

AT the time Vicksburg was besieged I was a little girl only seven or eight years old. My father was in the ice and coal business here, and he had a cotton plantation up on the Yazoo River. He owned four hundred slaves, but lost them all as a result of the war. That was as unfortunate for them as it was for us. Abolishing slavery was a great mistake. The negroes are not a race that can stand being free. They're lazy, and you have to drive 'em if you want to accomplish anything. They have no capacity for system and order or thrift, and they are born gamblers. They will gamble the clothes off their backs. Oh! I know them just like a book. They have no cleanliness and no morals — none at all. They never learn anything, and education ruins 'em. One of their weaknesses is a great fancy for fine raiment, and they dress better than the whites. If you have a colored housemaid you're obliged to look out or she will go down street wearing one of your best dresses. When I think of what the negroes are and the way they act it makes me so mad I can't see.

Paw was with us all through the war. He was a perfect martyr to asthma or he'd have been in the army. We had a nice large house on a hill in the residence section of the city,

¹ She was an energetic, elderly woman whom her sons addressed as "Madam." My call was in the evening, and we sat on the gallery of her substantial, tree-embowered town residence with the full moon sending its flickering beams down through the leafage.

and right across the street was a claybank that rose from the wayside in a perpendicular wall. We dug out a room in the clay and used lumber off an old coal barge to make inside walls, ceiling, and floor. Tremendous posts held up the ceiling and made us safe from any loosening of the earth above. On the outside of our cave were plank slanted down from the face of the clay cliff, and one end of this plank leanto was closed in, and at the other end was a door. It is very dry here in summer, and we had no trouble from water leaking down through. In fact, I don't remember any special discomfort connected with the caves.

Six of us occupied our cave — all women and children. We had a pail of drinking water in there that we brought from the house. For light we had candles that we'd made. Our beds consisted of wooden horses with planks on 'em, and mattresses on the planks.

Vicksburg was a place of six or seven thousand people, but a good many of them refugeed. A portion of those who remained moved into their basements during the bombardment. Cave digging, however, was very general, and some of the caves remained for a long time. One child only ten days old was carried with its mother into a cave, and I recall that a child two years old died in one of the caves. Some people stayed in the caves continually, and had their meals brought there from their houses.

The bank where we dug our cave had several other caves in it. There were two Presbyterian ministers in town, and one of them came into the cave next to ours late one afternoon and lay down and went to sleep. By and by the lady who owned the cave came and found him. It was night then, and she told him she needed the cave for her own use, but the shells were flying and he was so scared he would n't

leave. She went out and sent word to the other Presbyterian minister, who was one of the best men on earth. He came and tried to get his fellow-preacher out. But that man was just a born coward, and urging had no effect. It took four or five men to eject him. We children stood around outside laughing. His congregation could n't forget that incident, and he had to leave after the war.

So far as damage to life and limb were concerned the Yankee guns that were shelling us from beyond the bend of the river were almost negligible, but they wanted to make a noise to let us know they were there, I reckon. Nevertheless, there was danger enough to keep us always anxious. Once Paw was lying on the sofa in the hall. It was the middle of the day, and he'd come home hot and tired and was trying to get some sleep while he waited till dinner was ready. There he lay, and a shell went through the parlor and exploded in the cellar and never woke him.

Early in the morning and toward night were favorite times for shelling. The ringing of the Catholic church bell for mass at six o'clock in the morning seemed to be a signal for the guns to begin firing. One morning an elderly Irishman was coming out of the church, and a shell took off his arm. The news of the casualty soon reached us at our cave, which was right back of the church, and, out of curiosity, we children ran up and looked at the man where he lay in the vestibule on the floor.

Another day the druggist's wife was standing at the back door of their house in her stocking feet, and a piece of a shell cut her big toe off. The doctor said the toe was taken off exactly like it had been amputated.

Sometimes the Yankee gunboats fired hot shot, and one night those shot started a fire just below us. A whole block of buildings was burned, and the gunboats kept on firing shells into town while the buildings were burning. Well, it was dreadful. We all got out of the caves to look at the fire. The rest of the town was very much in danger, for the only means of fighting the fire was a hand-bucket brigade. Our house would have been burnt if Paw and the negroes had n't gone up on top of it with wet blankets. I have been very fearful of fires ever since. A fire is the only thing that unstrings me entirely, I feel so helpless to combat it. I'm afraid of snakes, but I can kill them.

Paw was a good furnisher, and we did n't suffer the way some did for food and other things. But I know we had to economize in shoes. It was so difficult to get them that when they were outgrown or worn out we Vicksburg children went barefoot. That was a real hardship to me, for I always cut my feet.

There was very little ice in the city. My father was an ice dealer, but he was shut off from his customary source of supply up the river in Illinois. So ice was just like gold in value, and he kept it for the sick and wounded. He would n't let a well person have a bit of it.

We made coffee by toasting brown sugar till it was right hard and mixing it with toasted cowpeas and a little real coffee and grinding them all up together. We children were not supposed to have coffee, but the things children are not allowed to have they want to get. I've always been crazy about coffee, and I used to steal it.

One day Paw brought home some meat. He said it was jerked beef. We had it for dinner and thought it was very

good, but we noticed, after we were through, that Paw had n't eaten his, and then he told us it was mule meat. He had brought it home just as a joke.

On the 6th of July, two days after the surrender, we had quite a number of paroled Confederate officers to dinner. For dessert we were to have peach cobbler, which is made like a pie only it is cooked in a deep dish, and real coffee was to be served. While the company was at table, between two and three o'clock, a demand came from Colonel Bingham, Grant's adjutant, that we should move out of our house at once. He wanted it for his headquarters. There were plenty of vacant houses, but he chose ours because he thought it was a fine residence.

Our guests left immediately, and the negroes got the peach cobbler and coffee. Father, after a good deal of effort, obtained permission to stay in the house over night. Even so we had to go to the basement.

During the siege we had taken some sick soldiers into the house, as was commonly done out of kindness right through the town, and they stayed in the servants' room. They were from Louisiana, and several were Creoles who could n't talk English at all. The sickness from which they were suffering was measles. One of them died in the house and we buried him in the yard. Soon my youngest brother and sister sickened with the same disease, and they were still sick when we had to spend that night in the basement. The basement had a brick floor and was damp and they caught cold. The result was that my sister became totally blind. She only lived a short time, and we buried her near the Confederate soldier. My brother never got his strength back, and a few months later he died, too.

The day after Colonel Bingham ordered us out we moved

to another part of the town. He would n't allow us to take a piece of furniture along with us, and there was no furniture in the vacant house we moved into. We had to sleep on rough mattresses on the floor. That was all we could get. The house was an old, dilapidated building that had been a good deal damaged by the shells the Yankees had shot through it. The roof leaked like a sifter and we had an awful time when it rained. If the storm was in the night we'd have to get up and move our beds.

There was a goldfish pond at our old home. It was right on the lawn. One day I went to feed the fish. When I returned the family was at dinner. I told them that I had seen some of the soldiers digging up our garden. It tickled me to death to think that those men were doing some useful work for us. I expected Paw would be tickled, too, but he was n't. He got right up from table and had a talk with Maw in the hall. It seemed that he and she and a negro man had buried our silver in the garden one night. The soldiers must have got an inkling of the fact from the servants. Paw went straight to General Grant and got a permit to get the silver, if it was still in the garden. The silver was there, but the soldiers had dug within six inches of it.

Besides the silver we buried all our marble slabs that were then the fashion for the tops of tables, bureaus, and mantles. Only one came out whole. The rest had been broken by the jarring of the shells that exploded in the ground.

Colonel Bingham had his carouses in the house so that the things in it suffered considerable. I believe in the end he went to the dogs from liquor. When he prepared to leave Vicksburg he packed up all our best furniture to send

north, but Grant stopped him. Grant was a very just man. In November we got back our house.

We owned a number of cows and horses and mules. There was no stock law then, and in time of peace every one turned their cows loose and let them wander and graze. But we kept them up during the siege and tied 'em out on the street to eat grass. We had a very large lot adjoining the house, and when the town surrendered we put the stock in there, but the Yankees took cows, horses, mules, and all out of the lot just as if they belonged to 'em. The big frame stable that sheltered the stock was so battered by the shells it had to be taken down.

The children of the neighborhood liked to play Yankees and Confederates in our yard. We'd have mimic battles which always ended in the capture of the Yankees. One day we were at this game around the goldfish pond. The pond was right deep, but it was so small that we could jump across to an island in the middle. We fought with canes for guns, but this time we used the canes to splash water on each other. The Yankees were on the island, and we splashed until they cried, "Quit!"

As those of us who were Confederates were jumping across to capture them I fell in. The children could have saved me if they had n't lost their nerve. But they simply hollered. Luckily Maw heard them and came and pulled me out. I was nearly drowned, but as soon as I could speak I asked for the net that had been on my hair — and her shaking me to get the water out of me! I never got the net. It stayed at the bottom of the pond.

I remember one other curious incident. There were a good many stragglers about after the fighting in this vicinity was over, and one night some of them came onto our

place, evidently looking for buried silver. They dug where they saw that the ground had been disturbed and found two rough wooden boxes. These they got up to the surface and pried open. The boxes were coffins. In one was the Confederate soldier who died of measles at our house, and in the other was my little sister.

XXVIII

The Captain of the Junior Volunteers¹

EARLY in the war I organized some of the Vicksburg boys into a military company by the name of the Junior Volunteers, and I was elected captain. We were from twelve to fifteen years of age, and I reckon there were twenty-five or thirty of us. But when Vicksburg began to be threatened lots of people moved away, and the Junior Volunteers all scattered off and the company was broken up.

My mother was one of those that refugeed. She took me and her three other children off across the Big Black River. We just packed up a few clothes and things and went out there and rented. That was somewhere along the first part of '63 when I was n't over fourteen at the furthest. My father was an auctioneer of new and second-hand furniture hyar. Most of the stores were closed and business was at a standstill, but he stayed to take care of our house which was right on the chief business street.

The rest of us moved out in the country into a four-room building with a big chimney in the middle and a gallery in front. Our food supply was pretty scanty, and I remember that for one solid week we lived on rice. We boiled it and ate it without even sugar.

Mother had some silver forks and spoons, and she used

¹ My informant was a man of much natural ability, yet evidently one on whom drink had long had an overpowering grip. We visited in the smoke-laden atmosphere of a town pool-room.

them regular on the table. She thought we were way off where there was no need of hiding things. One morning two Northern stragglers came to the door, shortly after we'd finished breakfast, and wanted something to eat. Mother always gave such men, whether of the North or of the South, what we had ourselves. I never saw her refuse. The soldiers came in, sat down at the table, and ate. When they were through one of 'em picked up the spoons and examined 'em one by one to see if they really were silver. Then he slipped 'em into his pocket and started to leave, but Mother grabbed him.

"Let go of me," he said.

"No, you've got my silver," she told him.

He went into the next room with her clinging to his clothes, and we children looked on too frightened to move.

"If you don't let me loose I'll hurt you!" the man shouted.

But she was n't one who could be intimidated. "You've got to give up that silver," she told him.

He stopped struggling and said, "Well, I'll put it right back where I got it."

So he returned to the dining-room, but instead of doing as he had promised he bolted out the back door with the silver in his hand. He ran around the house and she after him. Mother had a loaded six-shooter in her pocket. Every woman had a pocket in her dress at that time. She pulled the revolver out as the fellow was about to go over the fence, and said, "Stop right there or I'll kill you"; and she'd have done it, too.

But the man brought back the silver. She had won. It was not, however, a victory that cost her nothing. The excitement of that thing nearly killed her. For weeks after-

ward the barking of a dog or any sudden noise would startle her so she would n't know what to do.

After a while we heard that Grant had moved down below Vicksburg on the west side of the Mississippi and had crossed over to our side. It seemed to us that we'd be safer back in the town. So we put our trunks and heavy luggage on a dray, and got ready a two-seated barouche and a buggy. A black drove the dray, my mother and brother took turns driving the barouche, and I drove the buggy principally myself. It was late in the evening when we reached Vicksburg and entered our old home.

The next day, as soon as I had a chance, I went to look up my Junior Volunteers. I could only find my lieutenant, Walter Cook. He and I went around a good deal together in the days that followed.

We were under fire for the first time when the fighting began in the immediate vicinity about the middle of May. The two of us had gone a little more than two miles out of town and were on the Confederate left by the old Spanish fort. While we were standing there the Federal sharpshooters began firing across the hilltop very rapid.

Our men had two twelve-pound guns there that they were firing, and we wanted to watch them. A few rods away was a pair of mules hitched to an old china tree. We saw several branches that the Minie balls cut off fall down onto the mules, and we retreated to a little smooth green hollow. That seemed safe enough, but as we were peeping up over the edge a ball passed right between us, and I remarked, "Walter, we better get away."

So we slid down the hill to the Yazoo Road and went along back toward the town. Pretty soon we met two soldiers and we had stopped to talk with them when a bullet

came over the hill and struck the ground near us. It bounded up and hit me a rather sharp blow in the back and dropped down into the road. "Come on, Walter," I said, "we'll be killed hyar yet."

One of the soldiers called after me; "Bud, stop and pick up that ball."

But we kept on, and we did n't go slow either. Those Minie rifles carried three miles, and it seem like the balls followed us all the way to town.

My people had a cave back of our house, under a bank. It was just arched out, and it had no timbers inside. The sides, top, and floor were plain earth. There was no door at the opening, but we erected a tent there. The hill was too low for the cave to be safe. If one of the big shells had come down through the roof it would have been the end of us. There was lots of power in those shells. When one went into the earth it often tore up a place large enough to bury a horse or a cow. Once, along about the middle of the evening, a shell exploded near by while my sister was sitting in the cave, and the jar of the explosion loosened a lot of earth and covered her out of sight. We soon got her out. She was stunned, but not seriously hurt.

The sound of a shell was z-z-z-z-z-z-zimp! That "zimp" was when it hit the ground. If it burst it made a large white and bluish smoke. One day Mother was layin' down in the house. The shells began to fly, and she started for the cave. She had almost got to the tent when a shell went through it. That shell just did miss her.

We slept in the cave at night, and we kept something to eat in there. Mother had a few things saved in the food line. We did n't go hungry, and we had plenty of coffee to drink made out of toasted sweet potato and parched corn.

Some did n't fare so well. One gentleman killed and cooked a cat, and he e't some, and his wife e't some. I reckon it tasted 'bout like a piece of squirrel.

They say the soldiers e't mule meat and horse meat. I had an uncle who was one of Vicksburg's defenders, and he told us there were some Mexicans in the army who prepared the mule meat. They pulled off every bit of flesh on the animal — cut it off in slices like a butcher cuts steak, and rolled the bones and hide and all the waste down into the Mississippi River. They punched a little hole in each strip of meat and pushed a slender stick through. The sticks were a yard long and held quite a number of pieces. To cure the meat they made fires ten feet or more long. The firewood was from old houses that the soldiers pulled down. Crotched sticks three or four feet high were stuck in the ground at the corners of the fires to support poles on either side. Then the sticks with the meat were put on the poles over the fires. That was the way they made jerked mule meat, and you could n't 'a' told it, sir, from dried beef, so my uncle said, unless you noticed that it was coarser grained.

Sometimes they boiled the mule meat. They did the boiling in a hollow where the enemy could n't see 'em, and my uncle said the odor in that hollow while the cookin' was goin' on was terrible. They had to just stand there and skim off the pots, but when the meat was done it tasted all right. My uncle said that the fact of the matter was they could n't have kept up the defense hyar nearly so long if it had n't been for the mule meat and the plentiful supply of sugar and molasses.

The last gun was fired 'bout eight o'clock on the morning of July 3d. Everything seemed strangely quiet, and we

heard that the city was going to surrender. I went up on a high place and looked off. I could see little white flags all along on our breastworks, and the Yankees and Rebels were just sitting up there enjoying themselves like brothers who'd met after being long parted. You would n't think that for weeks and weeks they'd been trying to kill each other. Well, our men were mighty hungry, and a man who's starving would be friendly with his greatest enemy in the world if that enemy brought him food.

The last Confederate rations were served on the evening of the 2d, and our soldiers had no more rations till the Yankees supplied them on the evening of the 5th. It would have gone hard with the poor fellows if the Federals had n't fed them out of their haversacks. The trouble was that our officers were all drunk. They got into the whiskey and were having a big time, and no business was transacted.

On the morning of the 4th the transports came around the bend of the river. Just as they got opposite Court Square they fired a salute. The boats tied up at the wharves at twelve o'clock. A flagstaff had been put up on the square, and some soldiers came and ran up the stars and stripes.

A few days later I bought some lemons and made a bucket of lemonade. I stood right on the corner of the street under a cedar tree at the end of our yard and sold the lemonade all out to the soldiers. I took in the first greenback money I had seen — five, ten, and twenty-five cent pieces — and I made thirty-five cents.

Shortly afterward, a sutler opened what was called a shebang, and I worked for him two or three months. We stood inside of his shanty and sold cakes and spruce beer, cider, and ice pop to the soldiers.

The Union troops, as I remember them, behaved very well hyar in town. They were not allowed to disturb anything, but I know they'd sometimes raid a stand in the market. You'd hear a racket and find they'd jostled the stand and sent what was on it flying. Then they'd scramble around and get away with some of the oranges and things. However, that was just mischief, and on the whole they were pretty orderly.

XXIX

The Farm Lad ¹

OUR family lived in a 16 × 18 split log house. We never did like that kind of a house because after the big pine logs had been split and laid up for walls they'd warp and twist. The house had two rooms, and above the rooms was a loft where we stored our corn and wheat and oats. At one end was a stone chimney. Paw bought the place in the fall of '59. There was one hundred and sixty acres of land, but I reckon not more'n twenty-five acres was cle'ed then. Even that had been cle'ed recently, and the dead, girdled trees and the stumps stood pretty thick in the fields that we cultivated. All through this region was the finest kind of timber — hard pine, red oak and white oak, hickory, and poplar. We've got timber here now, but nearly all the good is gone.

Them times they'd have what they called "log-rollings" when they wanted to cle'r land so they could plough it. One or two men could n't do anything with the big logs, and the neighbors would come and help pile 'em so they could be burned.

Same way in corn-shucking — it was fashionable to have the neighbors help. The home family would gather in the corn ears from the field and pile 'em near the crib. When

¹ The land that had belonged to his father he now tilled. We talked together one mild spring noon sitting on the vine-draped porch of his little farmhouse whence we could look off across the battlefield.

the men and boys of the neighborhood came at the appointed time and got to work they threw the ears into the crib as they shucked 'em. They'd tell jokes and have a big time. Down under the pile of corn was a jug of liquor, and they'd shuck fast to git at it. Perhaps there'd be another jug that would be passed around a little while they worked, and some of the men might git boozy and be rather rough, but they hardly ever did any harm. It was good liquor — not like the liquor you buy now. That is poison to some extent, and it makes men crazy drunk so they kill each other, and when a man goes home drunk he don't know his wife and baby.

I had an uncle in the Northern army and one in the Southern army fightin' each other. They did n't come home till the war ended. My father was a Union man, but I expect the Rebels would have conscripted him when they were picking up recruits, only he was gray and looked older 'n he really was.

Some fellers went nearly wild they were so afraid they'd be conscripted, and when a man could git across the Federal lines he'd go. But if the Rebels caught him goin' they'd string him. A good many refugeed south, but that did n't better the matter. Sooner or later they were overtaken.

The battle was fought here in September, 1863, when I was about eight years old. The Rebel army had been in the vicinity all along befo' that, and occasionally some of the soldiers would come and take a horse — "press it into service," they said. Sometimes they'd kill a hog and skin the hams and carry 'em off, and leave the balance. We'd hardly ever see 'em kill an animal, but we'd find the carcass afterward. Their forage wagons would come around

and go into our fields and take the oats, and the sheep. We had hogs, sheep, and cattle, plenty of 'em, then. Sometimes we'd git pay for the things that were taken, and sometimes we would n't. But when we did git pay it was in Confederate money which was n't of much value.

We did n't fear the regular armies as we did the guerillas. There were two bands here. One claimed to be Yankees and the other Rebels. But they were just robbers and both mean alike — that was all we could make out of 'em. The Rebel band would raid north, and the Yankee band would raid south. Sometimes they'd whip a man if they thought he belonged to the other side. They prowled around on their horses and went in the houses and pilfered. Generally their raids were made at night.

I remember once some of 'em drove right up in our yard after we'd all gone to bed. I expect it was ten or 'leven o'clock. We all slept in the living room. There were two beds in the other room, but that room was for company. The guerillas knocked, and Mother got up and opened the door, which was fastened with a wooden button. Several men came in. They were dressed like Rebel soldiers. One of 'em with a big revolver had Paw set by the fire. Of course Paw did n't show any fight or order 'em out. He knew what they was up to. They'd been through the valley before.

We children stayed in bed. There was five of us, and we was skeered. We did n't like to see such visitors that time of night. They asked for food. We was good livers and had plenty to eat and wear — such as it was. The guerillas cooked some of our meat by the fireplace. While a few of 'em was doin' that the others looked around to see what we had that was worth carryin' off. They took some of our homespun clothing and a couple of quilts and a counter-

pane. They did n't find any silverware. We did n't have any those days. After they'd eaten they left.

The Yankee guerillas was commonly known as Wilder's Thieves. They taken the last horse we had. She was a little claybank filly, two years old — old enough to work pretty well. We had her grinding cane to make sorghum molasses, and they taken her right out of the harness. We asked 'em to leave an old mule we had that was about wore out, but they was kind of hardhearted and they went off with both the animals.

Befo' that, the Rebels had taken a mare and a young horse; so afterward Paw had to do our farm work with a yoke of oxen. It's a pretty hard task to plough with cattle. They're contrary and slow and likely to make a man say bad words. It was worst workin' in the bottoms with 'em. They attracted the mosquitoes and gnats, and you'd be mighty near eaten up by them little pests. But you had a hard time in the bottoms then anyway. If you was fishing it was slap, slap, slap, all the time. The mosquitoes was so bad you could n't hold the pole.

My wife's home was not very far from ours. She was a young girl in them days, but her pappy and mommy were tolerable old. Her pappy ran a gristmill, and he ground for both armies while they were around in this neighborhood. When the Union army was passing through here some of the soldiers went in and searched the house, and they jerked the quilts all off the beds to carry away with 'em. My wife's mommy had pieced a quilt of the clothes of her first baby that had only lived to be three years old, and she begged 'em to leave that, but they did n't care, and they taken 'em all. My wife's pappy and mommy needed those quilts to the end of their lives to keep 'em warm.

They had a jar of lard rendered out, and the soldiers emptied it into a kettle that wool had been dyed in to make jeans, and that colored the lard. Those soldiers went out to the stable and stabbed one of the horses that was fastened up in there, and they robbed the bees. Yes, they burnt the bees and carried off the honey. They took the cows, too, and left one little lousy calf. But that calf lived to be a cow, and she gave the family milk till she was twenty-two years old.

I know those thieving soldiers are all dead now, or I been hoping so for the last forty or fifty years. They were a bad lot, but I don't feel no animosity — at least not toward them that are buried. If any are livin' I don't doubt they're sittin' up back on a pension. Most of the good men up North hired substitutes. The few good men who were in the Yankee army were officers that came along to keep the soldiers out of jail, I reckon.

Chickamauga Creek is down in the hollow here. They say the name means River of Death. That's a pretty good name for a battleground stream. Rosecrans came marching through the mountain passes from Chattanooga, and we was in the Union lines just befo' the battle opened. On Friday evening, September 18th, the cavalry had a pretty smart skirmish. The Rebels made it a little too hot for the enemy, and the Federals fell back. It was very dry weather, and I noticed that the dust had settled so thick on the cavalry that passed our place we could n't hardly tell the color of their clothes.

Several families above here were ordered out, because it looked as if there'd be fightin' on their places. Two of the families came to our house and stayed a day and two nights.

The armies fought pretty much all of Saturday and Sunday without a stop except at night. They were willing to cook and eat then. The fighting was all of a mile or more away, and we could n't see no distance because of the woods, but we could see the smoke and dust rising above the trees, and we could hear the guns. Well, sir, the cannon fired so fast we could n't count the bangs, and the small arms sounded like a storm. Sometimes we'd hear the men chopping timber to try to make breastworks.

On Sunday a Union officer misunderstood an order. A gap was left in the Yankee lines, and the Confederates pushed into it and swept the right wing off the field. The rest of the army was under Thomas. He planted his twenty-five thousand men on a curving hill called the Horseshoe, and every time the Confederates attacked him he drove 'em back. That's where he got his nickname, the "Rock of Chickamauga." He stood his ground for six hours till night, and then got away in the darkness to the mountains and joined the rest of the army in Chattanooga. He had lost ten thousand men.

The battle days was pretty tolerable hot, but Monday was cooler, and that night there was a frost. A Rebel soldier who'd been wounded in the arm came to our house the next morning. He did n't have any coat, and he'd lain out on the ground over night, and he was shivering. Not much attention was paid to those that was n't wounded bad. They just let such go and shift for themselves. Father gave this man a coat and carried him part way to Ringgold, which was our closest market town.

About the time Paw got back another Rebel came and said his brother had been killed in the battle, and he wanted a box made to bury him in. Father walked with the

soldier two mile over to the sawmill where he got some boards. They nailed up a box that did for a coffin, and Father helped the man bury his brother.

We boys wanted to go onto the battlefield and pick up guns and the like o' that, but Maw knew what a sickening sight the battlefield was with the dead men and dead horses, and she would n't let us go over there. So we did n't get to see anything.

All the food at my wife's house was stolen, and the morning after the battle they did n't have a bite to eat. Her pappy had to wait until somebody brought a little corn to mill. He always took one eighth for toll, and as soon as he ground some corn that day he carried his share of the meal to the house, and his wife made corn bread.

He could have put in a claim for what the soldiers took, but so many rascals sent in false claims he was ashamed to ask for anything. Men who never did have property to lose would get the congressmen to work for 'em, and the biggest liars got the most money; but my wife's pappy was an honest man.

If we could get that money now, which was rightfully due him for what the government troops destroyed or took from his place, we'd put up gravestones to mark the old people's graves. We been wantin' to buy 'em stones ever since they died, but we've never felt hardly able to pay what the stones would cost.

At our place we saved our wheat and most of our oat crop the year of the battle, but we lost our corn. I expect we had eighteen or twenty acres in corn, but we did n't get to gather any of it. The Rebel wagon trains went out through the country foraging, and they drove into our corn after it was pretty well matured and pulled the ears

off. There was no paying for it in the game, and there was no use of kicking. People could n't help themselves. For a while the citizens here like to have starved. Some would go to the commissary, and they'd be given rations if they put up a good excuse.

By and by the Yankees got possession of the region. They had plenty of good meat — pickled pork, they called it — and they had hardtack and coffee and sugar. They'd swap those things with us for barter like chickens, eggs, and butter. 'T was n't long befo' we had half a bushel of coffee in a sack. They'd mighty near give their hardtack to the citizens they were so sick of that.

So we got along somehow or 'nother till the war ended, and then we had a chance to git ahead a little.

XXX

The Soldier's Son ¹

MY father was a soldier, and he was away in the Southern army. We lived on the pike road east of Chickamauga Creek, and on Friday, the day that the skirmishing began, half a dozen Union officers stopped at our house and told us that a battle was coming. After they left us we watched 'em as they rode along the pike. Every now and then they stopped and looked back. A lot of their troops soon followed, and we got so uneasy that we went down to Grandmother's just across the creek. She had a double log house with a big entry between the two parts.

By four o'clock the face of the earth east of the creek was covered with Federal soldiers. The roads was full, and the men had taken down the fences and marched into the fields, and those was full. But pretty soon the Rebels rushed 'em across the creek, some by way of the bridge, and some through the water.

Mother was anxious. Oh, Lor', yes! I guess she was; and she stuck up a stick at the front door and tied a sheet on it to make a flag. Then she shut all the doors and had us five children lay down under the bed. She and my old grand-

¹ He was a gray, bronzed farmer. I found him working with two colored men in a big cotton patch. He was following along behind a mule hitched to a seed-planter, but he stopped to visit with me at the end of a row. There he stood still gripping the handles of his machine ready to resume his task as soon as we finished talking.

mother set right by the bed in their chairs. They had n't been there long when an officer come to the house and wanted to know what that white sheet meant. Mother told him it was to protect us, and he said he'd order the soldiers not to get behind the house for a breastwork.

By that time the fields around the house were full of men on the trot, and we could hear the bullets spat the garden paling. Then, do you know, in the midst of the fightin', a man come up to the door and knocked and fell right into the room. He'd been shot through the body in the field north of the house. His blood stained the floor, and up to last year, when a cyclone tore the house to pieces, that bloodstain could be seen on the floor boards.

We'd hardly got the wounded man onto a cot out in the entry when another wounded man was brought there. He was n't hurt as bad as the first one, and, bless your life! he just cussed and cussed till the next day when the doctors got to our place. I saw 'em carry him to the yard where some hospital tents had been put up, and soon they had him asleep on a table and cut off his leg. After that they tuck him into a tent. The other man died there in our entry while the battle was still goin' on.

I don't think the fighting that Friday lasted more than half an hour. Then a heap of men come to our well to get water. They flocked into the kitchen, too, and they raked coals out over the hearth and began frying their meat, Mother had to get an officer to send 'em out.

There was no fighting right around our house Saturday and Sunday, but we could see the smoke of the battle over in the trees and hear the cannons turn loose. Well, sir, there was a pretty heavy noise. It was just a roar. One cannon ball cut our front gatepost down, and we could see

the bumbshells light on our fields and make the dust fly. The battle was a Southern victory. The Yankees said they retreated, but they run back.

After it was all over I and my brothers picked up as many bullets as we could find and carried 'em home. Among other things we come across a broken cannon cassion with a box on it that had a hundred little sacks of powder inside. Each sack held a pound or two — just a load. We had fun with those sacks for a month, I guess. We'd string the powder from one of 'em along on a plank and touch a match to it to see it burn. Sometimes we'd wet it, and then it would fiz and sparkle as it burned on the plank. We did n't know the danger of the thing. One of us found a gun. The barrel was bent as if some one had struck it against a tree. We picked up several boxes of cartridges in the woods, and we fired the cartridges off in that bent gun. Bumbshells were lyin' around everywhere, and I know Mother pried the tap out of one with a table knife. That was pretty risky, and so was our fooling with the gun.

The troops tuck a heap of stock during the battle or just afterward. They tuck our cow, and that hurt us mighty bad. Children have to have milk. They tuck our mare, too. Mother had a hog in the pen back of our house. It was a fat, nice little hog that I s'pose would weigh a hundred and fifty pounds net. When we went home the hog was gone. We found a butcher knife and scabbard in a crack of the hogpen fence. I've got that knife yet.

Things was so unsettled that several families here decided to refugee, and our family was one of 'em. We had a pair of oxen, and a pair of steers, and we hitched 'em to a couple of canvas-covered wagons that we fixed up, and

started. My old grandfather was along driving, and one of my uncles who was home from the army on a furlough was with us. We stopped side of the road to cook our meals, and at night some of us lay in the wagons and others in tents that we put up. Oh! people can live pretty rough when they have to. We travelled eighty or ninety miles south to a place where we had kinsfolks. It took us a week.

The next year we went to work to make a crop there. Grandfather could n't help. You'd hardly ever see him out in the field. He was just settin' around the house. I and two cousins made the crop. We was from ten to fourteen years of age. My mother and grandmother and aunt did the planning. Us boys had been raised on a farm, and we knew how to work. We planted the garden and grew cabbage, beans, and Irish potatoes.

After the surrender we went back to Chickamauga, and Father come home with an old horse he'd picked up. The South had lost, and it was no wonder, for we had to fight the whole world. You know, you Yankees sent to England and Italy for soldiers.

Our family was in hard circumstances — everybody was — and at first we had to draw corn from the government to feed our horse, and to live on, and to plant. I don't know what we'd 'a' done if we had n't drawed that corn. We used it mighty sparingly.

There was a heap to do to get started. We had to make some rails and build fences, and we did n't raise much the first year. But the second year we got good big fields fenced and done a little better.

XXXI

A Boy on a Plantation¹

WE had a six-room farmhouse on the south edge of the battlefield. It was a double house, one story high, and between the two parts was a hallway that was open at front and back. Near by was a whole lot of darky houses. They were log cabins with two rooms. We owned four or five hundred slaves, little folks and all.

Just before the battle my father refugeed south about seventy-five miles with the niggers. He went with three wagons, and there was hogs and cattle to drive and some loose horses. Most of the niggers walked, but the little fellers rid in the wagons.

After Father went away the only ones of our family left here at home were my mother and my two sisters and me. Three of my brothers were in the army.

The fightin' begun here on a Friday. Late that day the Union troops done passed over on this side of Chickamauga Creek. The Confederates was close behind 'em, and some of the Yankees waded through the water at the fords, and some crossed on trees they cut down.

We had a patch of sorghum that was getting about ripe

¹ He had become a battleground guide and he wore an official badge on the lapel of his coat. His hair and beard were white, but he retained a good deal of youthful health and vigor. We sat on a settee in a public shelter at the edge of the battleground. Other guides were there, and some of Uncle Sam's soldier boys from an adjacent army post gathered about listening and commenting.

enough to grind, but so many of the boys came tramping through it that it was just ruined. Some cut off stalks, and brought 'em along. The stalks are sweet, you know, and they wanted 'em to chew.

Quite a number of the soldiers stopped in our yard to wait for orders. They were setting around cutting up sorghum stalks into pieces short enough to get into their haversacks when a shell hit one of the fellers and took the top of his head off. The shell went into the ground and never busted. It scattered the man's brains around on the ground, and the chickens e't 'em up.

Me and my sister Mary was lookin' out of a window. She was twenty years old then, and I was twelve. We saw the man keel over when the shell hit him, but we did n't know he was killed, and we went down where he was. The soldiers picked him up and put him in an army wagon and took him off a little way and buried him. He's still there in an unmarked grave.

Things looked dangerous at our place, and an officer ordered us out. He had a couple of cavalrymen escort us through the lines to the home of a neighbor. Guards were posted at our house to keep everything all right and not let the boys carry off our property. But we were anxious to get back and take care of the place ourselves, and it was so quiet after dark that we came home about nine o'clock.

The Yankees had retreated, and there was a Confederate camp beside the creek. We could look down on the open field where it was and see the tents and campfires and we could see the men moving around. There's always a little stir going on in a camp.

Early Saturday morning these troops marched away to go to battle. Soon we heard the noise of guns, and by

and by prisoners begun to be sent back. There were so many that their captors fenced in about three acres for a prison pen, not far from our house, and stationed guards all the way round at intervals. They put tents in the inclosure for the wounded prisoners. Our whole place was just a hospital. We had to live in the dining-room for a few days. The doctors took possession of all the other rooms and the hallway, and they used the outdoor kitchen and the darkies' cabins, too.

The battle had n't been going long when one of my brothers was brought to the house wounded. A few hours later another brother who had been hurt in the fight was brought there. The first one stayed with us several months, got well, and went back to the army. The other had been hit in the body by a grape shot, and I don't believe he ever spoke. He came in an ambulance, and he died as the men took him out. They brought the body right into the dining-room and left it there. The next morning we had the neighbors come and make a coffin and put the body into it. Then they lifted the coffin into a spring wagon. There were a number of other wagons, and we all rode to the cemetery, five miles away. Some of the neighbors sang at the grave, and there we buried my brother while the battle was still goin' on.

Monday the fightin' was over, and several of us boys went to look around on the battlefield. We went where there'd been some of the hottest fighting. Guns and shells and bullets were strewed about, and the trees were all battered and splitted up, and lots of dead men and dead horses were lying there — you bet there was! It was horrible, but we got used to it.

A Union force came back under a flag of truce to bury

the dead Yankees. They just rolled each man in his blanket, if he had one, and laid him away in a shallow grave. The work was done hurriedly and more or less carelessly, and here and there they'd leave an arm or a leg sticking out of the earth. The battlefield was all cleaned up in a week. Some claimed that bodies lay here on the ground for months afterward, but I never saw anything thataway.

Soon after the battle the prisoners that had been held on our place were marched off ten miles to Ringgold and shipped on a train down South. Then we were able to start cleaning up and making what we could of the wrecked plantation that was left to us.

XXXII

The Runaway Slave¹

I'M older maybe than you think, but I don't know just exactly how ol' I am myself. You see our owners would n't tell us our age. It was the law that every slave man had to work on the road six days a year from the time he was sixteen till he was sixty. So the owners would hold back the ages of the slave boys 'bout two years to save that much time for work on the plantations. Then, too, if your owner wanted to sell you, he'd pretend you were younger than you really was. We was classed right with the brutes, and they did as they pleased with us. I have n't seen my father and mother since I was twelve or thirteen years ol'. They were sold to a speculator way down South. It was no more to separate a nigger and his wife from their child than a cow from her calf.

I used to pray for the time to come when I'd be free. One morning I was walkin' along ploughin'. It was 'bout 'leven o'clock, I reckon; and I heard a voice say, "You'll be free some day — just as free as the man that owns you."

The voice seemed to come from above, and I turned round and leaned back between my plough handles and

¹ We sat on the piazza of a tidy house in one of the negro sections of Chattanooga. My companion was an amiable, leisurely old man, as black as midnight. He recalled with evident relish that most exciting period of his life, and the visit was a mutual pleasure.

looked up. But I did n't see anything. It was just an ordinary voice, and yet I felt sure it was the voice of the Lord. I knew He would fulfil what He had promised, and I never doubted afterward that I would be free.

But the older I got the more I grieved about my father and mother. I'd shed tears as I was doin' my work. Then ag'in I heard a voice while I was ploughin'. It was in the evening. I'd got to the end of a furrow and was ready to start back when a voice said, "If you would marry some one that you love you would n't grieve this way."

The voice was the same kind, precisely, that I'd heard before. I could n't see anything when I looked up except the sky and the elements above. That was long, long ago, and I have n't heard no such voice since. But one thing I noticed — both prophecies come true. Just as the voice spoke so it was. Not long after I got that second message I married, and I did quit grieving. I had something that comforted me and satisfied my mind.

My marster's place was 'bout twenty miles south of Chattanooga over the line in Georgia. We had a good many alarms thar with the different armies marching around the country, and considerable refugeein' was done — sometimes to the near mountains, sometimes off down South. Once my marster had me refugee with his two daughters. The oldest was fifteen and the other twelve. He had me hitch a couple of mules to a canvas-covered farm wagon and take the girls and a tent eight miles to Pigeon Mountain. He said he knew a citizen named Hall who'd gone thar to camp in the mountain gap, and he told me just whar to find him. We was to stay with him over night, and then word would be sent to us what to do next.

The sun was only an hour high when we started, and it was getting dusky by the time we come to whar the man was supposed to be. But he was n't thar. We searched around till nine o'clock. Then we struck a man who said: "I know whar Mr. Hall is. He's six miles from hyar. You can't find him to-night."

It was dark, and the girls did n't care to travel any further. So we stopped right thar, and I started a little fire and made some coffee and fried some meat. We was in the woods and thar was n't no house near, but we had a good covered wagon, and after we finished supper the girls went to sleep in the front part of the wagon, and I went to sleep in the back part. It was a wild, lonely place, but I was n't feared of nothin' in them days. I'd fight with my fists if I did n't have anythin' else handy.

Next morning we had breakfast, and 'bout ten o'clock a white boy come on horseback with orders from my marster for us to go back home. So I hooked up and lit out from thar. The mules wanted to get home as much as I did, and we was n't long on the road.

Early in the fall of '63 Rosecrans come over the mountain. That was what skeered my marster. He asked my advice — which was it best to do — run or stand?

I said: "You know you can't make nothin' runnin' ahead of two armies. You'd fare better by staying."

But thousands of people went south with their slaves. Often a planter took every soul off his place. Mostly the darkies went by wagon — horse power — but plenty of 'em walked. Their marsters could n't get 'em all out. The Yankees come too quick, but that did n't prevent the Confederate cavalry from slipping back and helping to bring away a lot of the others. Every black man that

the Confederates ketched goin' toward the Yankee lines they killed anyhow. They'd leave no life in him, and if they ketched a slave woman they'd treat her the same. Old Hood and Gatewood, who commanded the Southern cavalry, were bad fellers. They were scoutin' around between the two armies, and you'd get news of 'em all the time doin' their devilment.

One quiet morning we heard drums and fifes seven or eight miles away at Bluebird Gap. I knew tereckly it was not Confederate music. Oh, yes sir-ee! I could tell the difference, and I spoke to my old boss about it, and said, "The Yankees are comin'."

He stood thar and listened at it. Then he shook his head and tol' his wife: "He's right. Those ain't our men. Well, thar's nothin' to hender them comin' if they want to."

All that night the Southern cavalry was retreatin' past our place, and some of 'em was goin' pretty peart, too. They thought the Union army was right behind 'em. A few days afterward the battle of Chickamauga was fought. It was twelve miles away, but we could hear it all. We could even hear the men hollerin' when they charged. Rosecrans was beaten. He'd run afoul of the enemy without enough men, and the Confederates let into him so fierce he was glad to retreat back to Chattanooga.

The second day of the battle I decided to go to the Yankees. That was n't on account of the way I was treated. No, sir! My folks was good folks to me — I'll say that. But I did n't want to keep on bein' a slave, and I did n't want to be refugeeed south, which was what I expected, no matter who beat in the battle, unless the Yankees was all driven out of the country.

Our white people tol' us terrible tales 'bout the folks up North. They said the Yankees had a horn right in the middle of their foreheads. But I did n't believe all I heard, and I was determined I'd run away. Mose Matthews and two other young fellers agreed to go with me. Thar was others who would have liked to escape, but they was afeard to tackle it.

We started that night. I guess it was twixt three and four o'clock. Daybreak was on when we was six or seven miles from home. We did n't carry a thing but some bowie knives that a party of Southern soldiers had left on the place. Our intention was to go to Chattanooga, though we thought we'd get into the Union lines sooner. Any-way we was certain we could make the trip that day.

We kept to the road until after sunup, when we saw a man named Jack Spears out at the woodpile in front of his house. He knowed some of us, and he hollered, "Hello! boys, whar are you-all goin'?"

"To Chattanooga," Mose said.

"But the Yankees have got Chattanooga," Jack said.

"Yes, that's why we're goin' thar," Mose tol' him.

Mose ought not to have said that. We kept right on, and I tol' the others: "Jack'll give the alarm, and we'll soon be follered. Now you fellers can do what you please, but I'm goin' to take to the woods."

They all went with me. We had n't gone far when we heard the sound of horses on the road comin' in our direction — plockity, plockity; plockity, plockity — and tereckly six men on horseback come into sight. One of 'em was Jack Spears on his ol' gray mare, and the rest was Rebel soldiers. We were on a hill at the edge of the woods half a mile from the road, and the men never saw

us but galloped on out of sight. We knew they'd stop befo' they reached the Yankee pickets so as not to get halted, and then they'd come back.

So we went on roundabout, and that took us across the battlefield. We did n't see a living soul thar, but I declare it was something to look at. The dead bodies lay so thick we could have walked on 'em for half a mile. Big trees grew on the battlefield, and some that would measure three and a half feet through had been cut up into frazzles, and the bushes had all been mowed down by the bullets and shells. A cyclone never did do any worse harm than that — no, sir!

We come right into Chattanooga, and the Yankee officers told us we could join the army or go to work as laborers for the government. I accepted the team business for my part. But I had n't been at that long when I began to study on goin' back to get my wife, and I kept after the officers to let me go out.

At last they give me a pass. That was 'bout sixteen days after I got to Chattanooga. In the evening I had some pistols and a bowie knife buckled onto me, and I was settin' thar with several other men in front of a tent eatin' and laughin' and talkin'.

"I'm goin' back to whar my wife is," I said, "and if any one bothers me thar'll be a row. If they ketch me they'll kill me, but I'll never be taken alive. They can leave me a greasy spot on the ground befo' I'll let 'em capture me. Long as I can stand up I intend to fight, and if I fall I'll keep on fightin' until I can't move."

Just then my wife walked in. I would n't have taken a thousand dollars for her comin' and savin' me the trouble of makin' that trip.





THE SLAVE WIFE JOINS HER HUSBAND

I'd been married a year. My wife was owned by a man who had a big place near my marster's. She had refueged once, and they made her do everything — the cooking, washing, milking, and ironing — and she was n't able to stand up to it all. They nearly worked her to death, for she was n't fiery or anything of that kind and did what she was told to do without complainin'. She fared so rough I did n't want her to refugee ag'in. So befo' I left I posted her to run away when they began carryin' the slaves south, and she done like I told her.

Pretty soon her marster took nearly all his slaves off on Rebel cavalry horses. My wife got away and went to the house of an old granny lady that was crippled, and stayed over night. An uncle by marriage and another neighbor man was gettin' ready to run away to Chattanooga, and she bundled up and come with them. She carried a little pillow-slip of clothes on her head. I'd only brought away what clothes I had on my back.

I drew a tent from the government, and then I went to work and made it equal to a house. The tent part did for the roof, and I planked up the sides as high as my head, usin' old bo'ds and stuff that belonged to the army. You see pieces of plank that had been used to hold on goods sent by freight was always lyin' around, and thar was plenty of empty boxes; so it was n't much trouble to build a pretty good little house. I made the floor out of sugar boxes that I took to pieces, and I used gunny sacks for a carpet. The chimley I built out of brickbats and mud, and I made a good fireplace, and we got pots and skillets so we could do the cooking.

Chattanooga was only a steamboat landing then, and the place was full of ponds, bullfrogs, water moccasins,

and everything else. It was just a village, and if you got on top of a hill you could count every house around in ten minutes. The houses were thinned out some during the fightin' that fall. I guess thar mought have been thirty of 'em burned.

The Rebels found us in the town, and they cut us off from the railroad so all our supplies had to be brought by wagon train. I was in one of the wagon trains and driv' back and forth hauling for the commissary. Thar was one spell of nine days when we was cut off entirely from our food supplies. But it would have taken a pretty good twist to get those Yankees out of Chattanooga. They'd have died fightin' befo' they'd 'a' given the town up. The soldiers got mighty mad 'bout thar bein' so little to eat. "Let us have our way," they said, "and we'll whip the Rebels and get some food. We'd soon have sowbelly and hardtack."

They were so near starved that they would pick up any little piece of hardtack they found in the mud of the streets. For a while they lived on parched corn and water, and I tell you such food goes mighty well if you can't get anything else. Probably a soldier could do mo' marchin' and fightin' on that than on richer food. I've heard tell of two fellers who was goin' to be hung, and the judge made a proposal to 'em. "We won't hang you," he said, "but we'll keep you in jail, and feed you on bread and water. You can have corn bread or wheat bread — we'll give you your ruthers."

One chose wheat bread in preference, and he soon played out and died. The other undertook corn bread, and he lived and fattened. That's what he did, and it proved that corn bread is a heap the healthiest bread. He

seen his partner left him, and many another man's head was cold befo' hisn. In fact, he lived so long that the judge had to find some other way of gettin' rid of him.

What I was aimin' to say was that we fared pretty hard in Chattanooga for a while, but we did n't starve to death. That was whar the Rebels was fooled ag'in. We had to do some heavy fightin', but it was they who did the runnin' afterward and not us.

XXXIII

The Paroled Soldier ¹

WHEN the war began I was goin' to school at an academy twenty-six mile north of Chattanooga. The war broke the school up. I expect it had as many as one hundred and fifty students, and forty-four of 'em was old enough to become soldiers. About half of the forty-four went across the mountain and joined the Federal army, and the other half enlisted on the Southern side.

The principal of the academy was a strong Union man, but after the school had broken up he come down with a serious sickness. He thought that sickness was a judgment because he'd been goin' against his state. So when he got well he went into the Rebel army, and he was a sergeant in my regiment.

The assistant principal was from Ohio, but he was the worst Rebel we had in the school. He would have gone into the Southern army if his mother had n't insisted that he should come home. His last word when he left was that he would be back to lead us, and the next we heard was that the feller was a Federal lieutenant.

I was raised on a farm right out north of Chattanooga close to Orchard Knob. The Knob is a pretty good-sized

¹ He was a hearty, full-bearded veteran whose hair was as yet more black than white. I visited him in the pleasant, modern city house where he lived. While he told of his experiences he often chuckled over incidents and hardships that originally had been entirely serious, but which the softening touch of the passing years had made humorous.

height that rises out of the level ground just like a round potato hill. We had a very good framed house there with two rooms in the main part and two rooms in an ell. My brother-in-law was running the farm.

The Rebels was picking up all the recruits they could, and he was afraid they'd conscript him. He was a quiet, peaceable man who did n't interfere with anybody's business, and, besides, he was a Union man. Naturally the idea of bein' forced into the Rebel army did n't suit him. So he changed the birth date in his Bible to make him appear to be ten years older than he really was. When the conscripters come around he would n't tell his age at all, but would show the Bible. He was a dark-skinned man getting gray, and the conscripters did n't suspicion that he was young enough to go into the army.

My regiment was in Vicksburg during the siege. I'd got to be twenty-five years old. The week after the place surrendered, as near as I can remember we were payroled. The Yankees examined our knapsacks and everything to see that we did n't carry away what we ought not to, and they give us so many days' rations and let us go. We walked out easterly across the state about one hundred and fifty miles and then got a train, and I came home to Chattanooga.

My brother-in-law had died of the smallpox, but I knew nothing of it till I reached home. He'd been dead a month then. They'd got the place cleaned up only a day or two before I come. The disease had run through the whole family, and when I met the children with their faces all scarred I did n't hardly know 'em. It made a pretty sad arrival for me.

We had eighty acres of land, but not more than twenty

acres was cle' red. Corn was our principal raising. The Rebels was here, and they'd taken the chickens and hogs and sich things as that. All my sister had left was a cow or two and a blind mar' and a filly. The soldiers had cleaned up pretty near everything else.

Our home people suffered from the Yankees and Rebels alike. The truth is there was thieves and rascals and gentlemen, too, in both armies. I don't think one side was any worse or any better than the other.

I just stayed at home and worked with the rest, and I was there when the Federals got to Chattanooga early in September. On the night before the Rebels left I went down in the town — it was n't much of a town then. We knew the Yankees were movin' in this direction. Of course, they had no right to interfere with me at all as long as I observed my payroll, but if the Confederates was goin' to leave I wanted to go with 'em. General Cheatham promised faithfully to let me know when they got ready to start, and I returned and went to bed and slept peacefully.

In the morning I got on my horse and rode down town again. As I approached the soldiers' camp everything was quiet and no one moving. In fact, they'd all gone, and they'd gone in a hurry, too. A good deal of stuff was lyin' around, hogskins was hangin' on the bushes, and there was a little curling of blue smoke from the camp-fires.

I left the camp and was riding toward the village when I heard two or three guns fire from the north side of the river. There was no answering guns from this side — just silence. On the borders of the village I found twenty or more of our best citizens trying to fix up a flag of truce

to carry down to the river and surrender the town. Among 'em was Chattanooga's mayor and the sheriff of the county. When the white flag was ready they made me ride ahead and carry it. They said they'd all go with me, but they got weak-kneed and stopped to rest on the doorsteps along. My following had dwindled to three by the time I reached the river. The Yankees was on the other bank. They was just gettin' into boats to come across. There was an upper ferry and a lower ferry, and each ferry had at least one large boat that could take a four-horse wagon, and a couple of smaller boats for lighter teams. The boats was all pulled with oars. The Yankees had secured enough of those boats so they could ferry across pretty peart. Besides, there was skiffs and canoes and dugouts. If a feller was n't mighty careful when he stepped into a dugout he hit the water.

I did n't enjoy bein' where I was, and I soon left. I remembered that I had n't said farewell to a schoolmate of mine, a young lady whose name was Miss Sally Royson. So I handed the white flag to the mayor and lit out to see her. Miss Sally's father was a Union man. He'd been gone to Nashville several months, but I expected he was on the other side of the river now, and I wanted to tell her he was comin' and to have a good dinner ready for him.

After the Yankees had been here a week or two they had a little skirmish with the enemy around the edge of Lookout Mountain. When it was over a Rebel who'd been in that fight come to our house and wanted me to get word to his mother that he was all right. She lived not more than a mile from me, but the feller did n't want to go any farther for fear the Yankees would capture him.

After dinner I started. I went afoot, and when I got there I found her and a nigger out in the yard watching some dust up the road. The nigger had a double-barrel shotgun in his hands. A troop of Union cavalry was comin'. They stopped at the gate to ask what I was doin' there. You see I wore my Confederate uniform. I explained and showed my payroll papers and they treated me very kind.

While they was talkin' with me 'a horse ran out of the barn into the lot and the head officer told two of his men to go and get him. The officer and the rest of his command started on, and the two men went into the lot to ketch the horse. At the same time the nigger jumped over the fence with his gun and said they should n't have that horse. So they galloped off across to the main road and joined their comrades and reported. In a few minutes a squad of 'em come back, and the nigger saw it wa'n't no use, and they took the horse.

On the two days that the battle of Chickamauga was fought I set on Orchard Knob and listened at it. I took along my little niece. She was about three, I reckon. I kept her with me for protection so if the Yankees accidentally come across me they would n't think I was spyin'. I could hear the small arms, and I could look over Missionary Ridge and see the smoke a-risin'. I remember what I had for breakfast the day the battle ended. I had corn bread and pickled pork, and for drink there was coffee that was made out of parched sweet potatoes.

A week or two later I moved my folks farther south where I hoped we'd be less disturbed, but there was n't much comfort to be had till the war ended. Everybody was glad then. I remember I met a nice young lieutenant

in Chattanooga right after the news reached us of Lee's surrender, and he was ready to throw his arms around me, or any other Rebel, he was so happy. He'd been celebrating by drinking, and he said, "This is the first time I ever got drunk in my life."

XXXIV

The Girl on the Mountain ¹

My father was a carpenter here in Chattanooga, but a time came when he had to stop work on account of tuberculosis. The physicians in town had given him up. However, he decided to move to the top of Lookout Mountain and try the rest and air cure. He rented a little log cabin up there. That was in 1851 when I was two years old. We carried our goods up an Indian trail on packmules. Mother took me up in her lap on horseback. Several families were already living on the mountain, and a road was built the next year. Then more families moved there, and Father put up a frame house. His health had improved, and he was now able to work as usual.

The mountain rises to a height of about three thousand feet. It has a flat top, and our house was right on the plateau a mile from the point. We mountain dwellers had gardens and orchards and turnip patches, and we kept cows and pigs. Six miles farther back on the mountain were farms. Near our home was the Lookout Mountain Educational Institute. It had some seventy-five pupils boarding right at the school and a few day pupils, but most of the families at the point had governesses to teach their children books and music.

¹ She was a serene, white-haired woman in an attractive home of more than ordinary refinement. I was her guest one evening while she recalled for my benefit her childhood life in war days.

Our first serious experience in warfare came in August '63 when a Northern detachment under Wilder bombarded the town. It was on a Friday that had been set apart by the Confederate government for fasting and prayer. A Chattanooga woman who had a summer home on the mountain had brought me down to the meeting in her rockaway. The church was crowded and the minister was praying when the first shell came and exploded just outside. I looked around. I thought the gallery had fallen. A woman who sat in the seat in front of me slapped her husband on the back and exclaimed, "My God! Mr. Bruce, the Yankees are coming."

The minister kept right on praying, but the people in the pews all jumped up and got out. There was almost a panic. A great many of them went off south without even going to their homes. The neighbor who had brought me sent her driver to her town house, and he got as much as he could carry in a sheet, and then we hurried back to the mountain. The bombardment damaged the town buildings more or less and a number of people were hit, including a little girl who was killed on the street. But the Yankees did n't cross the river.

A great many Confederate soldiers were stationed on the mountain, and they had very little to eat. We owned five elegant cows, but the soldiers killed them and issued them out as rations. They got our pigs and chickens, too, and we did n't have anything left but a flock of guineas. The guineas could fly up in the trees, and they escaped. The country was scoured over by both armies, everything was demoralized, and food was n't to be bought for love or money. We just lived from hand to mouth.

Salt was one of the scarcest commodities. That's one

272 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

thing we could n't get along without. People even dug up the ground in their smokehouses to get it. You see meat that had been pickled in brine had been hung in there year after year, and the drippings had fallen to the dirt below. By putting the earth in a hopper and letting water run through it the salt would be carried along. Then, when the water was boiled down, the salt would crystallize. Of course it was unrefined, but it was better than none at all.

My father was a Union man, and he had to stay pretty close. Once he was ordered to report to the headquarters of General Bragg who was the chief commander of the Confederates in this vicinity. He had been betrayed by a neighbor woman. She had a grudge against him because he had refused to let our wagon go to town to haul supplies for her. A Confederate officer was sick at our house. We nursed a good many sick soldiers of both armies and so made friends. Mother was terribly distressed about Father's summons, and she told that sick officer of our trouble. So the officer wrote a letter and sent it by an orderly to General Bragg, and Father was let off.

When the battle of Chickamauga was fought it was a very dry time. The springs were all dried up and the dust was ankle deep. Many of the soldiers who marched past our house carried their shoes their feet hurt so. We could see the battleground about a dozen miles off to the south and trace the movements of the armies by the dust and smoke. We could hear the cannonading, too. It was terrible and made us feel as if nobody could live through it.

After the battle the Union army was cooped up here in Chattanooga with only one rough mountain road over

which to draw supplies from Bridgeport, sixty miles distant. Sometimes raiders captured the wagon trains and the teams would n't get to bring anything through. When the soldiers had flour they'd take it to some townswoman, and she'd make light bread for them and get a part of the flour in pay. She took toll like a miller. A relative of ours gave some of the soldiers two sacks of shelled corn at a time when they were suffering for food. They filled the little pint cups they drank their coffee out of, and they parched the corn and ate it and were glad to get it.

Ten thousand horses and mules died here within a month for want of food. Their bodies lay all along the road. I counted as many as thirteen in one pile. They made the air in the valley just stifling. It was all the soldiers could do to bury the men who died, and they did n't bother with the horses and mules.

There was always lots of sickness in the army. Sometimes there'd be an epidemic of measles. That's a serious disease for grown persons. A man would get delirious and wander out of the tent or house where he was, and he'd be out over night and catch cold and die. There was small-pox galore toward the end of the war. Lots of soldiers, too, died from scurvy. Scurvy was caused by eating too much salt meat, and men sick with it were just crazy to get onions or any kind of vegetables. That was the kind of food they needed if they were going to recover. The diseases that ravaged the armies spread to the homes. The colored troops were a special menace in carrying the infection, so many of them were gadding about the country and getting into families.

While the Union troops were besieged here there was great lack of firewood in the place. Cameron Hill, which

274 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

was covered with beautiful trees was soon swept bare, and the soldiers even dug up the stumps to burn in their fires. No barns or outbuildings were left anywhere.

Grant arrived late in October, and a wagon road was established to a point down the river where supplies could be brought by boat. Then Sherman came with reinforcements, and on November 24th Fighting Joe Hooker assailed Lookout Mountain which was held by the Confederates. We sometimes have a fog here in a gloomy rainy spell so dense that you can't see anybody fifty yards away. It was raining that morning, and one of those thick fogs was hanging about the mountain sides. The Confederates could n't see the movements of the Union troops and were not aware of their approach until they had reached the base of the mountain. The plateau at the summit is bounded by a palisade or precipice of rocks with stony, wooded slopes below. Some of the Federals fought their way up to the palisade on the north side of the mountain.

The Confederates had fortified themselves on the plateau, but they were expecting to be attacked from the other direction. However, they readjusted themselves, and they formed a line of battle extending from the summit to the valley. In the fighting that followed they were gradually pushed back along the mountain side and around its eastern end. The contending troops under the point at the foot of the palisades were above the clouds, and they were all invisible from the valley. They fought until after dark. The firing sounded like the popping of popcorn in a skillet.

A good many people took their bedding and things and went down under the cliffs on the other side of the moun-



THE SHARPSHOOTER AFTER THE BATTLE

tain and stayed all night. Our family did n't run. We were up till late, and then there was a lull in the battle and we went to sleep as usual.

Some of the signal corps had been stopping at our house. The mountain was an excellent place to signal from, and on many a night we had watched the waving of answering signal torches on distant high points. The signal corps men had to leave in a hurry, and they told us a retreat had been ordered and that the commissary stores, which were in a vacant house near by, would have to be left behind. They wanted us to have some of those stores.

Mother and I and Father hurried to the vacant house and brought away what we could carry in our arms and hid the things in the attic. We had hardly done that when some Union troops came and searched the house. They looked up in the attic, but they did n't find our commissary stores.

We went out and walked about later in the day, and I remember seeing a dead sharpshooter. He had established himself in a crevice of a mountain cliff, and from there had been picking off the Union troops. But finally they saw and shot him, and he fell all in a heap down in the crevice. His body was there for several days.

Missionary Ridge rises south of the town to the height of a few hundred feet, and on its crest were posted fifteen thousand Confederates with cannon. The very day that Hooker completed his conquest of Lookout Mountain the Union troops successfully stormed Missionary Ridge. The assault was made at three o'clock in the afternoon, and we could see the men as they charged up the slope with the sun shining on their accouterments. It was a wonderful sight. The battle was short and decisive. The Con-

276 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

federates fled in wild disorder, and the guns that they abandoned were turned against them.

There was great loss of life, a host of wounded, and numerous prisoners. The fighting forces were still further reduced by desertions. Back on the mountain a score of miles was a wild, isolated region that was full of deserters from both armies. The poor country folks out there lost all they had. Yes, the army played havoc in one way or another with every section it was in.

The Cabinet-Maker's Daughter ¹

WHEN Maw and Paw came here to Chattanooga the place was just a steamboat landing on the Tennessee River. Now the city has expanded southward from the river till its borders touch Missionary Ridge, but at the time of the war Missionary Ridge was way out in the woods. It was certainly in the wilderness. The number of inhabitants in the straggling village could n't have been over fifteen hundred. There was a foundry here, a distillery, and a couple of gristmills.

Paw was a cabinet-maker and had a two-room shop. At first he did his work in one of the rooms, and he and Maw lived in the other room. Later they had a house about a mile from the shop, and Paw rode from there to his business on horseback each morning. He kept on with his cabinet-making all through the war. Maw and the children were left alone out at the house during the day-time, and when the war unsettled things Maw got a pistol and put up a mark and learned to shoot. We had a colored man that Paw had bought, and one day he told Maw he'd just seen thirty-two army wagons drive into our cornfield.

"Well," she said, "you go and put a saddle on a horse for me, and I'll ride over there."

¹ She had been only a child when the rival armies contended in the vicinity, and so was not yet old. Indeed, as I talked with her in her city home, she still had the energy and vivacity that belong to youth. ..

278 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

"You can't drive those men out," he said. "They'll give you impudence."

But she had him saddle her horse and get on his own horse and go along with her. Niggers was reliable during slave-time — not like they are now. They got to the cornfield and found that several lengths of the rail fence had been taken down, and the wagons had driven right into the corn.

"Now, look hyar, you-all men," Maw said, "the last one of you turn your teams around and go out of that lot and put the fence up behind you."

They commenced to say something.

"No use to talk," she said, and showed her pistol. "If you don't go I'll blow your brains out."

"Well lady," they said, "we're not doing a thing except to get corn to feed our horses."

"And I'm trying to save it to make bread for my six children," she told 'em.

They came out of there and put up the fence, and we heard that when they got back to their tents they said to the other teamsters: "You better be careful how you go over onto that place. The woman there knows how to shoot."

Maw certainly was spunky. Paw often had to tell her not to talk so much or we'd all be sent North. But, you know, during the war, a woman could say a heap more things than a man.

When the Yankees bombarded the town Paw took a child under each arm and Maw did the same and carried the four children down the steps into the cellar. Then they came back and got the other two, and every moment they were expecting to be knocked over by a shell. Late in the

day, the shells stopped flying, and Paw went out and milked the cows and tended to everything. We spent the night down in the cellar.

A few weeks later the Yankees took possession of the town. We had a good-sized house, and they quartered six or seven officers with us for a while. It was a trying time. They'd say things and Maw would talk back. Paw would look at her and shake his head, and sometimes she'd stop and sometimes she would n't. Occasionally their talk was almost too much even for Paw. One morning, at breakfast, the officers were sitting there talking, and the nigger subject came up. "I think a nigger is as good as a white man," an officer said.

Afterward Paw told Maw: "If you had n't looked at me I'd 'a' laid that officer out. It was the bitterest pill I ever had to swallow, and I had to swallow it at my own table. But I give you fair warning I'm not going to do such a thing any more."

The officers left us presently, and we arranged to have a guard stationed at our house to protect us. We'd have been imposed on in all sorts of ways if it had n't been for him. Paw's mother lived on the other side of the town. She was an old lady. I expect she was about seventy-two. But the Union officers did n't think anything of going there and putting her and her daughter out and putting some contraband negroes in. She'd send word to us, and our guard would go up there and tell the negroes to get out, and he'd put the old lady and her daughter back.

The Yankees would have got some negroes into our house if they could. An officer came one day and walked in and looked through the house and said he wanted a room for two colored women.

280 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

"I have no place in my house for niggers," Maw told him. "You can't get 'em in here"; and the officer went away.

The soldiers were camped all around, and if they saw anything in the yard that they wanted they came in and took it — they never asked for it. We had a Newfoundland dog, and he would bark at 'em. One time a soldier came into the yard to carry off something, and the dog rushed toward him barking. The fellow raised an ax to strike the dog, and Maw ran out and said, "That dog won't bite you."

"If he does bite me, I'll split his head open," the man said.

Such things as that used Maw up, and once she was sitting on the steps crying over the war and our losses. A little piece of ragged carpet was lying in the yard, and a soldier picked it up. "Lady," he said, "may I have this?"

"Well," she replied, "you've taken everything else without asking, and I suppose you can take that, too."

Just then an officer came around the corner of the house. "Put that down," he said.

"What authority have you got to give me orders?" the soldier asked.

The officer pulled out his sword and flourished it around. "Here's my authority," he said.

"I guess I was right mean," Mother told us afterward, "but I never was so anxious in my life to see a man's legs whacked off."

Oh! the war was just a regular tear-up here in Chattanooga.

XXXVI

A Tennessee Boy¹

FATHER had settled on the other side of Missionary Ridge, four miles from town. He died in 1858 when I was a child.

The people in this region were pretty well divided on the slavery question. Often opposite sides were taken in the same family, and there was much feeling. At least fifty per cent of the people were for the Union. A company of Confederate soldiers was stationed at Chattanooga, and those soldiers went around to the houses in the adjacent country and arrested every one they suspected of sympathizing with the North. They brought their prisoners to town and put them under guard.

One day they were out our way. They'd been to a number of different houses, and at each house had arrested the head of the family and his grown sons and marched them off. Among those taken into custody were several of the tenants on our farm. Soldiers and prisoners were all on foot, and they were followed by the prisoners' wives and children. The road was full when they got to Mother's. They were on the big road heading to town. At our place the soldiers made the women and children turn back. There was crying and wringing of hands, and the parting was very touching.

¹ He was now a stout-figured, deliberate business man. I spent a morning hour with him in his handsome office in one of Chattanooga's big public buildings. As he talked he puffed meditatively at his pipe and sat with his feet on his broad-topped desk.

282 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

The arrested men were kept in town several days. Then an influential citizen got them all released, and they returned to their homes, but not to stay. Within a short time they all left for the North, and many of 'em joined the Union army and fought their way back to the region of their birth.

It would n't have been safe for 'em to stay here. A mile and a half from where I was raised lived a very intelligent Union man named Lominick. He had education and ability, and he had courage. If let alone he was inoffensive, but the fact that he was an outspoken opponent of slavery made him enemies who would n't stop at any crime. One Saturday night some of 'em went to his place. It seems he must have been expecting trouble, for he was sleeping in the barn. They got in there and took him out and hung him to a little post oak tree on his own farm.

The next day we had gathered at church for preaching when we got word of what had happened, and we all immediately went to Mr. Lominick's place. Some man coming along the road that morning had seen the body and had told Mrs. Lominick. She went and cut her husband down, and when we got there she was sitting under the oak tree with his head in her lap.

The body was put into a wagon and hauled to the house. We all followed and went in, and the house was full. A very large number of people attended the funeral on Monday, and the dead man was buried in his home yard next to his baby girl. A good many old-timers used to be buried in their yards.

The community was very indignant over this lynching. Two men who lived a few miles away were suspected of being the murderers, but they did n't await any investi-

gating. They immediately joined the Confederate army. A fellow could do anything and escape punishment by joining the army.

After the war one of the men returned to his home, and he had n't been there long when he was dragged out of his house one night and beaten and left for dead. But he revived and got out of the country. People had no doubt that his assailants were Mr. Lominick's sons avenging the death of their father. Nothing was done to punish them. One of 'em is living out on the old place yet.

The war came on here in earnest in 1863, and for a while some seventy-five thousand Confederate troops were stationed between the town and Missionary Ridge. Mother had only myself and my sister with her. So she applied for protection, and a house guard was sent to us. The officers in both armies seemed to take pains to select men of good character for that duty. Our guard did his work efficiently until he was ordered back to camp, when the Confederates were leaving at the approach of the Federal army.

The battle of Chickamauga was fought only about six miles from our home. It was so clost that we could hear the roaring of the cannon very distinctly. While the battle was going on Colonel Minty with a regiment of Northern cavalry came to our farm and they fed their horses in a ten-acre cornfield of ours. They cleaned it out. The field was n't in sight from the house, but Mother learned of what they'd been doing, and she took me and my sister and went right down there. She found the colonel near by in an old log church, and he paid for the corn by giving her a voucher for ninety dollars. It was not till seven months later though that she got the money.

284 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

My mother had been a school teacher in her younger days, and was more cultured and capable than the average of women. She was strongly religious and thought it was a sin to own slaves. Her friends advised her to at least buy two or three to help on the farm, but she would not. She and Colonel Minty had quite a conversation in the old log church, and among other things she told him how sure she was of the righteousness of the Union cause, and that the Lord was with the Federal army.

"Well," he said, "that certainly explains why so many deserters are comin' to our camp. But don't you think you'd better be going home?" he asked. "I expect some of our soldiers are pilfering your house now."

Sure enough, when we got there several soldiers had broken into our smokehouse. They heard us coming and skinned out — ran like good fellows.

The battle was over the next day. The Yankees got back to Chattanooga, and the Rebels followed them as far as Missionary Ridge. The men and teams of the whole Confederate army passed our place. They were going all that day and all night and the better portion of the day after.

The troops were camped close by until late in November. One of the colonels had a tent in our yard. We had an old-fashioned three-room house with a big chimney at one end, and there was a log kitchen sitting a little apart from it. My mother was a very energetic woman, and she entertained to some extent ladies from farther south who came to see their husbands and sons, and she baked a great deal to sell to the army. I was only ten years old, but most every day I'd take to camp a basket filled with pies, cakes, corn bread, and light bread. Mother had the

reputation of making the finest corn bread in the country. The soldiers were so anxious to get it they'd flock right around me as soon as I arrived.

Sometimes I did my peddling on horseback. Once, when I had ridden my little sorrel mare to camp, I sold my load and went to a spring to water her and get a drink myself. A bunch of soldiers was there who belonged to the Texas Rangers. One of 'em helped me off and on the horse. When he lifted me back he tickled me. I reached home and put my hand in my pocket to deliver the money I'd received to my mother, and my little red pocket-book was gone.

The peculiar part of the matter is that some twenty-five years later I was on a train with a number of gentlemen in the smoking car, and I related this incident. When I got through one of 'em said: "I was very much interested in your story. I belonged to the regiment of Rangers which was camped near that spring, and I remember very well that the fellow who tickled you showed us your pocketbook afterward. That very night I and some others, including him and our colonel, were gambling. He had a falling-out with the colonel and killed him. Then he made his escape and joined the Federal army."

All the time that the Confederates were camped in our neighborhood there was more or less bombarding, and after dark I often sat in the yard and watched the bombs go over the house. They were like comets, with a long tail of light trailing after 'em.

On the day of the battle of Missionary Ridge myself and a colored man started early for camp, each with a basket of provisions. It was n't an unusual thing for the Federals and Confederates to be shooting at each other,

286 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

but we noticed there was more shooting than usual that morning. When we got up on the top of the ridge the colored man said to me: "Buddy, you'd better go back home. They're fightin'. I'll take your basket."

He went along with the baskets, and I've never seen the nigger from that day to this. I waited a while, and the bullets began to fly so thick I lay down behind a stump. There I stayed all day. I did n't have anything to eat, and I did n't want anything. I had too much else to think of. Men were shot all around me, and the wounded lay on the ground groaning to beat the band. I thought if the Yankees knew that a little boy like me was there they'd stop the fight till I got home. The bullets were cutting off twigs and bushes in the woods roundabout, and I got myself in as small a ball as I could behind the stump.

It's curious the different ways men conduct themselves in battle. If a bombshell fell near them some would laugh and smack their hands. Others would look serious as if they felt the awfulness of the situation. Some would swear. They'd cuss the Yankees at the top of their voice. Others would sing a jolly song. When a shell burst in the ranks the yelling was almost deafening.

Near my stump was a very large cannon. The Confederates presently started to retreat, and orders were given to haul the cannon away. A driver with some big, fine-looking bay horses was hitching onto it when a bullet killed one of the horses. That excited the others and they pranced around so that he had difficulty in getting them straightened out. Before he could hitch them to the cannon a second horse was killed. He kept losing 'em that way till only one was left; and he got on it to ride off. Just then a wounded man called to him for help.

"Pardner," the driver said, "if I can lift you up on this horse I believe I can get away with you."

He dismounted, and in a few moments had contrived to get the wounded man on the horse's back. Then he jumped up himself and away they went down the ridge as fast as the horse could gallop.

About that time a couple of gentlemen spoke to me. They were hangers-on of the army — clerks or something — and they were the first persons who'd noticed me that day.

"What are you doing here?" they asked.

I don't know what my reply was, but it throwed 'em into convulsions of laughter.

"You'd better light out," they advised, "or the Yankees'll be here and get you. Where do you live?"

"Just down the hill to the east," I answered.

"Come along then," they said. "We're going that way."

I went with them a little piece, but they were n't going fast enough, and I left 'em and dodged along ahead. Before I got home I met my mother and she embraced me with tears of joy. She'd got so alarmed about my long absence that she did n't know what to do, and she'd left my little sister alone in the house and was comin' to look for me.

That experience of mine has proved valuable to me in one way since. When my children were small and wouldn't sleep at night I'd tell them the story of how I stayed behind a stump on Missionary Ridge while the battle was being fought there, and it never failed to quiet them.

After Mother and I reached home I heard the small balls striking the house and the boards of the fence around

288 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

the yard. The army had taken all our cows but one some time before. That one was in a cleared field a short distance from the house. We became anxious about her, and I slipped out the back door and went after her. I had got the old cow turned around and started toward the house when I heard a shell coming right in my direction. It made a noise somewhat similar to that made by the wings of a covey of birds. I'd been taught by the soldiers that I must lie flat on my breast to avoid being hit by a shell, and down I lay. The shell burst, and pieces of it went over me and the cow without hitting us. Then we went on, and I put her in the smokehouse and locked her up.

The Confederates had left, and now we had the Yankees around us. Some of 'em broke into the smokehouse that night. They evidently tried to split the cow's head with an ax, but she got away, and we found her in the morning with a great gash in her shoulder. We sewed up the wound and put her back in the smokehouse. But the soldiers stole her after night came, and when we looked around the next day we came across her hide a quarter of a mile away.

As soon as the winter was past we went to work to replace the fences that had been destroyed and get our fields ready to plant. It was a good crop year, and we received first-rate prices for all we raised. The next year the war ended, and we were able to buy army horses for thirty or forty dollars apiece and so got our farm running in good shape again.

XXXVII

The Mulatto Girl¹

I LIVED with my Uncle Amos in a four-room frame house in what is now the business part of the city. Chattanooga was a small place then with just a house hyar and thar. Not more'n three or four of the houses was of brick, and a good many were little log cabins with whitewashed walls. Right in the middle of the town was a big frog pond. Well, the place was n't nothing but a mudhole. Oh, but I've spent many happy days thar!

I was just a stripling of a girl when the Yankees bum-barded the town from across the river. They throwed in bumbshells, log chains, and everything. We could see the chains twisting through the air like snakes. A piece of a bumb struck a white woman right above our house just after dark that evening and killed her.

Uncle Amos spoke to my aunt and said, "I expect you'll have to go to the bluff to-night."

The bluff was right in town on the edge of the river, and the women and children, black and white, all went thar together and got under the rocks. A lot of 'em carried bedclothes, but no one did much sleeping. We had fires all along in front and kept them burning till morning.

¹ I called at her home, a humble wooden house on the outskirts of the city, and was invited into the dingy, odorous living-room. My informant was a tall, elderly woman with dark, straight hair, and a mottled, yellow complexion. She had some snuff in her mouth and frequently paused in her narrative to spit into the little fireplace grate.

290 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

Uncle had a farm out across Missionary Ridge. Thar was thirty or forty acres in it. During the summer he lived in a little log hut at the farm and cropped the land. We was thar in the early fall of 1863. One day, when we was about ready to start gathering the corn, the old folks took the wagon and the two horses and went into town to get provisions. I and my two sisters stayed at the log hut.

That morning four or five Rebels come running through the yard and smashed their guns against the trees and stumps and left 'em thar. I found out afterward that the Rebel army was retreatin' from Chattanooga. Later the same day the Yankees got to our farm, and the first thing I knew their wagons was out in front, and the men tore down the fence and drove in our cornfield. They began to break off the ears and throw 'em into the wagons. Oh, they like to have scared me to death! The road was full of soldiers. They were all dressed in blue and were covered with dust, and they had canteens and guns and bayonets — they did look scarey. Some of 'em come to the door and said, "Where's your father?"

I felt like I was havin' a chill. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. They were swearing at me and had me most dead when a captain rode up to the gate. "What are you-all doing hyar scaring children?" he said, and he drove 'em right out of the yard and told 'em to go about their business.

"How come these guns hyar lyin' around on the ground?" he asked.

"The Rebels left 'em," I said.

"Whar are the Rebels?" he wanted to know.

"They're gone across the mountain," I told him.

He asked some more questions and found out that our

old folks were in Chattanooga, and he said, "We've put out our picket lines, and your people can't come back through 'em. It won't be safe for you to stay hyar. I'll take you to town."

So we just left everything standing as it was, and he carried my little baby sister on the horse in front of him. My other sister was larger, and she took hold of my hand and we walked right by the captain's stirrup, and the wagons loaded with corn was driving along behind. He went with us to my uncle's, and delivered us to the old folks. "Hyar's your children," he said, and they thanked him and thanked him.

Not long afterward the battle of Chickamauga was fought. We could hear the firing, and the second day of the fight it was boom, boom, boom, boom from morning till night. The weather was hot, and most of the springs was dried up. Thar was a pond on the battlefield, and so many were shot near it that their blood ran down in the pond; and the soldiers just drank that bloody water because they could n't get any other. It's called "Bloody Pond" now.

The ambulances were coming all the time bringing the wounded, some with their arms broken, some with their legs shot off. Officers and soldiers was just piled in on top of each other. Some of 'em were moaning, and some were hollering, "Lord, have mercy!" All the churches was full of the wounded, and a good many of the houses.

One wounded man come to our house. A bullet had gone in one cheek and out the other and it shot some of his teeth out, too. His tongue was n't hit, but he could n't talk very well — only just mumble a little bit. He told us he was starved to death almost, and I made some mush

292 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

right quick. My little sister cried because she was sorry for him. He had to hold a handkercher on each side of his face so the food would n't run out when he swallowed.

Several months before they had the fighting hyar Uncle Amos brought a Yankee spy to our house. We children stood and looked at him and at his blue uniform while he eat supper. He seemed to be anxious about his safety, and by and by he pointed to me and said: "Who's that little girl? I'm afraid of her, she watches me so tight."

After he finished his supper my uncle took him out and put him in the cornercrib and covered him up in the shucks. Uncle got him a gray suit, and the spy put it on and he went off at three o'clock in the morning to ketch a train. He was a very small man with hair as black as jet. While the fighting was going on at Chickamauga a man came from the battlefield and leaned up against our fence. It was that spy. He did n't have any gun, and he was dusty and wore out and all broke down. He asked for water, and when I brought it to him I says, "You're the one who was hyar that night," and he said he was. He stayed thar leaning against the fence for an hour or two.

During the next two months the Union troops was bottled up in Chattanooga, and food got scarce. Aunt would cook things and swap 'em to the Yankees for coffee. We did n't have no meal or corn, but we had rice, and we sent it to a little mill up the river and had it ground. The rice flour made very good batter cakes, and sometimes we baked it into bread, but I did n't care for rice bread. Now and then we would get hardtacks from the soldiers. We liked those hardtacks. I had good teeth and I could eat 'em, and they were nice if you put 'em in coffee or milk.



A FRIENDLY OFFICER

We owned two big mooly cows, so we had milk and butter. There was a shed we kept 'em in at night, and we had fenced an acre lot that we turned 'em out into every morning. General Stedman had a quart of milk a day from us, and we supplied him with fresh butter when we churned. One night the soldiers tore down our cow-lot fence. They wanted it for their fires. At the same time they broke into the shed and milked the cows. The general did n't get any milk the next morning, and we told him why. Then he made the soldiers take an army wagon and haul lumber from a sawmill over on the river and put up a new fence and a fine large gate. It was a better fence than we had before.

Another night the soldiers tore our dairy down. We could hear 'em, but you know we did n't dare go out. There were some jars of peach preserves in the dairy, and the soldiers eat up the preserves and rolled the earthen jars down to the gate. They pulled up everything in our garden and took all our ducks and geese.

As it happened, we had plenty of meat, but the meat was n't in our smokehouse. We'd rented that to some poor colored contrabands. They had a stove in there and a bed. I don't think they had any table. It was one little room, and there wasn't no window in it—just a front door.

Our meat was buried under the house. The old woman had prepared for war in time of peace. We had taken up some boards of the kitchen floor, dug down in the earth, and put in the meat. Then we'd covered it with dirt, and we poured ashes out of the fireplace around on the ground so if any one looked down there they would n't see the fresh dirt. That meat was n't stolen from us, and it never molded either.

294 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

One day my aunt had me under the floor scratching for a ham when General Stedman come to the house. He pushed the door open and walked right in. "What have you got down there?" he said.

"Meat," my aunt replied. "I buried it to feed my children."

"Well," he said, "that is a nice Yankee trick in you. Let me have a ham, and you send your wagon up to my headquarters. You need n't be afraid of your children starving."

We sent the wagon, and he gave us pickled beef and pork, cheese, crackers, sugar, and beans.

I remember once a soldier come to the door and rapped, and Aunt just opened the door a crack and asked, "What do you want?"

It made him mad to have her so cautious, and he cussed her and kicked her right under the chin. He kicked her flat, and she screamed like everything. It was mean of him, but I went into the kitchen and laughed, she fell so flat. General Stedman was near by, and he heard the screams, and come hisself. He told some soldiers to ketch the feller, and they carried him to camp and tied him up by his thumbs.

One time the soldiers got some skulls out on the battleground, and they come to our house in the night with those skulls and set three or four of 'em on sticks and leaned 'em against our door. Early in the morning I opened the door and the skulls fell into the house. I holered and run, and Uncle Amos throwed the skulls outside. That tickled the soldiers. We could hear 'em laughing up in the camp. They did n't care for anything.

About eight o'clock one morning the Rebels at the foot

of Lookout Mountain commenced shooting. The Union army was attacking 'em. It was a cold, drizzly day, and misty clouds hid the mountain. We could hear the guns, but we could n't see the soldiers. The shooting sounded like so many barrels of firecrackers, with once in a while the boom of a cannon. When night come the clouds rolled away, and we could see the campfires of both armies in two long lines that went from the valley to the mountain top, and between the campfire lines the men were still fighting. We stood in our yard and looked at the lights from the guns — the blinking lights. They were pretty to see.

In the morning the Rebels had gone, and the Yankee soldiers had clumb that high mountain. We saw what seemed to be a bolt of white cloth stretched right along the mountain top. "Oh, there's the flag of truce!" we cried.

If you'd been hyar you'd have heard lots of old shouting in the town when the people knew that the soldiers had got through fighting on the mountain.

The battle was fought late in November, and the winter that followed was very cold. The horses could n't stand the weather, and they died in the corrals faster than the men could haul 'em out. The soldiers suffered from the cold, too. We were cooking breakfast one morning when we heard a noise outside like some one was trying to lift the doorlatch. Uncle Amos opened the door, and a soldier carrying a gun fell in on his face. He was nearly dead of cold. The tears were frozen on his cheeks, his beard was nothing but icicles, and his eyes looked like they were set in death.

Uncle told me to get some cold water. I went to the

296 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

well and drew out bucketful after bucketful as fast as I could. They dashed the water over him till it looked like enough had been poured on to drown him. They rubbed him, too, and he got so after a while he could move. Then they carried him back to camp. The men at the camp thought he would die, but he got well and come to our house afterward.

He told us how it happened that he nearly froze. It was because he was out all night on the picket line. He was passed by when the time come to change pickets. So he was on duty twice as long as he ought to have been.

Well, that is the way things went in that old war. Sometimes I go out over the Ridge to whar we had our farm and visit the folks who remember what happened while the soldiers were around hyar. But most of those who were living then have passed away, and those of 'em who are left are few and far between.

XXXVIII

The Invalid's Wife¹

I DON'T know who you are or where you're from, but I'm goin' to tell you the truth. I'm livin' hyar at the foot of Lookout Mountain where I've always lived. The Indians was still hyar when my father come. Him and another man bought all this land up for a dollar an acre. You see land wan't worth nothin' in them days.

At the time of the war there were just a few scattered houses hyar where now it is all built up thick like a city. The house I lived in had three rooms, and there was a kitchen outside. I owned some slaves, and they had little plank houses to themselves. We called the black people niggers and do yet, but Northern people associates with 'em as if they liked 'em better than white.

My husband had been sick for a long time when the Yankees come hyar. He'd been down the last year so he could n't do nothin', and he was just barely able to walk across the room. He had the kidney disease and the stomach disease. We'd spent a great deal of money goin' to doctors and tryin' to cure his bad health, but they did n't help him none. I put no confidence in doctors any

¹ She lived in a shabby, little, unpainted house, the interior of which, in its grimy, unkempt disorder was appalling. We sat in a combined living-room and bedroom. She was a sallow, grim old woman, and her gray hair, which she had evidently started to comb, hung about her shoulders. A feeble coal fire burned in the grate. The woman sat close to it, for the day was chilly, and sometimes poked it into brighter burning.

298 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

more. All they want is money. If you are sick, just doctor yourself.

The first big battle near hyar was Chickamauga, and it just like to have killed everything. The Yankees had gone out there from Chattanooga, and they retreated to the town when they were beaten. If the Confederates had kept up the pursuit four minutes longer they'd have drove the Yankees into the river. I wish they had and drowned every one of 'em.

The Confederates had the top of Lookout Mountain and the sides way down to the base of it where I lived. One morning the Yankees made a bridge across Lookout Creek in a valley north of the mountain and got over hyar while the Rebels was all asleep on post up on the side of the mountain. The fighting begun without any of us having any warning. I know my sister was a-milking, and she throwed the pails down and run in the house.

I had three children. My oldest was a boy maybe ten years old, and there was a little girl, and there was a baby that had been born just four days. Old Mrs. Kilgore come to my house to help me git out. The shot was fall-ing like hail, and we had to go to git shet of it. Mrs. Kilgore wrapped the baby up in a shawl and gave her to the boy to carry. He was skeered to death. He did n't have no sense, and as soon as he got out of the house he run. None of us knew where he went, and we did n't find him till evening. We never expected to see the baby any more nor him either. He run over a mile to one of our neighbors, and when he got there they found he was carryin' the baby head down with her feet up in his arms. I reckon God had determined that child should live. I don't know what else saved her.

Well, all of us at our house had to run out of the battle, and I like to have lost my life by it. My husband was layin' at the point of death, but he was n't so skeered as I was. He could n't walk to do no good, and Mrs. Kilgore put him on a horse. She helped me git on my own riding mar', which was very gentle and walked slow. We went to the house of a family named Richardson and got out of the fightin' for a while. But pretty soon the soldiers was at it right around us again. The Yankees had run the Rebels back and was a-hurryin' 'em along the mountain side.

Mrs. Kilgore had me lie down on a feather bed, and she put two more feather beds on top of me to keep the bullets from shootin' me. That was all she had to stop the flyin' bullets. It was right funny, and I laughed about it, and I was skeered to death, too, for I thought I'd be shot every minute. Some of the bullets did come through the feather beds, so Mrs. Kilgore said.

Well, she fixed me up, and then she tied a tablecloth to a stick like a flag and ran out and held it up. That was for peace. Some officers come galloping up to ask what was the matter. She told 'em there was a sick woman in the house, and they never shot toward it any more. They did n't bother nothing around the place after that, and the old woman had a chance to make me some strong coffee. I never shall forgit that day while I live.

About the time my coffee was ready the Rebel doctors took possession of the Richardson barn for a hospital and went to cuttin' off men's arms and legs. I was glad they was on the place, for they was all good and kind to me.

The Richardsons had moved away, and a woman whose husband was a Southern soldier was stayin' in the house.

300 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

He had done deserted, and he was there, too. The Rebels was lookin' for him every minute, and he knew if he was caught he'd be hung. So he and his wife set up all that night gittin' ready to go away. They went to the Yankees and left everything they had. I don't blame 'em. If I'd been goin' to git killed I'd have gone, too.

Before they started they cooked two or three pots full of chickens, and I said, "Lord 'a' mercy! Mrs. Shaw, where'd you git all them chickens?"

"They belonged to the Richardsons," she said, "but the Richardsons are gone and we might as well have the chickens as any one else."

She brought me a whole one, but I did n't eat it. That chicken was so tough I could n't bite it. Mrs. Shaw dished out a whole chicken for every one of us and told us to give the balance to the doctors.

The soldiers did all the damage they could at my house. Why, they just tuck everything that was of any use to 'em and then burnt up the house. They were the worst people I ever heard tell of. The Bible was in the house, and we'd written down in it the dates when our children were born. Of course the Bible was destroyed, and I could n't tell afterward just how old the children were.

We had two cats. I don't know whether the soldiers eat 'em or what. They were on the place when we left that morning and never was seen or heard tell of afterward. But I thank God I had life, let alone anything else.

After a few days the Rebel doctors went away, and then some Union doctors come and camped in the yard.

My husband had pains in his heart very often, and we used to make a poultice to relieve him. We'd take hot ashes and embers, pour on water, and spread 'em on a

cloth while they was hot and smokin', and then we'd lay 'em on his heart. One day when the baby was 'bout a month old my husband had a bad spell. He frothed at the mouth, and you could hear him breathing way out to the road. I sent a nigger to a tent in the yard for a doctor, and the doctor gave my husband half a glass of whiskey with a little black stuff like opium in it. Very soon he was dead. That doctor killed him. The doctors would just as soon kill you as look at you in them days. If you was dead they would n't be bothered with you any more.

My husband had n't been buried more'n a week when two soldiers come in one morning and wanted me to give 'em something to eat. So I put some breakfast on the table for 'em, and when they finished eating they tuck a jar of sweet milk that was settin' by the fire and drank it up. They saw my husband's coat hangin' up there. It was a fine coat, plush all over, and they tuck that and all his other clothes. They stole my extra clothes, too, so my people had to give me shiftin' clothes. They tuck ten or twelve quilts. I guess they did! and I reckon they sold 'em. They carried off all those things and never said, "Thank you," nor nothin'.

Often when the soldiers come to the house I'd pretend I was deaf and dumb. I played off that way in order to git shet of 'em. It was a scarey time.

They had the finest kind of grub, but they was always beggin' and stealin' things to eat. They went across the creek and stole a poor woman's chickens — twenty or thirty — all she had. There wan't a chicken to be seen no place. I had two pigs up in a pen to fatten, and they taken them.

I was raisin' two pet lambs, Peter and Billy. They'd

302 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

run around and feed and play in the yard. I owned a nigger named Jim, and I was so fond of the lambs that I even had that nigger take a coarse comb and comb 'em. They was 'bout half grown and was the prettiest things I ever saw in the world. Nigger Jim kept 'em with him at night in his little one-room house. By and by there come a morning when I did n't see only one of 'em, and I said to Jim, "Where's that other one?"

"Hit's gone, mist'ess," he said, "and I had both of 'em in my house last night."

But I always thought Jim left 'em out in the yard. I did n't believe a word he said. Well, I put a shawl over my head and went out to camp. I'd always go there to hunt up anything that was missing. An officer went around with me, and we found the lamb's head. The soldiers did n't deny they had killed it, and within a week they got the other lamb.

Nothin' was ever paid me for what was taken or destroyed, because I was one of these stout-hearted, and I got so mad I would n't ask for any pay. Oh! I have seen more trouble on account of that war than 'bout anything else in all my life.

Some of the army meal and other provisions was stored in our barn, and one of my cows eat a sack of the flour. The doctors gave her calomel and everything, but she swelled up and died.

I had a calf that I tried my best to save. "Now, Jim," I said, "you tie this calf to the door inside of your house every night, and don't let 'em kill it."

But one morning there was the rope hangin' from the door, and no calf. "I never heard a sound," Jim said.

That nigger was a sleepy-headed thing anyway. He

cooked for me, and at night he'd cook for the Yankees to make some money. We made a search for the calf, and, I 'clar'! we found where the thieves had killed it not one hundred and fifty yards from Jim's house. In a day or two they tuck the calf's mother.

Those Yankees were the cruelest men I ever heard of, and I know we got mighty tired of 'em. But I expect our folks was just as bad when they was in a strange place.

One night, when Jim went to water my mar' and horse and mule, a soldier tuck 'em all. Oh! I could n't tell you 'bout that war as bad as it was. It just broke me up. They did n't leave me anything but myself and my children.

Things got so bad I was 'fraid they'd kill the children and eat 'em, and I had to go to headquarters and git a guard. He was from Philadelphia. It was the rules that he should always wear his uniform while on duty, but he'd come in the house as often as he could and make himself comfortable by takin' off his belt and sword. He did n't want word of that to git to the general, and when he heard any one comin' he'd put his belt on quick as lightning. Then out he'd run and meet whoever was comin'. "Halt!" he'd say, and you bet they helt. They stopped right there.

I was standin' at the gate one day when a soldier asked me if I was a Rebel or a Yankee.

That was a pretty question to ask a lady. "It's none of your business what I am," I said, "but you might have enough sense to know I'm not a Yankee."

He just laughed and went right along.

Another time a soldier come to the house cryin'. He'd got word that one of his sisters was about to die, and he wanted to go to see her. His mother had sent him a trunk

304 Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge

plumb full of provisions that he could n't eat himself and could n't take. He asked me a dollar for the trunk and all there was in it, and I gave him the dollar to help the poor thing to go home.

I was tickled one day. There was a big green punkin in the garden, and some soldiers stood lookin' at it from outside of the fence for half an hour to the best of my knowledge and belief. They was waitin' for a chance to steal it, but I was in my room watchin' 'em. Sometimes they'd reach over the fence and pick it up, and then they'd see I was lookin' and they'd drap it.

"I wonder what they want, standin' over that punkin so long," I said to myself, and finally I walked out and spoke to 'em.

"Lady, can you spare this watermelon?" they said.

"I can spare it," I answered, "but that's not a watermelon. It's a punkin."

They did n't believe me, and they said, "Will you give it to us?"

"Yes, indeed!" I said, "take it along."

I did n't care anything about the punkin. They'd stole my cows, and I had n't nothin' to feed it to. Everything had been taken so clean that I had to draw rashions till the country got settled down. I tell you we-all see the cruel time. If you'd been hyar you'd have seen it, too.

XXXIX

The Miner's Son ¹

THEY used to work a gold mine here in the Wilderness, a little south of the Rapidan, and my father was the manager. The mine employed over a hundred men, and I reckon there was all of twenty-five houses clustered around it. My father had cleared a few acres and built a frame house, and we tended the land almost like a garden spot. Most of the farm work was done by us boys, but Father helped after his working hours at the mine, and we hired some. We raised corn and potatoes, and we had a few cattle that run on the commons in summer and that we kept in stables during the winter and fed from our hay and fodder stacks. It was pretty well a thicket all around outside of the village.

About the first year of the war the mine broke up. A good many of the men went into the army, and the families scattered till I s'pose half the houses was empty.

The battle was fought here early in May, 1864. It was nothing new for us to see soldiers. We were on a main highway, and thar'd often been a dash through of cavalry or infantry. In fact, we were on the lookout for 'em all the time. If we heard 'em a-comin' my father always went into

¹ He was getting along in years, but he was still stout-framed and vigorous. His home was in the Wilderness, but it was one of several in a cleared tract of considerable extent where there was grassland and cornfields. I visited with him in a rather barren apartment whose chief article of furniture was a bed, and whose most cheerful feature was a fireplace in which a few sticks of wood were burning with a pleasant crackle and leaping of ruddy flames.

the house. The Confederates was getting as many men as they could for their army, and an officer had told him that if he was caught out they might conscript him. He was sixty years old, but the officer said they'd very likely take him whether he was an old man or not.

We fared pretty hard the year befo' the Battle of the Wilderness, when General Meade was through here. It was in November, and I was twelve years old. Meade had been down farther south, but he had to fall back, and a drove of his men come to the mine village. I think they was some that just followed the main army butchering hogs and cattle and gathering up food for the troops. We heard, befo' they got here, how they was robbing people and burning every vacant house, and we knew they'd get our chickens sure if they saw 'em runnin' around. So we killed all our fowls up and dressed 'em, and put 'em in tubs and salted 'em down. Thar was some thirty or forty. We set the tubs in a closet, and thought we'd made certain of havin' those chickens for our own use. But we was just fixin' 'em in shape for the raiders. The soldiers come in and searched the house, and they was very rough about it. "Get out of the way," they'd say, and they was tickled enough to find those fowls all ready to cook.

They swarmed over the whole place, and we could n't do anything at all to save our property. The house was full, and the yard was full. I s'pose thar was five hundred inside of the inclosure. Most of 'em had come to drink from our spring that was close to the house.

It was a clear, sunshiny day, but very cold, and the ground was frozen. Our cattle was in the stables. We had about twelve head, and the soldiers got 'em out and shot 'em down and skinned 'em. They throwed the four quar-

ters in their wagons to carry along and left the balance. Our hogs was served the same way. We had about fifty barrels of corn in the crib; and we say five bushels to a barrel down here. They took that, and they took about 'leven hundred pounds of pork; and all the time the officers just stood back and looked like they'd turned their men loose to do as they pleased.

Those soldiers stole all our clothes. They'd even bust the trunks open and take the girls' clothes and their little jewelry and things. If they needed a sack they'd get a woman's skirt and tie a string around the top and put a piece of meat in it, or whatever they'd picked up. Then they could fasten it to the saddle and so carry it. Yes, they'd use a skirt just that-a-way. That was the way they done it.

When they had cleared up everything they pulled off and left us destitute. They was all gone across the Rapidan befo' night. We did n't have no supper. Thar was n't a piece of meat of any kind on the premises, but we had perhaps a bushel of flour, and we baked loaf-bread, and every night and morning we'd take our pone and a glass of water. I went to bed crying many a night I was so hungry. We just had to truck around the best we could to get food. Some of the neighbors who lived out of sight more away from the main road did n't lose as we did, and they'd perhaps have a little to spare that we could buy.

We had a very different experience when General Grant come. He was ready for business and thar was no raidin'. But he did n't have no idea thar'd be a battle here in this Wilderness when he crossed the Rapidan on May 4th. Early the next morning the Rebels attacked him over on the plain about a mile from whar we lived. The skirmish

line went right through our yard, and they told us we'd better go away. So we went off a half mile toward the Rapidan to a house that had a cellar in it. We left the dogs at home and the door unlocked, but the soldiers never come in the house, and nothing was touched or harmed at all.

We carried some chairs and benches down in the cellar and stayed the night out. Thar must have been twenty or thirty of us. The Confederates was shelling Northern reinforcements that was crossing the Rapidan, and when we looked out in the evening we could see the Rebel shells flying over our heads. Each shell showed like a swift-moving blaze of fire with a short streak behind it. That shelling was pretty scarey. I don't s'pose the older people done any sleeping that night. They just set thar and listened to the shells goin' over. We never had any supper nor breakfast neither.

About sunrise we went home. The armies had moved on, and the firing line was getting mo' distant from us, but all day we could hear the musketry. It was a continual roll like distant thunder, for the battle was too far away to distinguish one gun from another. The troops were charging each other right in the thickets. Often forest fires would break out from the shootin', and that would be awful for the wounded. Sometimes the Yankees would be pushed back, and sometimes the Rebels, but at last the Rebels withdrew, and only four days later they fought Grant again down at Spotsylvania.

It was a great relief when the fighting here was over. We were just simply glad it had passed off — like a storm, you know. The armies had lost nearly thirty thousand men in all, and that battlefield was a dreadful thing after they'd gone. Besides the dead men and dead horses thar

was anything you could think of that an army would carry strewed around in the woods. The men had thrown the things away as they left, and not much of it was Southern property, for the South had mighty little to throw away.

Every day we'd go out through the woods to pick up things, and so did all the neighbors. The armies had no time to come back for what they had left, and we took what we could use. We could find anything we wanted. Thar was army clothing of all kinds, and saddles and bridles and tents, and thar was any number of guns. We find some of them guns now. We could have got wagon loads of blankets, and whar the soldiers cooked their rashions we'd find plenty of knives, spoons, and coffee boilers. The coffee boilers was tin pots with a handle on one side and a spout on the other. Sometimes we'd come across a whole bar'l of hardtacks. Co'se thar was a good deal of meat left, but we did n't care for that in among the dead men.

The battle day was very warm for the time of year, and men who were killed when the weather was hot like that would swell as much as their clothes would let 'em and turn just as black in the face as your coat. I never want to butt up against nothing else like that. The whole air was tainted. It was a horrid smell, and it was made worse by the refuse left whar the cattle was butchered. I was glad we did n't live right on the battlefield in among all that the way some people did.

Just as soon as the fighting was over the wounded were picked up, but thar was quite a number that the searchers never got. We found one right on the side of the turnpike three or four days after the battle. His brains were running out from a hole in the back of his head. He could n't talk,

but he made a sign for water, and my father told me to take one of those coffee boilers and get some.

I went a quarter of a mile to a branch and filled the coffee boiler and brought it back. We held his head up, but he could n't drink. It seem like the water strangled him. But we got him some hardtack, and he dipped that in the water and let it saturate, and then he could suck it. The flies bothered him, and Father broke a bush and gave it to him. He had the strength to use his hands and scare the flies off. He was three mile from our house, and we left him thar layin' on the pine needles.

We come back to him every day for eight or ten days as long as he lived. It was awful to see the poor fellow. He had a pretty hard time after he got so he could n't fight the flies. Finally we come thar one morning and found him dead, and we left his body whar it was.

While we was lookin' around on the battlefield we noticed one of the men who'd been killed layin' with his coat thrown back, and we could see the edge of a Testament in an inside pocket. Father said to me, "Boy, get that."

But I did n't have the courage, and he took it and give it to me. The name of the soldier's mother, and her address — Beaver, Maine — was written on the flyleaf. I kept that Testament for fifteen years afterward. Then I wrote to the flyleaf address, and I got a reply and sent the book to the dead soldier's folks. In return they sent me a nice Bible. I s'pose they was mighty glad to get that little Testament.

Hundreds of those who perished in the battle here were not buried, but laid scattered around on the ground. The men who did the burying missed 'em in the thick brush,



THE WOUNDED MAN AND HIS HARDTACK

and their bones was thar till after the war. We can find bones on the battlefield sometimes now, but the government sent a burial corps here soon after the war ended, and they gathered up most of the bones and carried 'em to the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg. About the same time a lot of the bones of the horses that was killed during the battle was carted off to be ground up for fertilizer.

XL

A Youth on a Farm ¹

I WAS a boy of fourteen when the battle was fought here. That was n't our first experience with armies. Considerable fighting was done right around in this region, and in April, 1863, our cattle was drove off on the hoof by Joe Hooker on his march to Chancellorsville, which is less'n ten miles away.

There used to be a song about "Old Joe Hooker comin' out to the Wilderness." That referred to the time when he was through here and we lost our cattle. We had a right good little bunch of 'em — possibly ten or twelve or fifteen — something like that. Me and my aunt tried to see an officer to get our cattle back. I reckon we followed the troops as much as a mile, but we could get no satisfaction. It seem to me like we had one cow and heifer left. I think they broke and got away and come back afterward.

Late in the autumn of that same year Meade was through here, and he got our sheep and hogs and hens and geese. We had one gander that must have been forty or fifty years old. He was down on the creek with the geese, and they got him, too. I've always heard that Meade skinned the geese to get the feathers off. All our horses was taken except one old blind mar'.

The men come right in our house, and they'd go for the

¹ The former farm boy was now a ponderous, gray old man. I found him sitting with a few cronies on the porch of a rude little Wilderness store, and there we talked.

places where we kept our victuals the first thing. If we did n't give 'em what they wanted they'd threaten to break our dishes. They was just wild, rattlin' fools. Some claim they was foragin' for the army, but that's not likely. I don't s'pose this country could have afforded Meade's troops rashions for one meal even. I reckon, sir, the men who raided our houses was n't acting under orders. They was pillaging.

We did n't have enough to eat after the armies passed, and we had to go off twenty-five or thirty miles where they did n't invade and get what we could. Some of the people had rashions issued to 'em by the Confederate army or the state.

There was very little doing on the farm the next spring. Father was an old man crippled up with rheumatism pretty much as I am now, and we had nothin' but that old blind mar' to use breakin' the land. But we managed to plough several acres and planted one small field of corn. Then Grant's troops come and trampled the corn in the ground. A big slew of 'em passed right through our place, and some of 'em camped on our farm and burnt a lot of our fence rails. Rails make a mighty good fire, and wherever a bunch of soldiers camped they burnt as many as they wanted.

The troops on our land broke camp the next morning and most of 'em marched off and went into battle. Some of the skirmishers stayed around near our house, but there was no regular pitched battle within a mile. When the guns was not firin' too rapid I was out standin' on a hill to see what I could see. The main road was not far away, and I could watch the troops passin', but the battle was in the forest. I could hear the guns firin' and the men yellin', and I could hear the balls whistle, too.

At one time there was firin' across our house. I went indoors. There was no standin' out then, by George! We had a frame house, but it was small and did n't have any cellar. None of us was hurt though. The battle kept on all day, and they was fightin' like the mischief in the night, and there was more fightin' the next day.

Afterward the dead men lay so thick that in some places you could step from one body to another. There was most everything you could look at strewed around in the woods. There was camp kettles and hardtack and packages of coffee and ammunition and any quantity of guns. I'd pick up the guns and enjoy myself shootin'. I've got two or three old army guns now at the cornhouse. You could fill a wagon with clothing in a very short distance, and lots of it was never picked up but lay and rotted on the ground. Plenty of people was on the field same as I was, lookin' around and carryin' off what they wanted.

Thousands of saplings was cut off by bullets, and I saw large trees that had been felled by the shells and balls. There are bullets in the trees here yet. The saw-mill men often come across 'em in the trunks of the pines and big oaks. It don't matter when the saw hits a lead bullet. The teeth cut right through that, but when a circle saw such as is used here runs into a big, round, solid steel ball, or half a bumbshell, or something like that, the shanks are torn all to pieces, and the saw is ruined.

Another thing that makes trouble for our sawmills is spikes. You see the troops would generally aim to camp in timber, and they'd drive spikes into the trees to hitch their horses to. So our saws are injured as a result of the war even where no battle was fought.

Well, that old Battle of the Wilderness was terrifying,

and the war was disastrous for us, but if I had my life to live over I'd take it all in again. Those were interesting times, and what I saw was well worth witnessing. 'Long toward the last of the war I had right smart anxiety to be in the army. That was boyishness, I reckon.

XLI

The Trucker's Lad¹

I WAS eight years old when Lee and Grant fought at Cold Harbor. We're right on the battlefield now, and hyar on this little rising ground is whar Lee's army was posted. The woods all around was full of rifle-pits. My boys found one of those rifle-pits this morning when they were digging up a stump. If the bullets were flying, a soldier would n't stop more'n five minutes before he'd start scraping a hole to get into.

Dad was a trucker, and we lived two mile from hyar in an old-fashioned farmhouse. In those days folks raised more variety than they do now, and we got about everything we needed to eat and wear right off our own land. But late years we haul our produce to market and spend nearly all the money that is paid for it before we come back.

We had four hundred acres of cleared land and grew corn and potatoes, and wheat, oats, and grass, and all kinds of truck stuff such as watermelons, cabbage, tomatoes, and sweet potatoes. We carried the truck stuff to Richmond, which is about a dozen mile away, in two-wheeled carts drawn by one horse. In summer time we kept from three to five carts going constantly, and even on Sundays we

¹ He was a typical Southern countryman with a long moustache and a black slouch hat. We visited together while he stood leaning against a porch post of a rude, shanty-like rural store. His gray, saddled mule was hitched near by waiting patiently till its owner was ready to start for home.

did n't stop work entirely. For instance, if the cantelopes were ripe, they had to be picked every day, and we'd gather and pack 'em up on Sunday morning. Such work was considered a necessity. Besides, it was a case of "Everybody's doing it," as the song says. I know that my mother did n't find fault, and she was a regular fightin' Methodist. Nor did the preachers themselves complain. But we did n't work all day. We had to go to church.

McClellan was through hyar in 1862 and fought in this neighborhood for nearly a week night and day right along. Thar was a complete roar all the time. But we did n't see much of the Yankees then at Cold Harbor. No sooner did they get hyar than they was gone. It look like they did n't pause a minute, but was swept right off just as you might blow out a candle.

Grant moved more gradual. He and Lee had been fightin' pretty steady for a month, beginnin' with the Battle of the Wilderness, before they fought hyar on June 3d, 1864.

We'd got along very well with McClellan's men. They paid for every drop of milk and anything else they got, but Grant's troops simply took all that they could lay their hands on. Sheridan arrived several days ahead of the main army, and, as a general thing, what he could n't carry along he destroyed. He picked up all the horses that were any good. We had four or five beauties on our place and he got them. But he did n't find the things we had in our cellar, and he did n't usually take quite all of a man's corn.

Out our way the Cold Harbor fight began on a Friday at Old Church, five mile northeast of hyar. They had a right smart skirmish over thar. It was about mid-day that the Confederates went past our house goin' in that direc-

tion. Thar was fifteen hundred cavalry ridin' four abreast. They run right into the Yankees and come mighty near not gettin' out. You see we had only a little handful of men down thar, and they had to fall back. Some of 'em come back fast enough to be fallin', too. They reached our place at three o'clock to the best of my memory. The officers tried to form a line right south of the house, but when the Yankees got within quarter of a mile the line broke.

I can't say that I was scared. I was runnin' around to see what was goin' on, and Dad was after me with a big stick tryin' to drive me into the basement. He wanted me to go into the ground whar I'd be safe from the flyin' bullets.

The Confederates had hardly gone when the Yankees swarmed around the house, and General Merritt rode up to the door. He'd lost his hat and was wearing one he'd picked up. It was an old yellow hat that had gone to seed and had a hole in it. When McClellan was hyar General Merritt had camped in our yard, and now he spoke to Dad and said, "Well, old man, I'm glad to see you"; and he asked for some whiskey.

Dad owned about fifty hogs and twelve or fifteen head of cattle. We got most of the cattle up that evening from whar they were grazing and penned 'em close to the house. General Merritt put on a guard and would n't let the soldiers trouble 'em, but we lost one yearling. The hogs ran wild, and they were scared by the noise and commotion and got off in the creeks and swamps whar they were safe.

Thar was shelling Friday night, and we had to go in our cellar, but the gunners did n't get any range on our house, and late in the night we went upstairs. The soldiers were

all over our place, and Dad used to say after the war that every man in Grant's army had camped on his farm one time or other. Near our house was an old field, and I'll bet two or three thousand soldiers was layin' around thar that Friday night.

In the morning the whole country as far as I could see, everywhar, was covered with tents and men. The big battle was soon being fought and the noise of the firearms was p-r-r-r-r — just like that all the time. It sounded more like a corn-sheller rattlin' than anything else. Besides thar was the boom, boom! of the cannon.

The Yankees had to charge across swampy low ground and up a slope where the Confederates had fixed up some rough breastworks to protect 'em. Lee's position was a strong one that could only be attacked in front, and Grant's troops saw that they were goin' to be slaughtered. Many of 'em attached labels to their clothes givin' their names and addresses so that when their bodies were picked up friends at home could be informed of their death. The bullets just mowed 'em down, and history records that Grant lost five thousand men in eight minutes.

Thar was an officer who had some soldiers camped just back of our house. He was settin' in the shed with my father when an officer higher up rode into the yard and said to him: "Your men have n't had any fun yet. Take 'em along and put 'em to the front."

One hundred and twenty men marched off in accord with that order. Late in the day twenty-one returned to their camping-place. The bullets had got the rest.

The really hard fightin' was all done inside of half an hour, and it was the bloodiest half hour ever known in America. Twelve thousand Union men had been killed or

wounded, and Grant said, in later life, that the assault hyar at Cold Harbor was his greatest military mistake.

The armies had a heap of ambulances, but thar was n't enough of 'em, and every kind of wagon you could think of was used also. Plenty of those wagons had no springs. They were on the road in one continual line with the men inside layin' flat on their backs any way the wagon men could fix 'em. Most of the wagons carried the wounded fifteen mile to the railway.

Thar was a hospital tent put up on a level piece of land on our place. Seem to me it was as much as forty feet wide and two hundred feet long. At its far end were some doctors while the wounded were arriving. The doctors had their sleeves rolled up like butchers, and they 'd whack a leg off, bind up the stump, and send the poor fellow along; then do the same for the next one.

Just after the battle a wounded man came to the house. A bullet had passed straight through the middle of his wrist. Mother bandaged the wound. All those old-fashioned women knew how to doctor. While she dressed it up for him the man stood and cried like a baby. He told her he'd been to our place when McClellan was down hyar and at that time had stole a hive of bees from us. He put the hive on his shoulder and ran like the dickens so that the bees flew back and did n't sting him much.

"You called me a nasty, stinkin' bloodhoun'," he said to Mother, "and I thought if I'd got so low as that it was time for me to mend my ways. I've never stole from anybody since, but have made out on my rashions."

The troops left the vicinity of the battlefield within twenty-four hours, and on Sunday morning Dad sent me

and my brother, who was three years older than I was to a day, to see how my sister had got along. She was married, and her house was about half way to Richmond. We had to go on foot because our horses were all stolen, and we left the road and cut right through the country hyar. It was probably ten o'clock when we started. We soon struck the battlefield, and we could judge something of how hot the fight had been by the looks of the trees. They had no more bark on 'em than the side of a house.

Plenty of guns and knapsacks were scattered about thar, and the dead men were layin' on the ground putrifyin'. The battlefield was as blue as could be with dead Union soldiers. They lay just as thick as watermelons ripening in a patch. I never seen anything like that battlefield in my life. People said you could walk on the bodies from hyar to Gaines's Mills, two mile, without touchin' your foot to the ground. I know you could n't get through whar the bodies lay thickest without steppin' sideways between 'em. In one place the troops had to clear the bodies out of the road so they could get up and down it, and they made great piles — thirty, forty, and fifty in a pile.

Two local men was thar on the battlefield that Sunday morning searchin' dead men's pockets. One of 'em was white and the other black. I began to feel sick. Lookin' at the dead men did n't agree with me, but my brother did n't mind anything, and he was interested to watch those two fellers robbin' the bodies. It was a gruesome business that they were at. The bodies had fallen on top of each other in the ditches whar thar were breastworks, and the men had to pull the top ones off to get at the pockets of those that lay underneath. Often they found a half dollar or so, or a medal, or something else of value. I expect they got right

smart in all, and I reckon the sight of that plunder kept their stomachs all right.

We was thar maybe an hour. By that time I was gettin' pretty weak and my brother led me off. Oh! it was a horrid sight. I would n't want to look at it again. A good many bodies lay on the field for quite a while, but I suppose they were all buried and covered up in the course of a week.

We found things was all right at my sister's, and we come home that same day and walked across the battlefield again. I got away from it that time as quick as I could without any stoppin'.

XLII

A Rustic Slave Woman ¹

I BELONGED to ol' Doctor Tyler. He was President Tyler's brother. Early in the war he died, and then I belonged to his son, the young doctor. I was raised in the house and waited on the white folks thar. They always called my mother "Mammy."

At the time the war began I was married and I had several children. We lived in a log house the same as the other slave families did. I reckon the Tylers had as many as ten of those log houses. They was built like a street. At one end of each house was a chimbley made of sticks and mud. The fireplace inside was so large we could burn logs in it and have great big fires to keep us warm. Clay mud was thrown between the logs to stop the cracks, and it hardened and stuck thar. Oh! a log house can be made mighty comfortable.

Everybody had to work if they was slaves. The little children would pick cotton. I used to weave and spin and all like of that. The looms and spinning-wheels was in the shop and washroom.

Each family had a garden, and we had pigs and chickens.

¹ I did not find her at the tiny house on the borders of some thin pine woods where she lived, but by dint of searching discovered her at a white neighbor's. She was stalwart of frame, but slow of movement, very black, and with a countenance that beamed amiably as she told her story. She sat in the doorway of the outdoor kitchen, an ugly new structure of unplanned boards, and I sat close by under a tree in a chair.

Master used to allow us to raise one hog. He'd give us a little pig, and when it had grown to be a hog and the time came to fatten it, Master would have the hog put in his pen, and we'd get it when it was butchered.

He let us have 'bout three or four hens and furnished the feed for 'em, and when we killed a couple of hens one would be for him, and he had half the chickens.

The first Yankee raid down hyar was in the summer of 1862. It was then that the children came running one day to Doctor Tyler and said: "Master, thar are lots of men on horseback up the road, and they have blue clothes on. Come and look."

The children had never seen nobody dressed thataway. In fifteen minutes the yard was full of Union cavalry, but they soon went on, and they did n't do no harm.

We fared very well through this country till Sheridan's cavalry came in 1864. His men was quite troublesome and we saw hard times. They did n't tarry long — only one night, but they swept the deck and burned the broom. If a cavalryman come across one of the hogs that ran in the woods he'd kill it and throw it up on his horse and carry it away. They got Mother's hog right out of the pen. I reckon it weighed over a hundred. They took every hen they could find. We thought they had got all of ours, but one ol' hen was settin' in a gully in the orchard. She was under a brush pile and nobody did n't know she was thar till after the battle. Then she come to the house with fifteen chickens.

The raiders drawed the clothes off my mother's line, and they took a new country-wove counterpane and a dress. The farmers had all their corn and fodder stolen or destroyed, and those men actually would go into your kitchen

and take the bread out of the skillet. They come into our house and pointed to a featherbed, and one of 'em said to Mother, "Is that your bed?"

"Yes," she told him.

"I believe it 's a blamed ol' Reb's bed," he said, and he went off with it. We found it afterward up hyar at Cold Harbor all ripped open.

Some told us that Uncle Sam would pay for everything that was taken or destroyed, but we poor slaves never got any pay for what we lost.

Sheridan's men went into the white people's houses and took the silverware and carried it off, and they'd take the bolsters off the beds and empty out the feathers so they'd have bags to hold corn or wheat or anything they wanted to put into 'em. If they saw pretty and nice things that they could n't carry they just broke 'em up. The Widow Tyler owned some very costly silverware. It was gilted with gold. But the Yankees did n't have a chance to steal that because she had taken it to Jefferson Davis for safe keeping. I don't know whether she ever got it again.

The raiders come to the Tylers' house just as the family was settin' down to the dinner table. Thar had n't any one eaten a mouthful, and the soldiers walked in and took hold of the tablecloth and pulled it off so everything on it went right down, and the china and glassware broke up on the floor. Then they caught a lot of hens, and after cutting off the heads with their swords, put 'em in the tablecloth. They tied those hens up just like clothes that was goin' to be sent to wash, and carried 'em off on one of their horses.

The Tylers had some great big books with leather backs, and the soldiers carried off all of those that they could, and they mashed up two looms and all the spinning-wheels.

When Grant's and Lee's armies got hyar, we kept watchin' which way they was movin', and the officers promised to tell us if thar was any danger. On the morning of the big battle it looked as if they might fight right on our place and tear things all to pieces. So the Union officers told us to take the children and every one and go away back in the rear. We all went. Most of us traveled on foot, and the women toted the children that could n't walk. My mother was afflicted with the rheumatism, and we hitched a horse into a market cart and carried her. Young Doctor Tyler's wife had a baby only a few hours old, and we fixed a bed in a carriage and took her thataway.

We went 'bout a mile and a half to another house, and the battle was goin' on. Lord 'a' mercy! it seem like the guns shook the whole earth, and we could see the smoke rise as if thar was a big fire. Thousands and thousands was killed, and if the Yankees captured a Rebel who could do anything at all to assist they made him come and help the wounded.

Doctor Tyler's house was used for a hospital, and guards were posted all around the place. Next day we colored people come back. When I got thar one of the wounded men was settin' on the steps of the big house beggin' for water. I went to the well, which was right in the yard, and got some. He was leaning back too weak to move, and I put my arm behind his head and gave him a drink. But the water and some blood come right out of a wound in his chest, and he fell over dead.

Well, I helped what I could. Some Sisters of Charity were thar, and they was nice ladies and certainly tended to the wounded good. I went around, too, and if I see a man suffering I would give him water, and I made coffee and

cooked and washed. They brought the bundles of clothes to my house.

Monday I went on the battlefield. Hundreds of people was lookin' around thar, and some of 'em was what we called "grave robbers" and was goin' along pullin' off coats and boots. I took my oldest child with me. She was big enough to comb her own hair, and she could sweep up a floor very good, and tote chips, and stay in a room and keep the fire. We come to whar a lot of dead soldiers was buried. They was in great long trenches and not very well covered, and some hogs was down thar eating of the dead bodies. Pretty soon a dog that belonged on our place ran past us with a man's foot in his mouth.

"Oh, Mamma!" my girl said, "look what Tige has got."

Then she fainted and fell. Thar was a branch near by, and some of us older people got water and threw on her. She come to, but we had to tote her all the way home. Thar were five or six of us, and we took turns. As soon as we got her in the house I sent for the doctor. He was thar in a very short time, and he said: "You deserve to lose the child. You had no business to take her to the battlefield." Anyway, I never did go to it no more.

They buried the dead soldiers as fast as they could, and they tore the fences to pieces and used 'em to burn up the dead horses and the ol' stinkin' beef and the like of that.

The Tyler barn was filled with guns stacked up thar, and the wagons come and took 'em away. Besides, the wagons took away a whole parcel of things that the children had picked up. My little boy had an army blanket and overcoat he had brought from the battlefield. He wanted me to make him a suit of clothes out of 'em, and when he saw the wagons comin' he took the blanket and overcoat and

ran down the hill to the swamp and hid 'em in the bushes.

As soon as the Union army retreated back most of the colored people went away with it. They did n't like bein' slaves. Often they had masters who drove 'em so they fared mighty bad — mighty bad! So off they went with the Northern army, and some got kilt and some did n't. A good many come back when the war was over.

Not long after the battle hyar the Widow Tyler moved to town, and she took the oldest child from each of the slave families. That was pretty hard on us, but we could n't help ourselves. The young doctor wanted to get out of the way of the army, and he went off with his family and left us with nothing. We just had to shift for ourselves.

The Tyler house was a Union hospital for the rest of the war, and the people in charge paid us for everything we did. They paid us for work, and they bought peas, onions, lettuce, and such things from us. I 've gathered many a lot of vegetables from the garden for 'em.

Every Sunday the soldiers had meetings on the lawn — preaching, you know, for the hospital. A little drummer boy beat his drum to call the soldiers to the meetings. I certainly did fall in love with that little feller. He said that when the war ended, he was comin' down South to see me, if he did n't get killed. I used to cook for him. I 've give him many a mouthful to eat. He was mighty fond of cornbread. So was all the soldiers. They 'd give you hardtacks for it. I had good teeth and I could bite them hardtacks, but ol' people would soak 'em in water. One while we could n't get anything else in the world to eat but beef and hardtacks.

We used to parch rye and wheat and corn and sweet

potatoes for coffee. Sometimes we'd grind meal and parch that and make meal coffee. Some liked it and some did n't. It went very well with milk.

Thar was a number of different kinds of leaves that did for tea, such as sassafras and sage and pine needles. Then thar was holly. That was healthy.

We hardly ever seen sugar, but we could get molasses.

If we had plenty of corn we'd take some of it and boil it in a weak lye, and then wash it and rub it between our hands to get the hulls off. It would wash out right white. After that we'd put it on the fire to cook and make hominy. Perhaps we'd boil a piece of pork in with it. Some people would eat butter with the hominy if they could get any. The hominy was good with molasses, and if you fried it and fried some meat, too, it was good that way. Sometimes we made bread out of it.

Oh! but we were glad when the cruel war was over. The white people said it was a *civil* war, but we slaves called it *cruel*.

XLIII

A Man from the Ranks ¹

I WAS a young fellow of twenty-three, but I'd been in the army a good long time. We'd come all the way down from the Wilderness skirmishing and fighting battles to keep Grant from getting at Richmond.

My father's home was near Cold Harbor, and when we got here General Lee made his headquarters there. While we were in the vicinity I had a chance to visit the house a number of times. I reckon I had n't been home befo' for twelve months. Soldiers were camped all over the whole country roundabout, but there was no fighting on our place, for it was right smart in the rear.

At daybreak of June 3d we went into battle, but I have n't much to say about that. It's mighty little information a soldier can give concerning a big fight. All a man in the ranks done was to foller the man in front of him. He had hardly any chance to look around and seldom knew where he was goin' when he started somewhere. The feller at home near where a battle was being fought saw more than the soldiers did.

¹ At the time I met him he was living with a local farmer for whom he worked. No doubt he was an excellent helper, for though somewhat stiff with age he was big and strong and intelligent. I made his acquaintance in the evening when he was sitting with his hat on in the kitchen of his employer. The housewife was busy there about her work, and just as I entered had picked up the oil can to encourage a refractory fire in the stove. The oil was administered with a resultant flash and bang and smudge that were more startling than agreeable.

My regiment stayed two days on the fighting line here sharpshooting in the bushes. One Yankee got up within twenty paces of me. I was behind a tree, and he shot at me. The bullet took a piece of bark off. I reckon the tree was about eighteen inches in diameter, and as many as a thousand bullets must have gone in it. I saw afterward that it was killed. It was shot from bottom to top, and the bark was tore all to pieces. Trees bigger than a stovepipe were cut down by nothing in the world but Minie balls and lay all tangled up. Last fall they were sawing a big white oak log at a sawmill here and struck a grapeshot. That grapeshot broke every tooth out of the saw.

It was a red-hot fight we had at Cold Harbor. After the bloody struggle was over Grant's army lay near by for several days. One of the days was Sunday, but when these battles was goin' on we soldiers could n't tell when Sunday was, and that's the truth. One day was just like another.

My brother had married an Allison. He was in the army, and she had been stayin' at the Allison house, which stood right on the fighting ground. She had to get out before the battle began. The night after the battle my brother and his wife and some others of us got a permit to go to the Allison house to see what we could save. The Confederates had been in and around the house, and they'd thrown up breastworks right through the yard. Besides, they'd dug a ditch so they could go to the spring without exposing themselves. When my brother's wife saw that ditch she was very much distressed. "Oh! my money's gone!" she cried.

She had put some money in a cigar box. There was gold and silver. I don't know how much. Now she was sure it had been taken, but she scratched under a bush and found

it. The ditch was within two feet of the spot. She did n't cry no more.

The house had been riddled. You could see right through the roof and anywhere. The family could n't come back to it till it was made over. We went in and discovered that the cannon-balls had struck the feather beds, and the feathers were strewed all over the rooms. It looked like a goose nest in there. We could n't have any light for fear of drawing the fire of the enemy, but we could see those feathers without any light.

Everything was shot to pieces. There was nothing left hardly that was worth a cent. We gathered up some of the feathers into old bags and ticks, and we got quite a lot of clothing and a number of cups and saucers and more or less other tableware. The bullets were shooting in our direction all the time, but there was considerable talking and giggling among us as we felt around for things to carry off and tried to bundle 'em up. Several times the Confederate sharpshooters came to the house to beg us not to make so much noise. They were afraid the Federals would think something unusual was goin' on and we'd get a volley instead of scattering bullets.

There were seven of us, and we brought away a ton from the house that night. After we'd gone about half a mile we reached our command. We put the things in an ambulance there and sent 'em to my father's house.

My brother's wife never saw her husband any more after that night. He got killed in a battle a little later.

One of my uncles was in Lee's army when it fought here, and his house was not far from where the fightin' was fiercest. He had a log house, but the logs was hewn down flat, and it was plastered inside. You could make a fine house

by fixin' it that way, but of course, if it was set on log pillars, as most of our houses were, it would be let down when the pillars rotted and would be one-sided.

At the time Grant's troops got here only my aunt and her two little girls were at home. There was some fightin' the day before the battle, and they could hear the firin' of the guns, and the roads was just crammin' full of Union soldiers. The soldiers scattered out all around my uncle's place, and they was in the woods killin' his hogs, shoats, and things. My aunt was mighty grieved at that. But they was very good to the family and posted a guard at the house.

Just befo' night a negro who was passin' spoke to my aunt sayin': "Oh, Miss Sarah! don't stay here. You 'll be killed. Go on away."

She turned to her oldest girl, who was about thirteen, and asked, "Who is that?"

The negro saw that she did n't know him, and he said, "I'm Mr. Vicker's colored man."

He was an old darky who belonged to a neighbor, but had gone away and deserted to the Yankees. Probably he cooked for 'em.

My aunt did n't think she could leave the house and her things, and she went about gettin' supper, but they were all frightened most to death. The firin' seemed to be very near, and the artillery had begun throwin' bumbshells. Those shells made a great fuss a-whistlin' like as they came over. That was what scared my aunt and her girls so much.

By and by two shells fell right in front of the house. One of 'em burst and tore a great hole in the dirt only about two rods from the chimney. The children were cryin': "Let's go! We'll be killed!"

"Well, I'll go," my aunt said; "only wait till I get a few things."

So she picked up her money and jewelry and some other valuables and made a bundle that she could carry in her arms. The soldiers were comin' through the fields everywhere by that time gettin' out of the way of the Southerners. My aunt and the girls started and the guard went with them. They could all make their steps, and they hurried along as fast as they was able. It was getting sort of dusky. They went through the woods and by the big millpond about a mile to a house and stopped. But the artillery was bumbshellin' so hard that in a little while they went to the next house. There they stayed over night.

In the morning they came back home. When they got in sight of the house their guard said: "I'll leave you now. You're all safe."

They thanked him, and he went off as fast as he could run, for he knew that our men were not far off. After they reached the house my aunt noticed that some one had slept in her bed. "I don't know who it could be," she said.

Just then my uncle walked into the room. He'd spent the night in the house. He thought they would come back, and he'd been watching for 'em. As soon as he saw them coming he cut across, and he was settin' behind a worm fence close to 'em where they parted from the Yankee guard. "I had my gun," he said, "but I would n't have killed him for the world after he'd been so kind to you."

My uncle had been down in camp in the Chickahominy Swamp, and he told how he was cookin' bread there when a great big shell come in the fire and threw the bread way up yonder. He did n't know where it went. The men that was there got their drinkin' water from a crick near by.

A dead horse was layin' in the crick, but my uncle said the water tasted mighty sweet to 'em.

He had to join his regiment, and his family refugeed again. When they got back the best part of the house had been pulled down and used for breastworks.

A good many families had been run out of their houses the same as my uncle's family. There were six ladies with their children who had refugeed at my father's house. They'd fallen back and left everything and did n't even have food to eat. Our company drew three days' rations, and all of us agreed to give the rations to those suffering women. We left the food at my father's and went without food ourselves. I've gone hungry for three days many a time in the army.

We were particularly badly off after Richmond was evacuated. The commissary issued nothing but raw corn, three ears for a day, a ear for each meal. You'd see men goin' along the road eatin' the raw corn. If we were in camp of a night we might make a fire and parch the corn. But Sheridan's men were around and they'd shoot if they saw a light. So if any of us started a fire the others would shout, "Put that out"; and we'd have to eat our corn raw again.

XLIV

The Slave Boy¹

NEARLY all the ol' colored people who can remember the war have passed out now. There's only a few left, and mostly they got no mo' education than a brickbat. They could n't read their own name if they see it. But they can talk, yes, sir, they can talk.

I was quite a boy at the time of that Cold Harbor fight. My master was a man named Wylie. He's dead now. He had two cooks and my mother was one of 'em. A woman by the name of Car'line was the other. One morning Master was out in the garden with my mother and four of us children pickin' strawberries. It was along after breakfast and he was fixin' up some stuff to take to Richmond.

By and by my ol' mist'ess come out to the garden. She was a great knitter, and she could weave and spin and do all such things. People used to make their own cloth then, you know, and manufacture their own clothes. That mornin' she was makin' a seine for ol' Master to use when he went in the swamps to ketch fish. When she come to the garden she had in her hand one of the wooden needles

¹ "Uncle Davie" was grubbing up a thorn tree when I met him and listened to his recollections of war-time. He was getting gray, but was still capable of doing a hard day's work. That he was good-tempered and mentally alert was quite evident. A local white youth vouched for him as a man who could do anything — even preach. His one failing was a liking for liquor, and he would preach one day and get drunk the next, or *vice versa*.

she used in makin' the net. It was two feet long — every bit of that. "Mr. Wylie," she said, "don't you hear it thunder? You listen to that roarin'."

The sky was as cle'r as it is now, and he says, "I don't see no cloud, but that seems to be thunder or somethin'."

He stood there listenin' and lookin', and pretty soon he says: "I certain think a cloud is risin' somewhere. The sun is not as bright as 't was a while ago."

The weather was hot, yes, sir, and the roads was dry. Off in the woods the Northern army was comin', and a little breeze was blowin' which carried the dust from the feet of the horses and men on ahead of 'em. It looked just like smoke, but we did n't know yet what it was all about.

Presently several men on big black horses appeared at the turn of the road. "Hello! Fanny!" ol' Master says to ol' Mist'ess, "there 's somethin' goin' on."

We four children took for the gate. It was a big double gate in front of the shop. We clumb up on it, and the men went past — bloobity, bloobity, bloobity — as fast as they could ride.

In a short time a great number of men on horseback come galloping down the road and through the fields in every direction, and there were foot soldiers runnin' and carryin' on and tearin' the fences all to pieces and throwin' 'em out of the way; and they had some of the prettiest, shiniest things at their sides — bayonets and swords.

We children went out in the road to see all we could see, and Mother had to run out and get us. We lived in a log cabin in Master's yard, and she took us there. She just screamed she was so frightened. My ol' mist'ess was wild, too, there was such a lot of mens and horses on the place, and they had come so sudden, and there was so much

hollerin' and confusion. Most of the niggers that Master owned were all lost from each other, and Mist'ess did n't want 'em to get killed. She thought too much of us for that.

Master had cattle and sheep, horses, hogs, and mules, but Lord 'a' mercy! those men got nearly all of 'em. That was one terrible time! They killed one young mule that kicked when they was tryin' to get her out of the stable. One of the soldiers shot her, and she fell right in the barn-yard in a hole of water and died.

There was an ol' pet sorrel horse out on the green lawn in front of the house. She was n't worked any more, and she was there grazin'. The soldiers saw she was no good for their use, and they knocked her in the head. They killed our sheep and shot our hogs and took all our hens that they could ketch. They took all the meat out of the smokehouse, and all the corn from the barn. It was the same on the other farms. They went right through the 'munity and took everything.

Late in the day a lot of 'em encamped over in the woods across the road from Master's house. The big wagons drawn by four mules had come and brought their tents and things. They had drums — bum, bum — and they blew horns, and we was all so scared that in the night ol' Master's people and the colored people all went to another house. Mother lit some taller can'les to light our way through the woods. Those ol'-fashioned can'les burned almost equal to a lantern. It would take a good wind to blow 'em out. We just went through a string of woods to another plantation.

The next day the armies were fightin'. Good Lord! I never heared such guns, and we colored people went into the cellar of the servants' house at the plantation where

we'd gone. We stayed there the longest time till they stopped shootin'. Our ol' mist'ess brought us down crackers and a few things to eat.

After the battle the Yankees ran down disaway through the Chickahominy swamp and every direction, and the Rebels pushed off toward Petersburg as hard as they could rip.

XLV

The Sutler's Lass ¹

MY father was a machinist in Richmond when the war began. But everything in a business way came to a standstill and he moved a few miles out of the city to a farm. He thought he could make a living there and that he would n't be so likely to be forced into the army. Father did n't want to be a soldier. He had never shot a gun in his life that I know of. He stayed right on the farm and kept out of sight, for the recruiting officers were likely to pick up any one they found away from home. A good many men were so afraid of being conscripted that they spent their time loafing and bumming in the woods.

I had a brother that we thought would have to be a soldier. But he was delicate, and Mother said he could n't stand army life. Lyin' on the damp ground would kill him. So in order to keep him out of the war we made plans for his running the blockade and escaping North. He was to go to a relative of ours who lived in Jersey City.

For a while he hid in an old barn six or seven miles from our farm waiting for an opportunity to slip through the lines. Once I took some food to him there. I had a little mule that I rode, and I carried the food tied up in a small bundle in front of me. Mother sent some money, too. I

¹ In the passing years she had become a fleshy, hearty old lady. While she talked she sat eating supper in the farmhouse that was her home. It was a house that stood where there had been some sharp fighting, and it was scarred by many a bullet.

was allowed to pass the pickets because I had a passport. Some of 'em were too ignorant to read, but they'd take the paper and pretend to read it and would n't let on that it meant nothing to them. I had no trouble in getting to the house on the place where my brother was hid, and I left the things I had brought and returned home.

Three or four other men ran the blockade at the same time my brother did. The party paid a man so much to take them, and I suppose they had to bribe the pickets besides.

After my brother had gone I was the oldest of the children at home, and I was my mother's girl and my daddy's boy. They both depended on me a good deal to help with the work and go on errands.

Our house was in the midst of a recruiting camp. But we never was molested. The soldiers were as kind as they could be. I think the camp was established there because a branch was near at hand where the horses could be watered. If ever the troops wanted to prepare for a battle down this way they came around in that neighborhood. We had the Black Horse Cavalry there and the Hampton Legion, and I don't know how many more at one time or another. Broke-down horses were sent there, too, and taken care of to see if they could be made fit for use again.

Conscripts were constantly arriving in the camp to drill, and they appeared very 'umble and crestfallen and looked very funny in citizens' clothes going through the tactics of an afternoon. Officers were always scouring the country to get men for the army, and they could take any one not under eighteen or over sixty-five. Toward the end of the war it was made lawful to conscript boys of sixteen. They

were wanted for soldiers as soon as they could handle a gun. No one was safe from those conscripters. Perhaps you would be sitting at the supper table with your family, and in would come an officer and take you and one or two of your sons if they were old enough; or the officer might find you on the road driving your wagon and would make you go right along with him.

We kept a sutler's store in the camp. Our house was large, and the store occupied two rooms. So many soldiers came to trade that we locked the doors and served them out of the windows. They were camped all around right up to the yard. In places where the turf has n't been disturbed you can still find the little trenches they dug for the water to drip down into from their tent canvas.

One of my brothers went in a spring wagon regularly to Richmond to bring the groceries for the store. We sold rice and flour, cakes, fruits, peanuts, and such things as that. We was n't allowed to keep liquors. The peanuts we sold unroasted. Some people likes 'em that way, but I don't care for 'em in the raw state myself. The South Car'linians called 'em "goober peas." They bought 'em just as fast as we could pass 'em out.

The officers had their headquarters in the farmhouse next to ours, and the troops used to have their dress parades in a fine open field on that place. All the neighbors' ladies used to come to see the soldiers on dress parade. 'T was a lovely sight to watch them march and to see the officers on horseback. Then, too, there was a band that played beautiful music.

The troops were always coming and going. Sometimes, when we went to bed, there'd be thousands of men in tents right around us, and in the night the bugle would call and

off they'd go. The next morning we'd get up and not see a tent.

One night they got news of a Yankee raid. Some of the officers came to our house. I was asleep, but I woke up and went to the window and looked out. I reckon it was ten or eleven o'clock. There were three officers at the door with Father, and they were whispering because they were 'fraid the Yankee scouts might be lurking around. The officers wanted Father to show 'em near cuts through the woods so their troops could surround the Yankees, but Father was new to the country, and he sent 'em to a neighbor who could guide 'em better.

The road was full of infantry. It was late in the fall — a cold, clear, moonlight night. The soldiers stepped along very regular. I could just see their heads moving. There was no talking or jostling. They marched till daylight and came to the Yankee camp. But the Yankees had heard them approaching and had cut out. It seem like the Northern men must have been cooking breakfast and just ran off and left everything. Our soldiers were glad to get that breakfast, for they were nearly starved to death. They rarely did have enough to eat. I know the soldiers at the camp around our house were always hungry. We could n't raise anything because they would get whatever we tried to grow. They took all the poultry and stock in the region. It was the same right through the South — where the soldiers were you could n't keep a thing. If you went to headquarters to complain a guard might be sent to your house to protect your goods, but he'd take what he wanted to hand to those outside. Hunger will make a man do anything. If he can't get enough to eat you can't blame him if he steals.

Poor fellows! our soldiers were not only starved, man and beast, but they did n't have enough clothes. Their only way to get good shoes or clothing was to pull 'em off from dead Yankees on the battlefields. Toward the last as many of 'em wore Yankee uniforms as Confederate.

But whenever the troops got sudden marching orders they left a great deal behind them in the camp. There was a sight of waste, especially in the early part of the war. Friends sent comforts to the soldiers, and they'd leave the nicest sort of things on the ground. I've seen 'em dig a hole and put all that they could n't carry into that, when they were going to start on a march. We picked up a-many a hundred pounds of bacon and washed and used it. Sometimes we'd find half a box of hardtack — big square crackers as large as your two hands.

Did you ever think what a soldier carried? First there was his knapsack which held a change of apparel. On top of that a blanket was double strapped across his back. He had a gun and a canteen, and he had a bag of white canvas called a haversack that held food and hung under his arm. A leather belt with a large buckle was around his body, and attached to it was a cap pouch and a cartridge box full of cartridges and a bayonet pouch. What do you think of that for infantry marching on foot?

Besides, we had terrible roads here then — all cut to pieces by the great amount of traffic and the heavy artillery. What made things worse was the rain that fell incessantly the whole four years of the war. It looked like it rained more those four years than any years since. They say that was on account of so much shootin'. There'd be great gulches in the roads and some parts became impassable. Teams would often travel the byways in order to get along. I can

remember how the commissary wagons would go bumpin', bumpin' past. There ain't no springs in commissary wagons. Four, six, or eight mules were hitched to each wagon. The driver had those mules to take care of, and sometimes he could n't find anything to feed 'em.

The teams had to travel those rutted and muddy or dusty roads, and so did the soldiers. Often the soldiers' feet got so sore and blistered they took off their shoes and carried 'em. At night they lay on the ground, and if rain fell they waked up in a puddle of water. I'd prefer suicide to a life like that. It's worse than a brute's life. Then there were all those who lost an arm or a leg and went maimed and limping the rest of their days. Surely, no one with common sense would want to be a soldier.

We had a big scare at the time of McClellan's raid. Mother was a very brave sort of woman, and that was the only time I ever saw her frightened. She got so excited her hair come down. We owned a cow or two, and when we heard that the Yankees were close at hand and advancing in our direction, Mother had our colored man and woman put the cows in the stable. Presently we saw a young man in Confederate uniform coming on a horse as fast as he could gallop. He was slim in figure, and his face was as white as a sheet. "Oh my mother, my mother!" he was saying. "I'll never see my mother any more!"

We were at the back of the house, and he went on out of our sight, and then we heard more galloping and saw two Yankees right after him. They had big, fine horses, and his was only skin and bones, and we were certain they'd ketch him. We supposed he had gone on up the road, but instead he had raced into our front yard, turned his horse loose, thrown his saddle and bridle out of sight and crawled under

the porch. The Yankees came to the door and said he was in the house. We did n't know anything about it, and they walked right in and searched, but they did n't find him.

As soon as they had gone along he crawled out from his hiding-place, saddled and bridled his horse, and started off in the other direction. But he was hardly out of the yard when those Yankees appeared on the road returning. They were hot after him at once, and he was only about a hundred yards ahead. Below the house was a hollow where there were tall pine woods with a little undergrowth. He slipped off his horse in the hollow, and got in the woods. I was sorry for that man. I think he must have been a scout or he would n't have been away from his regiment. Probably he was safe when he got in the woods, for he must have been used to crawling around and keeping out of sight when he was trying to get as near the Union line as possible.

One day there was a fight, not very far from where we lived, at the Nine Mile Battery. A lot of negro infantry with white officers fought on the Yankee side. I saw every one of them niggers as they was goin' there, and I reckon the column was certainly a half mile in length. I stood near the road on an embankment that a Southern battery had vacated, and one of the niggers raised up his gun and pointed it at me to frighten me. Oh! it was skittish times.

Before the battle began all the people that lived round-about were told to vacate their houses. If they did n't move they stayed at their own risk. Some houses were burnt down. By and by we began to hear cannon, and there were shells flyin' over. Me and Mother and the children went down to the crick that ran through our place and

lay there on the side of the bank till the cannonading was over. The neighbors went down there, too. At the next farm was a sick man, and they put him in a cot and took him to the shelter of the bank. We had some corn on the branch side, and I remember it had got large enough to tassel. The cornblades were shattered by powder from exploding shells. We had hitched a cow to a stump, near the corn, by a long chain so she could graze and she had wound the chain around the stump till she could hardly move. But if she had been out at the full length of her tether she might have been hit by a shell which fell there. That was a mean cow. She kicked. Finally she got away and wandered into camp, and the soldiers killed her.

The niggers that I saw passing our place went down to the Nine Mile Battery, and the Confederates was waiting for them. I don't suppose one of 'em was left to tell the tale. If our men found a wounded nigger on the field they stuck a bayonet through him, or stood him up and shot him. They were mad to have those niggers fighting 'em. It would have made me hot — turning against their masters who had taken care of and protected them!

After the battle the dead had to be buried, and our men dug trenches and threw in four or five Yankees with a nigger on top and shoveled back the dirt.

Some of the wounded were brought to our house. One of 'em died there. He cut his name in the floor where he lay. I could make out John, but not his last name.

Our house was as much as ten mile from Cold Harbor, but we heard the infantry go in there at the time of the battle. The sound was like a package of pop-crackers. We heard the cannon, too. They made the windows rattle and shook the ground. It was just like an earthquake. We had

a very large black dog named Smut, and he howled and did n't know what was goin' to happen to him.

A lady friend and I talked of riding over to Cold Harbor after the fight ended, but Father said the battlefield was not a fit place for females. He and an officer went. They rode on horseback and came back the same day. The officer brought with him a pair of cavalry boots that would come up most to his waist. He pulled 'em off a dead body that had begun to decompose, but he put 'em to soak in the crick and afterward made a nigger clean 'em out.

Father was a very sympathetic man, and he said the battlefield was a sickening sight. The weather was warm, and the stench was almost stifling. I declare! that battle was a sad thing.

There was a Captain Sears who often visited at our house, and one Sunday afternoon in April, 1865, he and I went for a horseback ride. We stopped at a house to make a call and were sitting in the parlor when a courier arrived. He was looking for Captain Sears and notified him that Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, and Richmond was to be evacuated. Of co'se we'd been thinking that Richmond might go up, but you know, while there's breath there's hope, and the news startled and frightened us. Oh, my! it was a big surprise, and you bet we galloped home, and the captain hurried on to join his regiment. Lor', yes! and I never saw him any more.

Then the uproar commenced, and Richmond was torn all to pieces. The city was burned, and we could see the smoke Monday and Tuesday.

The man I afterward married was in business in Richmond. I know two of his horses were pressed by Jefferson Davis when Davis was escaping. My husband used to

curse old Jeff Davis many a time and say he was the worst enemy the South had.

It was n't just horses that my husband lost. He owned niggers, and they were freed. He had a lot of Confederate bonds, and those didn't amount to shucks, you know. Besides, he had a mailbag full of Confederate money. At the least calculation he lost over a hundred thousand dollars. He had a wholesale grocery and liquor store, and that and everything in it burned. I don't know how many barrels of brandy and whiskies and wines he lost. His safe got red hot and stayed hot so long that all there was inside melted. Oh! he lost a sight — he lost like all the world — and he mighty near lost his mind.

XLVI

The Color Bearer ¹

WHEN the war began Atlanta was a place of not over seven thousand inhabitants. It was in the heart of the Confederacy, and it was a natural center for gathering and distributing supplies. The Federals did n't penetrate to the region till toward the end of the war, and until that time the people lived very comfortably. In fact, before Sherman came, we never wanted for anything.

My father went into the army early. At first he was a lieutenant, but later he made up a company of his own and was its captain. I became a color bearer in his company. That was in 1861 when I was thirteen years old, and I was the youngest soldier who ever went from Atlanta.

I used to see lots of fellows leaving here to go to the front, and they'd holler and laugh as if they were starting off to a picnic. They were new recruits, all fresh then. They had n't got a taste of war. Box cars were used for transporting the troops, but that did n't trouble 'em. Some rode inside and some on top, and they were feeling fine. They felt as if they could whip the whole world. When they came back it was like a funeral — no hilarity then. Some of the dust had been knocked out of 'em, and a good many never returned at all.

Perhaps our greatest excitement in the earlier years of

¹ I spent an evening with him in a pleasant home near the business center of the city. Youth was past, but he had as yet robust health and an unbent form.

the war was Andrews's Raid in the spring of 1862. I don't know much about this man Andrews before that time except that he had been teaching school in Kentucky and had become a Union spy. His scheme was to have a small company of picked men go down into the South nearly to Atlanta, steal a locomotive, and then ride back north on it, stopping on the way to burn the bridges and wreck the railroad as much as possible. The raid was well planned, and only a mere chance prevented it from succeeding.

Twenty-four soldiers were selected from some Ohio regiments to aid Andrews. The men put on ordinary Southern clothes instead of their uniforms and went south in small detachments of three or four. When they were questioned on the way they said they were Kentuckians going to join the Confederate army. Nineteen of the soldiers succeeded in reporting to Andrews at Marietta, about twenty-five miles north of Atlanta.

On Saturday, April 12, the adventurers bought tickets for various places in the direction of Chattanooga and got on an early north-bound train. The day was chilly and rainy. After a ride of eight miles they reached Big Shanty, where a stop was made for breakfast. The train crew and all the passengers, except those twenty raiders, flocked into the hotel and left the train unguarded. Then Andrews and his men got busy and uncoupled the locomotive, the tender, and three box cars from the rest of the train. Sixteen of the men climbed into the rear car of the front section of the train, and their leader and the three other men got into the locomotive car. Big Shanty was a place where Confederate soldiers rendezvoused. Plenty of 'em were around, and a sentinel stood not a dozen feet from the locomotive

watching proceedings, but before any of 'em made up their minds to interfere the train started.

Among the men gathered about the hotel dining-tables was Captain Fuller and the locomotive engineer and my brother-in-law. A commotion outside attracted their attention and they rushed forth to find that a bunch of strangers had gone off with a part of the train. At once they started running along the track in an attempt to overtake the raiders. But of course that was hopeless. They kept on for about a mile and got to the next station. There they secured a hand-car and continued to press on. That pursuit was a thing Andrews had n't calculated on, and really it was ridiculous — three men on a hand-car chasing twenty men on a train.

The raiders were handicapped by the fact that there was only a single track. They had to meet two passenger trains and a freight, and it was therefore necessary to run according to time-table. Besides, they were obliged to make stops to get wood and water for the locomotive, and to cut the telegraph wires beyond each station lest word should be sent on ahead to stop them. When they halted at a station they explained that they were going with a special powder train to the Confederate army at Corinth.

Once they tore up the track and loaded a lot of ties into one of the box cars to be used in bridge burning. Their most serious delay was at Kingston where they had to make a long wait for a regular passenger train from the north and two extras.

Meanwhile their pursuers on the hand-car had come to where the raiders had torn up the track and were thrown down an embankment into a ditch. But no bones were

broken and they got the hand-car back on the rails and proceeded with more caution.

Presently they came to a station where they found a locomotive with the steam up, and they hastily loaded it with soldiers who were there and renewed the chase. They reached Kingston only four minutes after the raiders had gone. Here they shifted to another locomotive and took along one car with about forty men aboard. But they had to abandon their train when they came to a place where the raiders had broken a rail. They then hurried along on foot until they got a fresh locomotive from the second of the two regular passenger trains that the raiders had been obliged to meet.

Soon they were right on the heels of the fugitives who were still obliged to stop after passing each station to cut the wires. They followed them so closely that they often had the raiders' locomotive in sight. The country was hilly, and the railroad was nothing but a snake in its winding, and when a curve took the stolen train out of view they could usually still see the smoke of its locomotive.

The raiders dropped off ties and put all sorts of obstructions on the track but did not succeed in stopping their pursuers. At last they approached a long covered bridge, and they set fire to their rear box car and left it in the bridge while they kept on. But before the bridge was seriously harmed the pursuers arrived and pushed right into the smoke with their locomotive and shoved the burning car before them to the next side-track.

Now, after making a run of ninety miles, the raiders were without fuel for their engine, and there was nothing to do but abandon it. They scattered in the swamps, but men gathered from every direction to chase 'em. Some of them

were soon captured. Others contrived to keep their freedom for several days and got away quite a distance. But eventually every man was caught, and also two of the original party who had failed to make connections with Andrews at Marietta.

If the daring undertaking had been successful it would have seriously disturbed traffic and cut off the usual means of getting supplies to our army in Tennessee. That railroad was the only one out of the state to the north. The raid was certainly one of the most thrilling incidents of the war.

Eight of the captives were tried by court-martial. They were condemned as spies and hung here in Atlanta. I was at home when Andrews was executed. The procession passed our house, and I sat on one of our gateposts and watched it go along the street. Andrews was sitting in a big, old-fashioned family carriage drawn by two horses. The sides were open, and I could see him on the back seat. His face was very pale. He had long, black whiskers and very black hair. Beside him sat a guard, and on the other seat, facing him, was a minister. The driver sat out in front. A squad of soldiers marched ahead, and on each side of the carriage were several more, and a company of 'em followed behind. Then came quite a crowd of people, some on foot, some in carriages, and some on horseback. They were all very quiet. It was a serious occasion.

My sister, who was standing at our gate, always said that was one of the saddest days she ever spent in her life. It seemed to her that a depression or gloom had settled over the city. She first realized at that time the horrors of war. Until then she had seen only our own soldiers here, and though there were army hospitals, very few wounded men had as yet been sent to them from the front.

The hanging was to be public, and the crowd wanted to see it. A good many boys were going along, and I jumped down off the gatepost and fell into line in company with one of the boys I knew.

Andrews was taken to the dense woods on the edge of the city where was a hurriedly arranged gallows. When they were ready to hang him they found they had forgotten to provide the black bag which it was customary to put over the condemned man's head on such occasions, but Andrews asked to just have a pocket handkerchief tied about his eyes. He was very courageous to the end. Some man in the crowd furnished a handkerchief. It was quickly adjusted, and the hanging followed. The prisoner, however, was a very tall, slim man, and his feet struck the ground. That would n't do, and the guards pulled off his shoes. Still his feet touched, and the officer in charge dug a hole under 'em. The body was taken down presently, put in a board coffin, and buried where a big pine tree had blown over. The tree roots were canted up ten feet high with the clay adhering to 'em, and they'd left a soft place where it was easy to dig the grave.

Andrews' shoes were cut up for relics. I brought home one of the pieces, and also a piece of the cord that bound his hands. I was quite elated to be the possessor of such prizes. When I reached home I ran in and said, "Ma, I've got a piece of Andrews' shoe."

"Take it out of the house," she ordered. She was n't stuck on that kind of relics.

For some time afterward throngs of people were going out to see the place where the raider was hung and buried. The very next week a young man was standing over the grave, and he stuck his walking-stick down into the earth.

A hissing sound came up the hole, and the young man threw a fit and had to be carried home. The body stayed there twenty-five years. Then it was removed to the Federal cemetery at Chattanooga.

The other condemned raiders were hung all together very quietly not long after Andrews had been disposed of. Only a few were present at the hanging except the military. It was n't an entire success. Some nooses had been hitched to a beam, and two of the ropes broke, but the guards tied 'em together and dropped the men again.

The next year another execution stirred us up here. A man who belonged to the Confederate army deserted and returned to his home region up in North Georgia and went to bushwhacking. The fellow had a regular organized gang and made a business of stealing cattle, robbing houses, and murdering. He committed so many depredations that the authorities arrested him, and he was brought to Atlanta, tried, and sentenced to be shot. They had an old dray at the jail, and on the appointed day he rode in that, sitting on his coffin, to a grove in what is now a busy part of the city. Just cheap little houses were scattered about there then. They confined him to a big pine tree, and a squad of men stood and fired their guns at him. His relatives carried off his body to North Georgia. I believe he was a prominent man up there.

About the first of May, 1864, Sherman began to move down this way from Chattanooga, and a great many people whose homes were in the region he was invading refugeeed here on the railroad or came in wagons. There was nothing but excitement and sensations from then on. One battle followed another, and after each fight every train that came in brought wounded to be cared for. The ladies organized



A HOSPITAL VISITOR

relief societies and took turns in going to the different hospitals to distribute food. My younger brother, who was a great big chunk of a boy, used to go with Mother to help carry the heavy baskets. They took soup, coffee, sandwiches, pies, cakes — everything.

I was in a cavalry regiment, which at that time was campaigning in Virginia, but in the early summer my horse was killed, and I returned home to get a new one. I came by train. It was slow traveling. We spent every night on a siding to leave the main track clear for the trains that were carrying troops to the front, and for the work trains loaded with darkies going to dig trenches and throw up dirt for breastworks.

Whenever our train stopped at any station the ladies in the neighborhood were sure to be on hand with pies and other good things to eat. There'd always be a table waiting.

I reached home and found the family anxious to refugee. So I went down in middle Georgia and looked around for a house that we could rent. After a while I ran across a beautiful place that just suited me. The owner was a man who was playin' out of the army. At first he thought I was an enrolling officer, and when I called he was in bed with a big cabbage leaf on his head. A cabbage leaf with vinegar on it applied in that way was an old remedy for the neuralgia and the headache.

The man recovered at once when he learned what I was after. He got up and was very sociable and gave me a drink of whiskey. I stayed to supper and feasted on fried chicken, corn-muffins, milk, and butter. He agreed to rent the house for a year at a hundred dollars a month and I paid him five hundred dollars in cash and took his receipt.

As soon as I got back home we prepared to move.

Atlanta was evidently doomed. The invaders had fifteen men to our one, and the place had no chance whatever. We felt that the Southern cause was lost. But I'll tell you when I first decided that the South would eventually be beaten — it was when the Yankees began to get troops from Europe by paying 'em five hundred dollars bounty. Lots of those fellows in your army could n't speak a word of English. But we fought on. Not another nation on earth could have stood what the South did. The fact of it is that the Rebels got hungry, and when a man's hungry he'll fight.

At the time we refugeed, Father was with us on a leave of absence, and as he was an army officer, he was able to get government wagons for our use. They were old schooner wagons that dipped in the middle and had bows above with canvas over 'em. Each wagon was drawn by four or six mules and had two soldiers detailed to it. The left wheel mule was saddled, and a man rode on it. He had a check line that went to the right wheel mule and a long line to the left front mule, and he guided the team with those lines. A steady pull meant to go to the right and one or more jerks to go to the left. If horses or oxen had been hitched to the wagons we would have driven 'em in the same way.

I had a very large bay horse hitched to a lighter wagon that we loaded with provisions. There was meat and flour, and a sack of coffee and a sack of rice and the like of that, and a keg of whiskey. Whiskey was better than money then. A quart of it in the latter part of the war would sell for one hundred dollars in Confederate money.

Of course, we could n't carry everything, but we took along most of our best carpets and rugs, some feather beds,

our piano, and our set of china. We left our sewing-machine — and at that time sewing-machines were n't very plentiful — and we left a lot of flour. There was enough flour to fill two of the house rooms that were each sixteen feet square. It was n't just for our own family. We owned negroes and had to feed them, and we'd bought up the flour to be prepared for hard times. There was plenty of bacon in the house, too — bacon that was made from our own hogs.

My father had a distillery on the edge of the town, and I went out to it just before we started. We kept our hogs there and fed 'em on the still slop. I counted eighty in the pen. We did n't bring 'em away and the soldiers got 'em. The shells were falling around there when I drove off.

We left a nigger man in charge of our house. His name was Ike. My mother considered him her most reliable servant, and as we were going about the house deciding what to take and what not to take she would point out one thing after another and say: "Leave that here. Ike can take care of it."

"Yes," Ike would respond, "leave everything to me. I'll take care of this whole house. Don't you worry about anything."

Pa was a hustler and a man of excellent judgment. He looked ahead and calculated what was coming with such accuracy that he left on the last train to go out of the city and came back on the first, eleven months later. All of the family except me were on that last train which started at about one o'clock in the afternoon of July 17th. It was believed that the track had been damaged by the enemy and they did n't know what minute the train was going to be ditched, or when it might run off into the river beside

which they traveled a part of the time. The danger was not altogether imaginary, for after two or three hours they came to where the track had been so torn up by a Yankee raiding party that they had to wait till after midnight while it was being repaired.

The weather was awful hot — it was a hot year anyway — and there was very little water on the train. The cars were jammed full so that many of the people had to stand. A part of the train was made up of passenger coaches and a part of box cars. But the refugees were thankful to get any kind of a conveyance, and they regarded a box car about the same as we regard a Pullman now. It was one of those cars that my folks were on. Some slats were knocked out to let in air and light.

The passengers were afraid to get off during that long wait lest the train should start on and leave them. It would have been a relief to walk up and down the track for a little exercise, but the uncertainty as to when the train would resume its journey, and the fancy that the Yankees might pounce on them, deterred the refugees from venturing. They were looking all the time for something in the rear to develop or something in the front to happen. It seemed to them that the enemy might let in on 'em at any time. My sister says that the weather and the anxiety and the hardships of the journey had made her the sickest human that ever was, but there she stayed right on the crowded car until the track was repaired and the train moved on.

I went with the wagons, and I had two of our niggers with me on my vehicle. One of 'em left the second night out. While I was asleep in our camp by the roadside, he took a couple of blankets and walked off. I never saw him

afterward. Well, I did n't care. I would n't have gone fifty yards to look for him.

We had put Ike in charge at our residence, but no sooner were we gone than he began to sell off our belongings. He disposed of a great many valuable things for whatever he could get.

However, as a general thing, the niggers could be trusted then where you could n't trust 'em now. Father would leave his children in their care with no fear at all. They were loyal to their masters and would even fight for 'em. They'd steal a few eggs and take a chicken occasionally, but such stealing was n't counted against 'em. That was all right. We expected it.

Ike was one of the few who were unfaithful. He had things his own way until after the city had been captured, when he one day told some Yankees he would take them out to a place in the woods and show them where a lot of money was buried. They went with him, but ran into a troop of Confederate soldiers. Most of 'em were captured. Ike and a few others escaped. The Yankees who got away thought Ike had led 'em into a trap, and they hung him to a big post-oak tree. I was wholly ignorant as to his fate until I came home after the war. Then one of the niggers told me. They all know about each other.

Some of the townspeople did n't refugee, but were in the place when the battle of Atlanta was fought on its southern outskirts. There was a bombardment which lasted a considerable number of days, and all who were able to do so dug a hole to accommodate their families. The niggers did the bulk of the digging, but the white people helped, and sometimes the soldiers helped, too.

There was fighting right along roundabout until Sher-

man captured the city on September 1st. He was here for six weeks. Practically all the inhabitants who had hitherto remained were sent away, and Atlanta became simply a military center. The soldiers tore things to pieces a good deal, for they took anything they could get their hands on that would be of use in fixing up their camp.

When they started on their raid down through the state they set the town on fire. Not much was left except ashes and brick. The business part was all gone, and the few buildings that escaped the fire were nearly all damaged by shells. Our house was large and roomy, and some general used it for headquarters. It was n't burned, but everything we left in it was gone at the time we came back.

After Ike had been disposed of, some woman had taken possession and claimed that the house was hers. When the people of the city were ordered to leave they were allowed to choose which way they 'd go — north or south. If they went north they were given free transportation with their baggage. The woman in our house said she'd go up to Kentucky, and she took our mahogany furniture with her. The soldiers loaded it onto government wagons and carried it across the river on the ferry to the railroad. At the close of the war Father went up to Kentucky to try to get it, but affairs were very much unsettled, proving his claim was not easy, and he accomplished nothing.

Sherman made a clean sweep of everything in this region so that for quite a while afterward it was almost impossible to get supplies of any sort. Prices were way out of sight. Another soldier and I paid ten dollars for five dozen eggs. We made one meal of 'em. Dave e't twenty-eight, and I e't thirty-two. But bear in mind that we had n't eaten for three days except a few hardtack crack-

ers. What we did was nothing remarkable in those times. I've seen a Rebel soldier draw two days' rations, and as soon as he could cook what needed cooking he'd sit down and eat all he'd drawn. Well, you know, he was empty down to his feet, and he wanted to make sure of what was in sight.

Prices were at their highest when the Confederacy was about to go up. My sister tells of riding on a public coach and stopping in a town to buy a fine-tooth comb. There were soldiers riding on the coach, and they were full of body lice. She felt like the lice were all over her and thought she must get a fine-tooth comb, no matter what it cost. She paid thirty dollars for one, and she paid seventy-two dollars for a pair of slippers.

The last piece of tobacco I bought in war-time was a half plug for ten dollars. I remember that as if it was yesterday. It took twenty-seven hundred dollars to buy a hundred pounds of sugar and seventeen hundred dollars to buy a hundred pounds of salt. Other things cost in proportion, though there was n't many other things to proportion, to tell the truth.

In the final days of the war I was in a town one evening, and a cavalryman stopped his horse in front of where I was standing and asked me to get him some peanuts. I got a little sackful — possibly a quart — and he gave a thousand dollar bond for 'em. The Confederate money was soon no good at all. Several thousand dollars were blowing around our backyard. Pa had a satchel and a trunk full. There was forty-seven thousand dollars to the best of my recollection, and the children took the money and played with it.

XLVII

The Wife of an Army Cook ¹

My husband was in the army. He went off in April, 1862. Luckily he was a cook and nurse and so did n't run the risk of being shot that the soldiers did. Toward the end of the year he came home on a furlough and stayed six months. Then he returned to the army, and a full year passed before he was home again. That time he came on a Friday and left the next Sunday evening, and he was n't back any more till the end of the war.

We had a fifty-four acre farm, five or six miles north of the city, on Peach Tree Creek. I was left on the farm with three children. They were little bits of things. The youngest was five months old when the war began. There was a slave man on the place, and a good one. If it had n't been for him I don't know what I would have done. That colored man stuck to me till the year after the surrender.

Usually we had an extra hand that we hired. We raised corn and potatoes and wheat and everything else. The soldiers bought early vegetables of us, such as radishes, lettuce, and peas. We had sixty hogs and six cows, and we had chickens all over the place.

When the Yankees come in here in 1864 our wheat was

¹ She wore spectacles, and she was stout and matronly, but her hair was dark, and though in years she was old she was not so in appearance. I visited with her on the porch of her humble home on the outskirts of Atlanta.

nearly ripe and stood as high as my head. There was a big field of it — ten or fifteen acres. Wheat gets ripe here by the middle of June, and the Yankees must have come earlier than that. They turned their horses right into the field, and there was nothing left worth harvesting.

A few weeks later a battle was fought on my place, but I got away at the very start of it. I refuged to Atlanta with what two mules could draw on a wagon. That was all I saved.

The first I knew of serious danger was one evening just about sundown when I was getting supper ready. The Confederates were retreating toward Atlanta and carrying the cannons in, and I decided that was the place for me, too.

My slave man and I hurried to load a wagon. I threw a sheet on the floor and put on it what clothes it would hold and tied it up. We carried that out to the wagon, and the feather bed I lay on, and a right smart of provisions. I carried all the provisions that were on the place. If I had n't I'd have seen tight times. There was some corn meal and flour and syrup, and I robbed the bees and added the honey to the load. We had seventy or eighty bee gums — some of them boxes made of planks and others sections of hollow logs. When we found a good hollow tree we'd saw off a gum or two.

We never started to town till nine o'clock that night. The Confederates were digging rifle pits and battle trenches near our house when we left. It was a rough country road that we had to travel, and we were obliged to drive out often to the side of it to give the cannons a chance to pass. They came in a hurry, and the horses were galloping. The moon was shining, and that helped us to see where we were

going. A part of the way I walked and a part of the way I rode. The children slept up on top of the feather bed. I had them fixed so they would n't fall off.

When we reached Atlanta the houses were all lit up and everybody was frightened, but there was no turmoil. My father was an army surgeon. He lived in Atlanta and had charge of the hospitals. I went to his house and slept that night.

The next morning, just at daylight, the colored man and I got into the wagon to return to the farm and fetch another load, but when we were nearly there we were stopped by the Confederate picket line and told that everything on our place was destroyed. There were two houses — a nice large house with six rooms in it, and a little two-room house right adjoining. The soldiers had torn 'em both down to make a bridge so as to bring their cannons across the creek.

That same day I moved from my father's house into another from which the people had refugeed. Early one afternoon, a day or two later, we heard firing south of the town. I ran out to see what was going on, and the spent bullets dropped all around me like hail. The Battle of Atlanta was being fought.

It was after I refugeed that the first shells fell in the town, and the shelling continued at intervals for a week or more. The enemy would throw their shells around for perhaps a couple of hours and stop, and then, when you least expected it, would commence shelling again. Sometimes we'd hear the boom of a cannon in the night and see a shell coming up like a big red star. The first day and night of the bombardment twenty-four shells fell close around the house I was in. One rolled under the step.

They were everywhere. The house had no cellar that I could go into for shelter, and I just sat there.

The people flocked in from the country around. Women would come with dough all over their arms. They'd been working and had just left everything in their hurry. They had to huddle in anywhere they could get after they reached Atlanta. Oh Lor', yes! Right across the street from the place where I made my home was a two-story house that had been empty. They crowded in there, and among the rest was a lady who had a young nursing child. A shell come in the house and took that child's face off. Then it went through the bed and the floor and out the side of the house, and buried itself in the ground.

Near by lived a man who built a shed for a shelter. He fixed it up so it was a sort of room for his family, and around it he piled bales of cotton. You see, a shell won't go through a bale of cotton. I spent one night in that shed.

Once, when I was just leaving my house, a shell buried itself right at my feet. It did n't explode. If it had I never'd 'a' known what killed me.

Another time I was going to the post office. A courier had come with letters. It had been a long time since I had heard from the front, and I was anxious to find out whether there was any mail from my husband. Six mules hitched to an army wagon were plodding along the street. A shell bursted up in the sky — just splashed and went all to pieces with a noise like a clap of thunder. One piece went right through the body of one of the mules and killed it. Men on horseback who were on the street helped hold the other mules, and the wagon men adjusted their harness and went on and left the dead mule lying there. A piece of the

shell struck my dress. It had a sharp edge and tore a slit through my skirt.

One day my father and several ladies and myself went up in the cupola of the medical college. We carried a spy-glass to look off on the country around. I had a little white scarf about my shoulders. That made me conspicuous, and the Yankees saw us. They sent a shell that just did glance on the tin roof of the cupola and left a dent. The shell only missed us by half a yard. We did n't stay up there. We came down.

After Atlanta had surrendered the Yankees camped in the town. One of our doctors had gone with a hospital down forty or fifty miles to a little place called Milner. I sent my negro man there with my team, and the doctor was to feed the two mules for the use of 'em.

The Yankees ordered all the Confederates to move out of town. I declared I would n't go, but I was such a Rebel they refused to let me stay. They just took my things, put 'em in a wagon, and started for the railroad with 'em. I followed the wagon on foot and carried my youngest child. When we got to the depot they asked me whether I preferred to go north or south. I said I'd go south where I might find some gentlemen.

Then they put me and my children and what little plunder I had into a slatted cattle car. We rode in that dirty, odorous car to Milner, and there they put me off and set my things down side of the railroad. The hospital was in sight near by. It was just a shed open at each end. Two doctors were in charge. They lived in a two-room house. Each man had a room for himself and his family. Back in Atlanta they had nice houses, but they'd been obliged to leave everything just like the rest of us.

My negro cleaned out the smokehouse, and I had to live in that for nearly a week. It was made of logs, and it was barely large enough for us to have a bed inside. Of course it smelt smoky, but it was better than no shelter at all.

The doctors soon left and took with 'em all their patients who were able to be moved. Twenty-five wounded men remained. The doctors said they would all die and they left twenty-five coffins to bury 'em in. My father was a physician, and I knew how to nurse and how to give medicine and dress wounds, and I knew how to cook. The doctors left two men to help me, and we saved all those wounded men but one. That one had lost a leg and was pretty weak. He took typhoid and died.

As soon as the others had all gone I went back to Atlanta. That was in January. My father's house had been spared. He was a Mason, and that helped protect his property. Besides, there were as many Yankees as Confederates under his care in the hospitals, and he was respected.

A few months later the war ended and my husband come back. He had only what he had on, and I did n't have much more. We returned to our farm and built a little log cabin. I had saved our two mules, and we made a crop, but we had nothing to sell until late in the fall. However, when things ripened we found everybody eager to buy, food was so scarce, though they did n't have much money to pay us.

At any rate we got a start, and gradually we recovered from the setback caused by the war.

XLVIII

The Planter¹

I'VE passed my eighty-sixth birthday — so how old am I? That's a question I've asked a good many times, and even college presidents and educated men are apt to answer it wrong. I'm eighty-five. My first birthday was when I was born.

I've always lived in this vicinity a few miles north of Atlanta. At the time of the war I was in the farming and milling business. My house was a five-room framed building with two chimneys, one outside and one inside. There were four sets of waterwheels in my mill, and I ground the wheat and corn that were brought by customers, and I bought grain and sold flour and meal. I had some eight hundred acres of land, and cotton was the main crop that I raised.

My habits and opinions have always been somewhat different from those of the mass of the people. I don't drink and I don't smoke. I tried smoking once. That was when I was sixteen or eighteen years of age, I should say, and felt I was a man. Tobacco was raised in this country, and we boys made some cigars. I smoked half a one. It

¹ He was an energetic, philosophic old man with a craggy face and a bald head. His mind rambled somewhat, but he still had a good grip on essentials. His home, where I called on him, was a few miles north of Atlanta. It was a large and modern country dwelling which gave evidence of taste and wealth. The day was one of summer heat and buzzing flies, and we sat and talked on the generous gallery.

nearly killed me, and I gave up smoking. Another thing that influenced me was the fact that my mother did n't like for us to get into doubtful habits. Her foreparents came from Scotland, and she was pretty strict in her views. As I look at things now I would n't use liquor and tobacco even if they were harmless. Indeed, I never have felt able to buy what does n't do any good.

I was opposed to the war. I gave a good deal of thought to it before our people went into it, and the extreme ones looked on my reluctance to resort to war as rather cowardice. The popular idol was Jefferson Davis. He was an honest, conscientious, Christian man. I've seen him and been with him, and personally I liked him, but I had a much higher opinion of Stephens, the Confederate vice-president, as a statesman.

I'm the only person in the state of Georgia who went so far as to spend a thousand dollars to prevent the war. Some others and myself proposed a gradual emancipation of the slaves that would free them all by the end of the century. The owners were to receive part compensation from the government. We sent men to see what arrangements could be made for securing a great tract of country in northern Texas, where the free negroes could be colonized. The plan was favored by Everett of Massachusetts and by other leading men North and South, but we did n't get it much before the public. It was to be urged before our state convention that met to decide what course Georgia would take in the crisis. However, it was never presented. Sentiment was too strong for secession among the politicians; and yet I'm satisfied that the mass of the people favored the Union. I did, but I had been outvoted, and I was as true to my Confederate state as any man in it. I

felt that my duty was to go with the people here in the course they'd chosen, or get out of the country.

I told the boys that left this locality for the front that as long as I was able their families should n't suffer. I furnished their home folks with something to eat when they were in need and aided the sick. People would come long distances to get supplies at my mill. There was lack of food here, and lack of clothing, and lack of comforts of all sorts, but I never in my life heard a lady complaining of the hardships she had to endure. We don't realize ordinarily how little a person can live on. Lots of us found out in war-time. I knew a lady of wealthy parents who had n't a pair of shoes to wear. She lived eight miles from my mill, and she walked there toting forty pounds of corn. After the corn was ground she walked home with the meal.

One night, early in the war, the mill was burnt. I'd raised six or seven hundred bushels of wheat that year, and I'd bought fifteen hundred bushels of corn in the upper part of the state. I was n't burnt out until I'd just got that all in. I built up immediately but the mill gradually grew less profitable. We had n't the grain in the country to grind, and families lived with more economy as the war progressed.

The Yankees come here about the first of June, 1864. I saw very little of them because I had refugeed with my family. We moved down about a hundred miles to the central part of the state. Some of our things we carried on wagons, but the family rode in a carryall. The shift did n't prove to be any great gain, for later the Yankees raided down there and burnt all I had.

I was purchasing agent for the railroad, and I traveled about to a good many places. At the time of the Battle of

Atlanta I was living in a wagon five miles below the city at what had been my father's old homestead. In fact, the battle was fought on land I wunst owned. I knew the country, and during the fighting I was out where I could act as a pilot for our troops. For instance, if an officer asked me where a certain spot was I told him how to go the quickest and shortest way. There was continuous firing for hours. Some of the fighting was done in the woodland. That was where the Union General McPherson was killed. He was riding along a road and come to where it forked. Right there some one had cut down a tree that had bees in it, and it had fallen so it entirely blocked the fork of the road that turned to the right, which McPherson would naturally have taken. He went a hundred yards on the other fork and was shot down.

I was on the battlefield after the fighting was over. The Federals had been driven back from a portion of the field and had left a good many wounded there. I helped gather them up. They were taken down to a church hospital.

In December I came back to my plantation. The Yankees had gone to Savannah, firing the buildings and destroying stock of all kinds as they went. They said the object of this devastation was to impoverish the South and make further resistance impossible. I believe the soldiers were ordered to burn only barns, but they were n't very discriminating, and most of the dwellings were destroyed, too.

On my place here I found my house, though with comparatively little in it. There had been twenty buildings on my premises, and the raiders were kind enough to leave me two. Those two were my dwelling and a smokehouse. Not another house was standing on the road between Atlanta

and Marietta, a score of miles to the north. A lot of the soldiers had a camp near here. It covered five acres. They were there till cool weather late in the fall season, and they tore a good many buildings to pieces to use in making shacks to shelter them in the camp, and to make bunks to lie on. If they needed anything they took it. In a few instances they were very insulting to some of the local families, but as a rule they did n't do anything but what soldiers would do for their own benefit. When they started to leave they burnt everything up in their camp that they did n't take along.

They had been instructed to destroy the railroad as they came down from the north, and they had piled up the ties, set fire to them, and thrown the iron rails onto the fires. The middle part of the rail would lie on the pile of burning ties, and when it got red hot the soldiers took the rail and gave it a twist around a tree. Then the rail could n't be used again. Some of the rails got so hot on the fires that they curved themselves.

When I got back here not a person within twenty miles had a bushel of corn so far as we knew, and I went to Macon and bought some, and I brought back a cow and four hogs. I had more hogs then than any of my neighbors.

Spring come and the war ended. Some of the cowardly scamps who got up the racket tried to keep it up, but the brave soldiers buried any feeling they had. They considered that the issues on which the war had been fought were settled.

XLIX

The Machinist's Daughter¹

HERE I am in this little old house right in the heart of Atlanta, and I was living in this same house all through the war, but it was a new house then. It was built about 1858, and the work was all done by slavery labor. These brick walls are very thick and substantial, and the house seemed a pretty fine one fifty years ago, though a two-story house like this here now looks very small and humble.

Atlanta was not much of a town then. It was a right smart woodsy place. I was a little girl in war-time, but even when I got to be a great big girl there were woods two blocks from here, and I would go over to 'em and cut Christmas trees. Yes, Atlanta was a country place and did n't begin to grow fast until some years after the war. People used to turn their cows out, and the cows would graze around where they pleased all day and come back at night.

My father was a railroad machinist, and he was away from home most of the time during the war. Mother took care of our home place. 'There were only two of us children — me and my brother who was five years older. We had two cows and some hogs and a lot of chickens. After the soldiers got around we had to keep our cows up. We would n't let 'em out till ten or eleven o'clock in the morn-

¹ I was invited into the plain little parlor of a small brick house that lingered among the big buildings of the rapidly-growing city. There I spent an hour or more with my informant, a pleasant, chatty woman of middle age.

ing and they would n't go far. If they did n't come in tolerable soon my brother would go after 'em. When there was kind of a rough crowd around so we were anyways scared about the cows we would n't let 'em out at all. Our hogs were kept in a pen.

The house lot here measured one hundred by two hundred feet, and most of it was a garden. Mother understood planting and cultivating things, and she tended the garden herself.

Father was with us a little while when the Yankee army began to close in around the town. He dug a great hole in the back yard and made a bumbproof. It was broad and it was right deep. He got some crossties from the railroad to use in making the roof. He laid a row of 'em side by side and put another row on top laid the other way, and then he shoveled on dirt. You could stand up underneath the ties. He cut steps in the earth so we could get down in there.

But we never used our bumbproof. My mother was n't scared of anything — did n't seem to be. We were right between the Yankee and Confederate batteries, and we did n't know but we'd be killed. That did n't make any difference. We slept in our beds, but if the shells were coming from any particular direction we'd move over to the other side of the house.

Father left us as soon as he finished the bumbproof. We did n't expect to see him again for a long time, but just before the Yankees captured the town he surprised us by returning. "Oh, heavens!" Mother exclaimed, "what did you come back for?"

She knew she was safe, but she thought he'd get into trouble.

"I came to take you and the children away to where you'll be out of danger," he answered.

"Well, I'm not going," she said. "If there's no one on the place to take care of things we'll lose everything we have."

So Father had to go off by himself. Shortly afterward the Yankees took possession of the town. While they remained Mother never left the house for a day, but we kept on good terms with them just as we had with the Confederates. You'd think they would have stolen all our garden truck, but they did n't, and I'll tell you why. The hospitals wanted the things we raised, and so did the Union officers. Mother often gave the officers some of the vegetables without pay. Yes, she'd divide with 'em to a certain extent, but they bought things, too, and she swapped with 'em for brown sugar, coffee, and hardtack. They liked to exchange coffee for buttermilk. We did n't suffer.

A lot of grass was growing in our yard, and the officers would ask if their horses could graze there, and Mother would let 'em.

Sometimes the soldiers would slip into the garden in the night and dig potatoes. They did that because they were hungry, and they only dug what they wanted to eat. In those days and times they did n't feel like they was stealing when they took things.

One day two men came to our back door and said they were going to take our stove.

"No you won't," Mother told 'em. "If you come inside this house I'll kill you. But no, you wait — some guards are coming, and they'll get *you* instead of your gettin' our stove."

Then she stepped into the next room and told my brother to go to headquarters and tell the officers there that we needed protection. He was a little bit of a fellow, but he went, and a Northern general at headquarters sent some guards right down. However, by that time the two men had done gone.

Once the soldiers come in the night and stole a whole lot of chickens. Mother had one hundred and sixty, and they got about half of 'em.

We had a neighbor named Mis' Green. One morning Mother happened to look out of our kitchen door and saw some soldiers leadin' Mis' Green's cow away, and Mis' Green was beggin' 'em not to.

"Why do you let 'em take your cow?" Mother called out. "I would n't let 'em take it," she said.

But Mis' Green did n't know how to stop 'em, and she just went right on after 'em cryin'.

We had a big padlock on our gate that kept our cows safe while they were on the home place, but we lost one while she was out grazing. She was gone when my brother looked for her, and he said, "Well, I will get my cow."

So he went over to the camp and found her there and claimed her. But he was too small. The men would n't pay any attention to what he said. If he'd come right to Mother when he first missed the cow she'd have gone and got it. There was no use trying to do anything after he returned home. They'd killed the cow by that time.

We kept a dog. His name was Bob. He was a good-sized dog with straight, black hair. He'd bark at the soldiers and they'd stab him with their bayonets. Bob was stabbed or shot nine times. He would n't recover from one wound before he'd get another. Father was at home once

when a regiment was passing and a soldier stabbed Bob. That made Father mad, and he cussed the whole regiment. It's a wonder they did n't shoot him and Bob, too.

At the far end of our lot was our cow pen, and beyond that was another lot. One night Mother heard the dog making an awful fuss up by the cow pen. She slipped out real easy and heard three men talking in the next lot. The night was dark and she could n't see them, but she could hear the three voices. The men were talking about coming to steal our chickens or something.

Mother returned to the house and then went out again making a great racket. "Come, Bob," she called to the dog, "I can do more to keep those fellows where they belong than you can. Pat, bring that gun from behind the door. Three Yankees are out here. Put a bullet in 'em."

The prowlers did n't wait to see what would happen, but ran off. We heard that when they got to camp they swore that Mother was a witch. They said: "We ain't goin' to fool with her any more. How'd she know three men were out there?"

Our dog went all through the war without gettin' killed, but he did n't live long afterward. There was a nigger servant in a house across the street, and Bob would bite at him. You get a right black dog, and he hates a nigger. He can't bear a darky at all. This nigger servant was afraid of Bob, and finally fed him cut glass in a piece of meat and so killed him. At any rate we suspicioned that he was the guilty one, but we could n't prove it.

When the Yankees were ready to leave Atlanta they went about the city setting fire to the buildings. Some come up our street and were going to set fire to our house. Mother begged them not to, and their leader said: "Come

on, boys. Here's one woman brave enough to stay in Atlanta and protect her home. We won't burn her house."

No sooner were they out of the yard than Mother put on her bonnet and went up through our garden, climbed the back fence, and kept on till she come to the house of an old lady who had refugeed. Mother stood there on the porch, and those same soldiers come along. They did n't recognize her in her sunbonnet, and the leader said: "Here's another woman brave enough to protect her home. We'll leave her house, too."

Mother often laughed over how she saved both houses. She certainly must have had an iron nerve. I know I did n't inherit it.

While the burning was going on my brother disappeared. He had been playing around the yard, but now he was gone, and Mother ran everywhere to find him. She was most crazy. At last she found him in a vacant lot over near a car shed that we understood had powder stored in it. The car shed was burning and she was expecting an explosion any moment. My brother had shot a bird with a sling-shot, or something. A nigger boy had got the bird and would n't give it up. That made my brother mad and he had the other boy down and was pounding him. It was war between black and white, was n't it? Mother was glad enough to find my brother, no matter what he was doing, and she got him home in a hurry.

Well, in the course of time the war ended, and Father came back to stay. But the hardships were n't all past. The only thing that was plenty was Confederate money. It was no good though, and everybody threw it away.

Women and children would go out on the battlefields and pick up bullets. We could pick 'em up all around

Atlanta, and we could sell the lead to the commissary for something to eat. My brother and I carried some bullets to the commissary once. We had 'em in my school satchel. It was n't more than half full, but the man we talked to seemed to take a fancy to me and said something nice about my long, black, curly hair, and he gave us a big sack of corn for our little pigs.

Not long ago I had a whole cup full of those battlefield bullets in the house here. You see a person who has never moved accumulates a lot of trash.

L

A Girl in the Shenandoah Valley ¹

WHEN the war broke out my father had a large flouring mill here on Cedar Creek. It was doing a good business and he was making money. He had a sawmill, too, and used it constantly until some Yankee troops came through here in '62. Up to that time the people in this vicinity were right prosperous.

I was the oldest of the children of the family, and I was small. Father was a very old man. He was sixty, I reckon. Mother was a good deal younger. They were opposed to slavery, but a family of slaves was willed to Mother, and they came here to live. There were two sisters and two brothers. They were bright, but also real independent, and kind of dangerous. Several white tenants of ours lived across the creek and worked for us, and we hired others.

I s'pose it was about April that the Yankees were here in '62. They broke into our granary and smokehouse in the night, and the doors were all open in the morning when our folks were astir. Besides, they destroyed the bolting cloths in the flouring mill. One army or the other got all our horses, and we could n't use our sawmill any more because we had no teams to draw logs. We could n't keep

¹ The girl of long ago was now a gray-haired woman. She was delightfully hospitable and made me welcome to the sitting-room of the fine, dignified old brick farmhouse in which she lived. The day was dull, but indoors a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth banished all gloom.

anything that was good, and we thought we were having a hard time, but affairs were n't quite so dizzy those days as they were later in the war.

The Northerners annoyed us most. The trouble of it was that there were so many toughs in the Union army. You opened your penitentiaries and let the convicts out to become soldiers, and you hired a heap of foreigners for soldiers. We were always glad to see our troops back, though there were some bad men among them as well as among the Yankees. You could n't trust 'em to behave if they'd been drinking. Yes, our army had its bad men, and yours had its good men. At such times as the Northerners camped near here a guard was sent to stay at the house. We'd get friendly with him, and with others who would come from the camp and sit awhile of an evening. We liked some of them very well.

When the armies would stay away long enough Father would buy one or two old horses and try to draw wood and farm a little. There were right good woods over the creek, but it was n't always easy to get to 'em. Oftentimes the bridge was down. The old bridge which was there at the beginning of the war was burned by a retreating army. Afterward a trustle bridge was put up, and the high water washed that away. The troops built temporary bridges in its place one after the other as they were destroyed either for military purposes or by floods. When there was no bridge the only way to cross was at fords.

We planted our garden every year, but we never knew who'd gather what we raised in it. The soldiers would take our onions and dig our sweet potatoes, and we could n't have apples or anything. If they were here in grape time they got our grapes. Yes, I can tell you that — they

gathered the crops. But if we had good luck we'd grow cabbages and make kraut, and we'd raise enough sorghum to make some sorghum molasses. Whenever we could we had a cow, but we were apt to lose her, and we'd go for a long, long time without butter or milk. We always had corn bread and some wheat bread. Our own mill was disabled, and we got the grinding done at mills off the pike that escaped. There was sure to be lard in the house, but we seldom had meat. We never starved, and our chief complaint was that we did n't have any variety hardly.

Often the soldiers came to the house to ask for something to eat, and we'd give it to 'em if we had it. Sometimes they'd walk right in and take things. If no officers were on hand they'd be real rude to us.

We raised a little corn on two small fields that lay out of sight like, where the hills and trees hid them. But the fields did n't either of 'em contain over five or six acres; so we could n't raise much.

What helped us out more than anything else was a little mountain farm that we owned. It was eight or ten miles from here. We had sheep up there that furnished us with wool, and fields of corn and wheat. A man rented the farm and got some share of the wool, and he divided with us the crops that he raised.

In the summer-time we'd get the wool ready to send to the fulling mill to be carded and made into rolls. There was always a-plenty for us to do. When the rolls came back Mother would spin 'em into thread, and we took the thread to a woman who wove it into cloth. Some of the cloth was linsey for the women, and some was a heavier cloth for men's wear.

We colored a good deal of the wool. If we wanted black

we used logwood, and by mixing black and white wool we'd get gray. For brown we made a dye out of walnut hulls, and for a bright color we'd perhaps use pokeberries, but they did n't make a lasting color.

It was a very hard thing to get clothes during the war, and yet we always managed somehow. Our summer dresses were cotton. We bought the thread in hanks and had it woven by the same woman who wove our wool. We dyed the thread with indigo and copperas as long as we could get the dyes. I remember I had a summer dress made in those days that was tan and white striped. Toward the end of the war we dyed with hickory wood. That colored the cotton a light yellow. We made the dresses ourselves here at home.

Sometimes we had plain, gray, linen dresses. We raised flax, and after the husks were roughed off by hackling and swingling, it was spun and woven into cloth for sheets and towels, dresses, and underwear. Some of the linen thread was used for the warp in weaving rag carpets. Pretty much every one had rag carpets then.

This house was a general's headquarters twice. One of the generals who used it was a Dutchman with foreign soldiers. When those Dutch came through the valley in '62 they ransacked houses and treated the people cruelly. I know we had great fear of them. They'd tear up quilts and the homemade counterpanes and coverlids and such things. They were here when the green leaves first came in the spring.

The general took all of our house except one room. His officers would go around with spurs on their boots and their swords clanking on the carpets, and when we saw how they did we took the carpets up. The general had a French

cook and lived in style. He said we would all eat together, but oh my goodness! we tried it once and that was enough. They stayed so long at table and had so many courses! and they drank wines and they smoked. Afterward we ate at a little table in our room. Sometimes we'd take things to a neighbor's to cook. We've got one of that general's stone beer jugs here now. We keep vinegar in it.

There were five tents in the yard. I s'pose some of the general's staff were in those. It seemed to us children like a long time that he stayed in our house. He had a large flag on a tall pole near the gate. When the wind blew from the right direction the flag would wave over the path. The older people of our household would n't go under it, and we children patterned after them and turned aside, too.

At one time we had a sick Southern soldier in the house when the Yankees raided through the region. They stopped at our place and asked if any Rebel soldiers were there, and we said "No."

That did n't satisfy 'em, and they come in and looked around. They even opened the door of the room where the sick soldier lay and poked their heads in, but he was only a young lad and had his face to the wall. So they went away and did n't discover that he was a soldier. I'll show you his daguerreotype. There, that's him. Is n't he too nice a boy to be shot?

We could n't keep any poultry or hogs if they were where the soldiers could get at 'em. When Sheridan camped here the last time we had four chickens in the garret, and we made a pen in the cellar and kept one hog there.

The soldiers destroyed a good deal just from meanness.

Everything was laid waste on the farms around us. At one place they even took the weather-boarding from the corn crib and hoghouse. We had a right large barn, but they tore it down. They told us they wanted the material for building a bridge across the creek, but Father said they used very little of it in the bridge.

Shortly after dinner one day we looked out and saw that the flouring mill was on fire. It had stone walls, and the soldiers had piled up a lot of lightwood just inside of the door and started the fire in that wood. The wind was blowing, and the flames spread to the sawmill and to a small building that we used for extry work such as boiling apple-butter.

The soldiers carried brands to put under the frames of the log hoghouse and the corn crib, and they burnt the hoghouse, but some officers saved the corn crib. The officers told us to watch the house and see that the soldiers did n't set fire to that.

Sheridan's raid was in the autumn of 1864. He came to our valley to destroy everything that an enemy might use, and his troops burned two thousand barns and seventy mills, and they gathered up four thousand head of cattle. They were opposed by the Confederate General Early, and they had a number of fights with him before the battle of Cedar Creek was fought on October 19th.

The Yankee camp was only a short distance from our house when they fought here. It had been there for some time and we had so little food of our own then that we drew rashions at the camp. I reckon we youngsters were thinking about something to eat pretty constantly, and Mother felt obliged to do what she could for us. She and a stout young woman who worked for us would each take

a basket and go over to headquarters, and the men there would give 'em crackers, beef, coffee, and sugar.

Father was n't well, and at the time of the battle he had been sick in bed with an attack of bilious fever, and had just got up. Mother had hired the young woman because she did n't like to stay here without some other able-bodied person besides herself in the house. She was n't any coward either. She was brave, and she needed to be. We never knew what would happen next. One afternoon Mother was sitting in a rocking-chair side of the lounge holding the baby, and a bullet came through the window sash and fell on her lap. It was a stray bullet fired by the Union soldiers who were practisin' over on the hill. Oh, we had some narrow escapes!

The battle began early one misty morning before sun-up. Sheridan's army of forty thousand men were asleep in their tents. They were not expecting an attack, and Sheridan himself was in Winchester, fifteen miles north of here. Our men crept up by stealth, and the Federals were completely surprised. They did n't have time to form in line, and they were quickly beaten and retreated in disorder.

We had been inside of the Union lines, and the first I knew of the battle Mother woke us children up to look out and see the Yankee pickets surrender. Soon afterward two Southern soldiers come along carrying a wounded comrade. They would have brought him into the house, but just as they got to the gate he died. The three were brothers, and the two who had been carrying the wounded man buried him in the orchard under an apple tree and put up a piece of pine board at the head of the grave with the name of the dead brother very neatly penciled on it. They said



SETTING FIRE TO THE BUILDINGS



they would come again for the body, but they never did.

It was my lot to take care of the smaller children during the day, and I had right smart trouble with 'em. They were crying for something to eat, and I had nothing to give 'em. It was very trying.

The wounded of both armies were brought to our house till every room downstairs was full, and the yard outside was filled, too. They just lay on the floor or on the grass with maybe a blanket or overcoat under 'em. The surgeons took anything they could get in the house for bandages.

I came downstairs once in a while to see what was going on, and there was one time that I went out to watch some Southern cavalry going along the pike with a lot of prisoners. They brought 'em here and kept 'em in a field behind the house. I'd hardly been outside of the house two minutes looking at the cavalry when I was called back in to take care of those cross children. I never got to give anything to the wounded. Mother was waiting on 'em, and made coffee for 'em.

When the Union army was routed they say that Early's men plundered the camp instead of pursuing the enemy. Then General Sheridan, who had heard the cannonading, came galloping from Winchester. He met his retreating troops and stopped them. "Face the other way, boys!" he shouted.

Soon he had changed the whole course of the movement and got his men into fighting trim. Back they came then, and when the day ended Early's army had been almost destroyed. We heard our men retreating about four o'clock, and toward sundown, as the last of 'em were pass-

ing here, the surgeons set fire to the medical wagons and hurried off. Some of the wagons were down on the meadow by the springhouse, and some up the hill back of the orchard. The chemicals in them made a bright blaze.

While the wagons were burning the Northern cavalry came and recaptured the prisoners who were in our field, and took possession of the artillery their men had abandoned in the morning. By night the Union surgeons were here in the house.

I never experienced so many stirring events in any other day in my life. I'm always right wide awake where there's excitement, but after things quieted down that evening we went to bed and I think I slept some before morning.

When we got up we found that right smart of the wounded men who had been brought to our house and yard had died. I tell you what, 'twas awful! Most of the survivors were taken away that day to Winchester, and then we had the cleaning up to do. The rooms were bloody, and out on the back porch, where the surgeons did their amputating, Father cleared the blood off with a shovel.

All of the second night after the battle we sat in the sitting-room on chairs or the lounge. The blinds were pulled down and we kept a bright fire burning, for the night was cool. Two Southern soldiers lay dying on the kitchen floor. They had been fatally hurt, but were so long dying that some of the Union soldiers wanted to bury 'em before they were dead. Mother went to an officer to prevent that.

A good many of the dead were buried on our place — some along the pike, some on the hillside back of the granary, and some near where we got water to use for

washing, and the water used to smell. The bodies were all taken up after the war except that of the soldier who had been buried by his brothers in the orchard.

We were dreadfully broken up by the war, and had a hard struggle to get started again. We did n't have anything hardly, and we had to go mighty far away to get our first meat. The fences were all gone, and rails had to be split before we could inclose the fields to raise crops. Our only horse was a broken-down army horse that was picked up on the battlefield.

Father had a terrible turn with neuralgia and the rheumatism, and he felt so poor that he stopped using tobacco and did n't buy any more. You know it's mighty bad to break off a lifelong habit that way. Mother was one of those people who always manage to have a little money, and she bought him some tobacco, but he would n't take it. We fared hard — all of us. We certainly did!

The Colored Woman at Headquarters¹

WHEN John Brown broke out I was twenty-one years old. So I ain' no young chicken no mo', but I do jus' as much work yet as any of my gran'chil'en. In war-time I worked at the Belle Grove place. Me and my father and four of his chil'en who were small lived right at the yard in a two-story log cabin. Belle Grove belonged to Mr. Cooley, and it was a big farm. Oh, my, yes, sir!

Mr. Cooley owned a woman and some chil'en, but I was bound. I never was a slave. One week I'd be cookin' at the big house, and the next week I'd be a field han'. The slave woman and I took turn about, you know. I used to drop the corn when the men were planting, and I'd help cuttin' up corn, and when they had the horse-power th'ashing I'd take the sacks off and I'd put back the chaff. I would always help in harvestin' and such as that, and when they were extry busy at the big house I'd put in mo' time there makin' butter, perhaps, and washin' and doin' other work that needed doin'.

The war made us lots of trouble. As I've often said since, I felt as if the world was comin' to an end in a short

¹ She lived in a cabin amid the farmlands at the end of a rough, crooked lane. There were numerous children about the place, and there was much dirt and care-free disorder. A thin, tall old woman met me at the door and ushered me into a tiny low-ceiled parlor where there were draperies at the windows, and a piano and other furniture more aspiring than I would have expected. It was in this parlor that I heard the woman's story of her war-time trials.

time. We could n't understan' what was goin' on. You could hear a heap of things, but the poor black people did n't know — did n't know! Some would say one thing and some another. A great many of the slaves run off North, and a great many others were taken up the country by their masters out of the way of the army. Often there'd be only a few old ones left to help on a place. None of us went away from Belle Grove. We had to stay to keep everything together what we could. There was nobody hardly that could be hired to help tend the crops, and we jus' raised enough wheat and corn to keep us goin'. Sometimes we'd get right smart, and other times the soldiers would get everything.

They would carry off considerable outdoor stuff unbeknownst to us, and they would come into the house and look around and take what they pleased — victuals, flour, anything. We did n't interfere with 'em. We was skeered and was glad if they took the stuff and did us no other harm.

Both sides acted a good deal alike about stealin' and destroyin', and reely we did n't know the Yankees and the Rebels apart when the war broke out. Toward the end, we could n't hardly tell which from which because the Southerners would have on old blue clothes that they'd got off the camp, I suppose.

When Sheridan's army come to Cedar Crick it looked right frightful, there was so many men. The soldiers troubled us a good deal 'fore the head men got here. General Sheridan made Belle Grove his headquarters. He was a small man. I used to see him. There were tents all over the yard, and some of the scouts slept upstairs in our cabin. Oh, my goodness! the soldiers were in and out all

the time. I did washing and baked bread for 'em, and everything like that, and they paid me.

The first I knowed on the morning of the battle some soldiers come into our house gettin' up the scouts who slept there. Everybody bounced up as soon as they could, and the scouts rolled out of the house in a hurry. I run and looked out, and then I shut the door. It was already daylight and the fightin' had begun. The Confederates were drivin' the Union men across the field down below the house.

We kep' as far back in our cabin as we could, and we set there not knowin' when we'd be killed. It was too late to get to the big house. We was lazy in bed that morning, and we had to stay lazy there in the cabin.

Some of the Yankees got back of a wall side of the Belle Grove house, but Lor! they did n't stop there long. In a little while the guns was n't firin' right around us no mo'. So I went to the door and looked out. The tents that had been in the yard were all gone, and I could see men layin' about over the fields every which way. The fields looked jus' like new ground with the stumps on it.

After the armies got away men began to cl'ar up the wounded. They brought 'em to the big house and laid 'em in the yard. I was as crazy as them that was shot, I reckon. I'd run to the door and then run back. Soldiers were goin' all the time and the ambulances were comin' to get the wounded and take 'em off.

Mr. Cooley's sister's daughter and I went down the hill right smart with our wooden buckets to fetch water. If any of the wounded or the other soldiers asked us for a drink as we passed by we gave it to 'em.

' Some of the wounded was still layin' in the yard and

out in the lot when the troops come back that evening. We'd got news that they were comin', and we had all gone to the cellar of the big house. The cellar was where the cookin' was done, and the rooms down there were nice and large and had rock walls. I did n't feel much like keepin' quiet when I could hear those wounded men groanin' in the yard, even if the battle was goin' on. So I jus' spent my time walkin' from one door to another and peepin' out. But the others was settin' down and squattin' in the corners, anywheres they thought it was safest.

We stayed in the cellar till we heard no mo' shootin' or nothin', and then we come out. There was Southern infantry in back of the house then makin' for the pike. The Union men returned to the yard that night. We went to our cabin to sleep, but, good land! we did n't feel much like sleepin' — we did n't know what mought break up. We sat up long as we could hear any one stirring around.

The next morning the wounded was all gone, and we gradually got things straightened out. But we was always mo' or less uneasy and fearful. I was glad when I heard that the war was over. Those was pitiful times — pitiful times!

LII

A Country Youth's Adventures¹

I'M a man that knows what trouble is. Last July I lost my wife after her bein' sick for twenty years, and just at present I'm my own housekeeper.

When the battle was fought here I was sixteen, but until the war ended I always said I was fifteen, because I was n't overly anxious to go into the army. They could draft you at sixteen.

We are only fifteen miles from the Potomac, and on the other side of that was Yankee-land, but this Shenandoah Valley was genuine Confederate country, and the people who lived in it were "our" people. At first we thought the Yankees were a set of scoundrels, and we were dreading 'em. We did n't know what they looked like until Banks raided through here. But when we got acquainted we found they were human with about the same faults and virtues as our own men.

After the troops were in camp we did n't fear 'em much because there was some sort of law and order established then. But we had reason enough to be anxious when they were on a stir. You could n't blame 'em though for

¹ I called on him at his farm home one lowering spring evening. He was a sinewy, small-statured, elderly man who was living alone, and I found him doing the kitchen work. But that was quickly disposed of, and we went to the sitting-room. It was late when I was ready to leave, and the night was dark. So my host put a light in the window and accompanied me across a field to a footbridge that would take me onto the highway.

lookin' around to see what they could pick up in the line of something to eat. A soldier's life is a dog's life, anyway, and a steady diet of crackers and pickled pork becomes stagnant to the stomach. The men would want a change. Often they came to houses to get pies or a loaf of bread, and of course the roughs would take advantage of you.

But it was n't the soldiers who made the most trouble. A great many men generally followed the army who had no business in it at all. These scalawags, as I call 'em, just gobbled up whatever they could lay their hands on. The robbers would come into the house and take the bread and flour and corn meal and everything so that the women and children and old men suffered for something to eat. That was common throughout the country. I know one of the neighbors did n't have a mouthful of food in the house. A girl there and her little brother went to the Yankee army and drawed rations for the family to keep from starvin'.

If a scamp came alone to rob a house the people would often turn him away, but if there was more than one or two together the people had to surrender. One morning we sat down to eat our breakfast of Graham bread and a little fried meat when half a dozen or more soldiers walked in. They stripped the table — just gobbled up all the victuals on it — and away they went. They did n't pay. It would have been something if they'd had good manners, but they did n't have that.

We never got entirely out of food at our house. My mother and father were pretty good providers, and they'd hid stuff to eat in the garret. My sister would n't let any Yankee go up there. She was a young woman who had considerable courage, and she carried a revolver in her

pocket. It was n't loaded, but when she showed it and threatened to shoot, it would shrink a man every time. They knew she could do things a man could n't, and escape punishment. Even if she was to kill some one under such circumstances, she would n't be hung.

Once a Yankee come to our house and opened the door and walked right in. He had some uniform buckled onto him and said he was a-huntin' Rebels. Daddy was there, and my mother, and two of the girls. My sister that had the revolver said to the man, "There are no Rebels in the house."

"I'll find that out for myself," he told her, and he was pushin' right along to go upstairs.

She stood in his way, and he spoke threateningly to her, and Father said, "If you hurt her you'll not get out of here alive."

She'd taken her revolver out of her pocket and was holding it under her apron, but she showed it enough to let the man know she had it. "I'll shoot you if you go up that stairway," she said. "Leave this house"; and he did n't stop to argue the matter.

The outlaws often searched houses for silverware and jewelry that had been hid. They'd take whatever was of any value to 'em. I've known 'em to hunt for Rebels, as they said, and prod the ceilings and floors with their bayonets pretending they were lookin' for a trap door.

The better sort of soldiers paid for what they got, sometimes in gold and silver, but usually in Yankee greenbacks or Confederate paper money. Not all of us would accept the greenbacks. They were shaky in their value the same as our own paper bills.

At the time of Banks' retreat we left everything and dug

out. It was early in June and Daddy had a growing crop. The soldiers went right across the fields. They camped near by and turned their horses into our grain and clover, and what the horses did n't eat off they tramped down. Our crop was pretty near ruined, and the pay was n't in it that day, either.

Well, the Yankees kept pickin' up our hogs and other livestock and the things we raised on the land till there was n't much left. Whenever we heard they were coming we'd try to save our stock by hiding it, and that was the habit of all the community. Unless we sneaked our stock away from this valley pike we knew it would be stolen. We generally went to North Mountain. The edge of the mountain was only about three miles away, but we'd go farther if we heard that the army was comin' nearer. A man could ride one horse and lead three or four others. He'd carry just a little something to eat and a blanket to protect him from the weather. If it was stormy he'd get shelter in some barn or house. Often Union scouts were roaming around dressed in Rebel clothes, and there were sharp, shrewd Confederates who dressed up in Yankee clothes and went all over. If we met a man we did n't know, we could n't judge which side he belonged to by his dress, and if he asked us questions when we were on the road with our horses we'd tell him they'd gotten away or something. Our object was to put him off the trail and not arouse his suspicion.

After we got to the mountain the women and children would be comin' every few days to bring a sack of grain for the horses and a basket of provisions for the men. They walked back and forth. Yes, indeed! It was nothing for a woman to walk ten miles then. Besides bringing food they

brought the news and it would be passed along from one refugee to another.

Right back of my father's place was a thick wood, and we'd often take our horses there when we got word that a raid was comin'. My two younger brothers and me would ride the horses into the thickest brush and tie 'em. We thought nothing of staying out in the woods all night with 'em so they would n't hurt themselves, but usually we'd only stay till dark and then come back to the house.

A neighbor kept his horse in the smokehouse when there was danger, and if any one came near the smokehouse that horse stopped chewing and would hardly breathe. He was as good at hiding as his master was at hiding him.

Once I was captured. Me and my next younger brother and a neighbor boy had gone to a pond to water our stock. It was winter. There was no snow on the ground, but the pond was frozen, and we tied our horses to the fence and went to sliding on the ice while the cattle were drinking. The pond was near a road, and pretty soon along came a lot of Yankee raiders and seen us there playing. When we looked up everything was blue. We'd been so interested in our fun and were making such a racket that we never noticed the Yankees till the cavalry and infantry of the whole command halted opposite the pond.

We was scared — well, I should reckon we was! At home, my older brother who was a Rebel cavalryman, was layin' right then sick with inflammatory rheumatism, and I had the horse he rode in the army. I was more anxious about him and his horse than I was about myself.

The Yankee commander called us off the pond and told us we must go with him to Strasburg, four or five mile distant. He had all three of us walk along at the head of

his troops. Some of the infantry got on our horses. I begged him not to take us far because our cattle would get lost, and I told him my father was a Union man. He asked us where the Rebels were, and I answered that they were up the valley, but that I knowed nothing about their camp.

My younger brother was so scared that he could n't say a thing, and the neighbor boy would only grunt a few words. They let me do the talking. I had the cheek, and I was too young to fear being carried away. I soft-sided the officer the best I could, and after we'd gone about two mile he let us off. Then I told him it was too far for us to walk back. I begged for our horses, and he ordered his men to turn 'em over to us.

As soon as he let us go and we got a little away from the army, we all rode for life to get out of gunshot. I went straight on through the woods and over the fences toward home. When we hurried off like that the moment we got loose, the Yankees thought we was n't as innocent as we'd pretended to be. So they chased us, but my horse was a blooded mare, and she was much faster than their horses.

I met my soldier brother when I was only one field from home. He was wearin' his uniform, and had his revolver and saber buckled around him. I got off the mare, and he leaped into the saddle, and when I saw him goin' and knew he'd-escaped I throwed up my hat and hollered. I went along to the house, and there I found the Yankees so thick around that I could n't get in. If my brother had been just five minutes later they would have got him.

When Sheridan camped on these crick hills in October, 1864, I was stayin' at the house of a neighbor named Hoover. Jim Hoover was off refugeein' in the mountains

with his stock. His father was crazy, and I'd gone there to help take care of this old crazy man. Besides him, there was the old lady and a daughter and a hired girl at the house.

Old Hoover did n't know his own mind, and there was just a channel between his bein' harmless and dangerous. He was likely to get cross to his wife, and he was very rough to all the family. At times he was a good deal worse than at other times. He had to be watched for fear he'd set the buildings on fire. The less work he did the worse he was. He was able to saw wood, but I had to threaten to whip him or something of that kind to get him out of the house to work.

The Hoovers lived just south of Sheridan's picket lines. Even a hog could n't have got through those picket lines. There were three or four of 'em, and the pickets were walking back and forth all the time about thirty paces each way. Squads of men were posted at advanced spots on the roads, and if anything was wrong a report would be sent right in to headquarters.

At four o'clock on the morning of the battle I heard the first musket open. I was in a fidget anyway on account of a couple of Yankee scouts who had stopped at the house in the night. As soon as the firing began I got up, but I did n't go out of the house till daylight. We were havin' a little snack to eat for breakfast when I said, "I'm goin' on the battlefield."

I'd heard a great deal about battles, but had never seen one, and my curiosity was excited. Go I must, even if I got into the blood myself. Then Miss Hoover and the hired girl, who were about my age, said they wanted to go with me if I did n't care. They knew I'd look after 'em.

"All right," I said, and they put on their sunbonnets and I put on my old black slouch hat and we started.

We had to cross the crick, and when we were on the bridge we saw that the water was full of guns. The Yanks had thrown their guns away.

Soon we got to the battlefield, and we walked right along to the Yankee camp. Men had run out of their bunks who did n't get their guns at all, and we saw soldiers in the tents who had been shot there. Some of 'em were not dead. Behind the breastworks the dead and wounded were layin' five deep, and we waded through blood as we looked around. You see the Rebs took the breastworks endways — and it was playin' on the enemy like that that killed 'em so fast.

The wounded men were hollerin' and screamin' and prayin'. We heard one Southern soldier prayin' for his wife and children way down in Alabama, and he was beggin' just for life enough to get back to see 'em. A doctor come along and examined him and moved on. He said there was no hope. It was sad, sir.

You 'd think the sights would have made the girls faint, but in that war girls got pretty tough and they did n't faint easy. We was n't carin' to stay long, though, and presently the girls said their curiosity was rather gettin' satisfied.

So we started back, and we went down toward the crick to where there was a big brick farmhouse that had been turned into a hospital. The wounded were inside the house and outside both. The front yard was full, and they lay there close together arranged in sections so as to have convenient walkways. On the back porch the surgeons were sawin' off limbs, and as soon as they got through with a man he was laid back on the ground where he'd been be-

fore. They had about a four-horse wagon load of limbs outside of the porch in a heap just as you might pile up corn or manure.

The day was pretty warm, and the wounded men were very thirsty — there 's no two ways about that. Those men were beggin' for just a mouthful of water, and me 'n' the girls stayed several hours carrying water to 'em, and they thanked us as we waited on 'em.

At last we went on again toward home, and after we'd gone half a mile we found another hospital at a stone blacksmith's shop. But we did n't stop because just then we see there was a skedaddle on hand. Our entire army was goin' back as fast as it could, and the Yankees was pushin' em. That was a great surprise to us, our men had won such a complete victory in the morning.

We ran for home, but got in the skirmish line. The Yanks and Rebs were both shootin' across us, and Miss Hoover was almost helpless with fright. The hired girl seemed to have more spunk about her. I was n't any too fond of those little fellers whistlin' overhead, but of course I could n't leave Miss Hoover behind. It was all the hired girl and I could do to get her to the house.

When we were indoors we felt safer. There was nothin' but musketry, and we stood where we could look out and see the men running and shooting at each other. The girls said they never wanted to see another fight like that, but I was pretty hard for my part, and I just felt as if I ought to have a gun and shoot, too.

We'd gone off that morning and left the crazy man to luck and the old lady, but he was there when we got back. He'd been sitting all day rubbing his hands and saying, "Oh Jim, oh Jim!" over and over again.

There had been cannonading in the morning, and a number of the window lights had got jarred out. We squared some boards and fitted 'em into the places where the glass was broken.

The Hoovers did n't have anything left in the house to eat. They were obliged to go hungry till I got some wheat at our house and carried it to a mill and had it chopped — that is, had it ground without bolting. They lived on that till Jim come home from refugeein' in the mountains and made some arrangement for getting food.

The Hoovers did n't lose any buildings, and neither did my folks. The barns on both places were of logs and not of much account, but wherever the Yanks found a fine barn or any other building that looked as if it might benefit the Southern army they burned it.

LIII

The Negro Village Girl¹

OUR family lived right hyar in Middletown, three miles north of whar Sheridan's army camped at Cedar Crick. I was about ten then. My father's name was Abe Spencer. He was free, and so was the rest of us. Besides him and Mother thar was six children at home. Our house was a log cabin on a back street jis' across the road from Mr. Wright's.

What they called Yankee scouts used to come in hyar. I remember one of 'em by the name of Chrisman. He would generally go on this back street, and he'd wave his hand as he left. Always after he'd been to town we'd be lookin' for the Yankees to break in hyar, and it seem like Mother and the old heads were glad watchin' out for 'em to come.

After the first part of the war it was mostly the Northern troops that we had around hyar. The Rebels would n't git to stay no time. We never knew what was goin' to happen. The soldiers would take every bit of cabbage we had grown and cl'ar up the garden. They'd come right into the garden when we was workin' thar and take the things. They'd come into the house, too, and carry off whatever they could find to eat.

¹ She was a very corpulent woman beginning to be elderly, but she still had much bodily vigor and a lively mind, and her ample features twinkled with good humor. We visited in the kitchen of her comfortable frame house, with listening children gathered about in chairs or lying on a sofa that was there.

Once two of 'em stopped out in front in the night. They sat thar on their horses and kep' a-hollerin': "Hello! Come out!"

They wanted to rob the house. My sister's husband, Jacob, was with us that night, and he got up and was goin' out to fight 'em and run 'em away. But my sister said: "Jacob, don't go out. You 'll git shot."

So he only went and stood on the steps, and he said, "If you darken this door, you'll never darken another one."

They answered by shootin', and a bullet whizzed right across Jacob's face. Jis' then a guard who was stayin' over at the Wrights come out, and the robbers went up the street as fast as they could go.

An old colored servant named Billy worked for Mr. Wright, and one October mornin' befo' day, when we children were still in bed, he come rappin' at Mother's door and called to her: "Git up, Henrietta, git up! They're fightin'."

Mother roused up us children, and we could hear the guns at Belle Grove, pop, pop, pop, pop! Belle Grove was jis' out of town 'bout a mile and a half. Mother went to the gate, and we children went, too, clingin' to her dress-tail. She was a very nervous woman, and she was skeered most to death. We stood and listened. Ever'body in town had got up and lit their lights. Father had gone to find out what was goin' on. He was a man that weighed nearly three hundred pounds, but he toddled around lively for a little while that mornin'. After the fightin' begun in the town he went into the house.

The Yankees come rushin' through hyar with the Rebels right after 'em and knockin' 'em in the head, and the wounded men were cryin', "Oh Lord, oh Lord!"

Thar was shootin' all along this pike, and lots of bullets went through the upper part of our cabin, but I enjoyed it. I was small and did n't understand the danger. I thought it was the finest thing that ever was, and my folks could n't hardly keep me in. Father and the others was all a-layin' down flat on the floor by the chimbly. But I was n't a bit skeered, and I'd run across to the Wright's back and forth. Oh! I was busy as a bee. The bumbshells was comin' over, and I jis' thought it was grand. One bumbshell lodged right in our garden.

It makes me laugh yet to think what a goose I was. Once I went upstairs. We had kind of a loft up thar. I stuck my head through a window whar a pane of glass was broken out. A Union soldier had hid by the 'Piscopal church which was jis' beyond our cabin, and he was takin' aim at a Rebel on the corner. But the Rebel went around onto the next street out of range, and the Yankee looked up and saw me watchin' him. Then he pointed his gun at me, and said, "Take your head in or I'll shoot you."

I went to jerk my head back and nearly drew the whole sash in. I was skeered that time. You see the hole was so small that my chin would n't go through without I turned my head sideways. "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" I begged.

"Little girl," the man said, "I'm only funnin'"; and he jis' laid back and laughed.

While the Rebels was still rushin' the Yankees out I ran down to Main Street. They was fightin' thar, and I seen a Yankee shot on a horse. He reeled first this way, then that, and fell off, and his saddle was covered with blood. My parents come after me and whipped me back home.

A few days befo' the battle, Uncle Billy, who belonged to Mr. Wright, brought a ham to our house. He wanted to

have it whar it would be safe, and at the same time he wanted for to put it in a window to sun and keep the skippers out of it. If the skippers was already in thar, and the hot sun struck it, they'd come out and jis' hop and git away from it and die. Uncle Billy carried the ham upstairs and left it on a windowsill. Mother told him it was n't safe thar and that it would be stolen by the soldiers. But he says: "Heny, I'm not afeard of 'em. They won't take it."

The window was on the side of the house toward the garden, and he did n't think any soldiers would go around that way. But on the day of the fight they went everywhar. A number of apple trees was back thar, and some Rebel soldiers was gittin' apples and saw the ham. They knocked it out with a pole. Yes, they taken Uncle Billy's ham, and when he went to look for it later it was gone. "Oh Heny!" he says, "my Lord! they've got my ham."

She says, "Billy, I told you not to put your ham in that window."

He hurried out and hunted and hunted, but his ham was gone for good. He went all to pieces then, and he had no more use for Rebels.

Thar was an uproar all that day. In the afternoon the Southerners was retreatin', and two Rebel men come in our house and said, "We want something to eat."

"Well, you won't git no food from me," Mother says. "I've got nothing for you."

"You certainly must have something hyar," they said.

But she was n't goin' to let 'em have anything, and they talked very mean to her. "Are you slave or free?" they asked.

Mr. Wright had said to her: "Heny, you let on like you

belonged to me. Jis' tell that to any soldiers that come around a-troublin' you, and you'll be safer."

So she says: "My white people live across the road hyar. My master is Mr. Wright."

"Are you shore you're a slave?" one of the men said.

"Yes," she answered.

"I don't believe it," the other feller says. "You're a liar."

Some soldiers were so owdacious they'd jis' as soon shoot you as not, and Mother got pretty uneasy. She went and looked out of the door, and I was walkin' right at her heels. "Gentlemen," she says, "you better git out of hyar. The Yankees are on the next street."

"No, they're not," the men said. "We done whipped the Yankees this morning, and we're not botherin' about them no mo'."

But Sheridan was comin' back, and the two fellers looked out and started to run. On the corner was a Yankee ridin' horseback. He was a cavalryman. "Halt!" he hollered. "Give up your guns," and he captured the two rascals.

That was good enough for 'em. They was fixin' to raise sand with my mother. Oh! some of the soldiers on both sides was pretty rough.

The Rebels had artillery in the orchard behind the church, and the Yankees come so sudden that when the artillerymen tried to hitch horses to the cannon to drag 'em away, the horses got tangled up, and the men could n't git the guns started. After that we heard the Yankees backin' the Rebels back through the town.

Mother had done washin' and ironin' befo' the battle for the men who were out at the Yankee headquarters. She baked bread for 'em, too, and made up a little nourishment

such as cakes and custard, and they'd double pay her. They thought the Southern cooking was fine. Some of 'em rode up to our door that evenin' and shuck hands with her. "Glad to meet you, Aunt," they said. "You see we're back on our old ground once more."

It was n't quite dark when they called, and they had n't hardly gone when Charlie Matthews come bustin' in our door. He was a poor, raw-boned consumptive young strip of a man who was one of our white neighbors. "Aunt Heny! Uncle Spencer! save me!" he cried.

The Yankee soldiers had been lookin' around for Rebel scouts, and they happened to see him down street wearin' gray clothes. Every one dressed thataway had to tell 'em his business. He ran and they right after him, but he dodged a corner and they lost track of him.

I remember Father pushin' Charlie up the chimbly. Then pretty soon the Yankee soldiers come to the door and asked if we'd seen anything of a young feller runnin' around hyar dressed in gray clothes.

"No," we said, "we have n't seen no strangers. We have n't seen nobody but what we knowed."

That satisfied 'em, and they went along. We had to keep Charlie up the chimbly till after night. It was a job to git him out. Father had to take hold of his legs and pull him down. His coat was all slid up around his shoulders. Some places on his face was cl'ar, and other places was as black as tar. His clothes was all full of pot-black, sut, and stuff, and his hair was standin' up jis' like bristles.

If the Yankees had caught him they'd 'a' killed him. They caught a Rebel woman dressed like a man scouting around, and they hung her in some woods right out on the edge of town. She wore the men's clothes over her dress,

and they pulled 'em off, and those clothes laid thar on the ground in the woods till they rotted. I saw them.

I always went with my aunt to milk in the evening at Mr. Wright's barn. On the night of the battle we was on our way to the barn when I heard somethin' movin' near the woodpile whar thar was lots of leaves. It was a scramblin' sound. Aunt heard it, too, and she said, "You see what that is." Then she went along to milk.

I scraped the leaves away and found a little feller with yellor stripes on his pants. He was a Rebel and belonged to the artillery. I ran to get Doctor Garr. The doctor come back with me, and we picked the little feller up and carried him to a cabin in the doctor's yard. The leaves was stickin' all over him he was so bloody. A bullet had gone through his head. He did n't reco'nize any one—but while the doctor was washing the blood off he spoke several words. The only word we could make out was "Mother." He said that twicet. The next night he died, and he was buried behind the 'Piscopal church. Some one wrote to his parents. They was well-to-do, and they sent and got him.

The mornin' after the battle Father took me out to show me a field whar thar had been some very hot fightin'. I remember he led me by the hand. We saw one man not far from our house, right over a fence, who lay thar with the top of his head shot off. His brains and scalp were in his hat. Oh! it was the most scan'alous thing I ever saw in my life the way men was shot to pieces.

We plough up bones out hyar on the fields yet, and bullets, and Yankee buttons and buckles with U.S.A. on 'em. Until lately we found canteens, but those old canteens are about rusted up now.

'Bout a couple of days after the battle we had a roast of

beef in the oven. It had been sent over from headquarters, and it was a great large roast. We was to have part for roastin' it. Whenever the soldiers was goin' through the country hyar we kep' our front door fastened up. But this time a soldier come to the back door and says, "Got any-thing to eat?"

He was a cavalryman, and another young feller was out at the gate with their horses.

Mother told him, "No."

Meat was meat then. We did n't often have any, and we was nearly dyin' for it. Mother hoped to turn the feller off, but he pushed right past her and went to the stove. He'd opened the stove door and was lookin' in when Mother whacked him 'cross the back with the broomstick. That made him leave the stove, and she whipped him out of the room. Then he turned on her and said, "I'll shoot you!"

But jis' then he heard my sister, who had gone out the front door, holler to the guard over to Mr. Wright's — and of all the gittin' on horses you ever see! Indeed, those two fellers was lively! and they went up the street with all their might.

I used to have to go to mill to git a little dab of flour. I was n't able to git much because I could n't carry it, and because we did n't have the money to pay for only a little. The mill was a mile and a half out on the pike. A few weeks after the fight, when things was settlin' down a little bit, I started for the mill with a neighbor woman.

We'd got out hyar on the hill a short distance from town when we met three young fellers with commissary wagons that they was walkin' along beside of. They stopped when they got to us and asked whar we was goin'.

"We're goin' to mill," we said.

"Stop hyar," the tallest one says.

He grabbed the woman that was with me, but she pulled away and fell back. I said, "Aunt Fanny, don't run. Let's fight 'em."

I used to fight like a Turk when I was small. Any one that knowed me then will tell you so. I said to Aunt Fanny, "We'll take and whip 'em out and go about our business."

But when I looked around my help was gone — and she was a great large woman, too! She ran away across the field cl'ar back to town. She was a lightning bird. I did n't think she was running. I thought she was a-flyin'. I imagine I hear her coat-tail whippin' yet as she ran.

It was right funny, but I was so spunky I would n't run, and I fought those three fellers. I was a fat chunk, but at the same time I was strong and active. "I'm not afeard of you," I said.

I fit with my hands and scratched and pulled. When they got hold of me thar was something doin', I tell you! I give that tallest feller all that was comin' to him. Every time he got near enough I'd rake with my finger-nails right down his face. I had him pretty well fagged out when he knocked me down, and then I used my feet as well as my hands.

"Hold her feet!" he hollered to the other two.

So one of the fellers caught hold of 'em, but he could n't keep his grip very well because I did n't have no shoes or stockings on, and I drawed back and kicked him head over heels. He was the smallest one. He kind of stayed back then.

I grabbed the middle-sized feller by the hair with one

hand, and with the other I got hold of his vest and was jis' a-wringin' him. Then I thought it was time to use my teeth. I bit like a horse. I bit him comin' and goin', and I'd holler, "Let go of me!"

He went to smother me by puttin' his hand over my mouth, and I taken his hand in jis' like a crocodile. I bit him awful. I bit till the blood come. I could hear my teeth a-grindin'. I tried to eat him up. I'll bet he's carryin' the marks to-day if he's livin'.

The feller swore at me, and said, "I'll shoot you if you don't let go of me."

He was chokin' me, but I never let go my holt and he'd have killed me if thar had n't been any one near. Mr. John Miller had a big farm right out on the pike, and as he was comin' out of his gate ridin' his horse he saw that some one was havin' trouble with the soldiers. So he galloped full speed to whar we was fightin'. He knew me well and my parents, and when he saw who it was he hollered: "Let go of that child! Let go of that child!"

Mr. Miller took the three men right to headquarters, and they was punished. Their heads was shaved, and they was tied up by the thumbs.

I went along to the mill. I was afeard not to do the errand when my mother had sent me. I've got a-many a whippin' for not doin' as my parents told me. They was very strict with their children, and we had to obey 'em or have a very lawful excuse. So I went and got the flour at the mill, and when I reached home I was lookin' pretty raggedy, but I was n't hurt.

I tell you it was a time through hyar when the North and South was fightin'. I never want to see another war.

LIV

The Black Fiddler ¹

I WAS a young feller at the time that Sheridan battle was fought, and was livin' on my master's farm on the edge of Middletown out beyond the 'Piscopal church. That church was a hospital durin' the battle, and the army band used to practice in it while the troops was camped near hyar. A good many of the wounded died in thar and was buried in the churchyard.

But the bodies had n't been in the ground a great while when they was dug up to be carried away. They was put in coffins — jus' long pine boxes — and the boxes was piled up against the back wall of the church and stayed thar near a month. I pried open a number of 'em and looked in. Some of the dead men was very natural and others was n't fit to look at. One man with a blanket wrapped about him was petrified, and his appearance had n't changed any since he was buried, only his hair had growed way down, and his beard had growed long.

Thar was one night while those boxes was in the churchyard that a light come out of the church and went to whar they was piled as if some one was searchin' aroun' with a can'le.

Another night something like a calf come out of the church and walked all aroun'.

¹ I spent a portion of a Sunday afternoon with him. He was a beak-nosed old man who related his spook stories with great vivacity and an unfathomable mixture of solemnity and hilariousness.

The boxes was taken away presently, but the ghos'es stayed at the church or come thar often at night, and we 'd hear 'em walkin', groanin', and carryin' on. Other times we 'd hear the army band playin' in the church, and one night all of us who lived near was called out of our houses to listen at it.

"Don't you hear the band?" we'd say one to the other.

We heared it all right, and that's the truth. Thar's no story about that. The music sounded way off, but we could hear the lead horn start and the drums tap. The kittle drum would rattle it off, and the bass drum would go bum, bum, bum! You can hear somethin' knockin' thar at the 'Piscopal church now on a dark night.

Right after the war we used to hear the soldiers ghos'es shootin' hyar all aroun' on the battlefield, and we'd hear horses in the back lane comin' klopity, klopity, klopity. The horses would ride right up to you, but you could n't see a thing.

I know one man who lived out on a farm, and he come into the town one night to pra'r meetin'. As he was goin' home 'bout ten o'clock he heared the bugle and the rap of the kittle drum. While he was listenin' he seen a officer a-walkin' ahead of a squad of soldiers. The officer hollered "Halt!" to 'em, and they stopped. But the bugle kep' a-blowin', and pretty soon they marched off.

Thar was another man who used to come to town pretty nigh every night, and some of the nights was tolerable dark. He was co'tin' hyar, I allow. Many a night he'd hear horses comin' 'cross the fields, and canteens and swords hittin' the sides of saddles, blangity, blangity, blangity!

Down near Cedar Crick thar's a ghos' in a barn. The ghos' is supposed to be a soldier that was killed tharabouts.

He has Yankee clothes on and wears cavalry boots that come way up to his knees. Some say he has no head, and others say he has a head and wears a plug hat. People see him after night, jus' about dusk, and he only comes at that time of the evening. He walks out of the haymow and part way down the haymow steps, and thar he'll stan'. For one while the railroad ran excursion trains so people could come and see the ghos'. I went thar to see him once, but I was 'fraid to go in the barn.

The first person who ever seen the ghos' was a farmer by the name of Holt Hottel who had rented the place. He went to feed his horses jus' after sundown and was goin' to throw some hay down the hole to the feeding-room when he noticed the ghos'. But he thought it was a tramp, and he says, "Git out of hyar. I don't allow tramps in the barn on account of fire."

The ghos' did n't say anything and jus' stood thar. Holt got mad then and tried to gouge the ghos' with his pitchfork, and the fork went right through the ghos' into the weather-boarding. That was evidence it was n't no tramp, and Holt jumped right down the hole into the feeding-room. His horses did n't git no hay that night, and for a good while afterward he fed 'em tolerable early.

Holt's father used to laugh at him 'bout that ghos', but one evenin' Holt met the ol' man comin' from the barn as hard as he could run. Oh! he was comin' from thar skatin'. He did n't laugh at Holt no mo'.

Another time a black man who'd gone to the barn a little late to feed the stock come out of there a-hustlin', and he was whoopin' as if he was goin' to be killed.

But the ghos' did nobody no harm, and Holt got so he 'd go in thar any time of night. He become accustomed



THE SPOOK IN THE BARN

to seeing this thing and paid no attention to it. Once when he threshed his wheat the grain was too damp to put in sacks, and he left it on the barn floor a few days to dry. Thar was some danger that it would be stolen, and he stayed in the barn nights to guard it and slept on an ol' lounge he carried out from the house. He said that night after night he went to sleep with that feller standin' on the haymow steps. He seen him perfectly plain, even to the straps on his boots what he hooked his fingers in to pull 'em on.

Thar's people who have tried all sorts of ways to see that ghos' and never could, and thar's plenty of others who have seen it. I know this — that Holt Hottel was as reliable a man as thar was in the state. His word was as good as his bond.

Down at Belle Grove House they used to hear a buggy drive up there of a night, and a bell would tap for a waiter to come and take the team. Another queer thing at that house was a door that would n't keep shut. The good ol' Christian woman who lived there said she'd shut it and go sit down and the door would swing open.

I used to be told that the way to learn to play the fiddle was to go to a graveyard with it and start practisin'. You had to go at night, and you could n't have any one with you. If you could stand it thar you could learn to play anything. I've heard ol' people say that often. I bought a fiddle tereckly after the war, and started in to play by ear. That's the best way, but I was n't makin' much progress, and I decided to see if it was true that you could learn to play in a graveyard in one night. I was 'fraid to go to the regular graveyard. So I went to the 'Piscopal churchyard. We called that a graveyard, though

nobody had ever been buried thar but soldiers, and they had been taken up.

I got a little ol' box to sit on, and I goes thar and sets myself down. The time was nine o'clock as near as I can git at it now. I set thar and chuned up my fiddle. Then I struck into. "Ol' Dan Tucker." That's the devil's chune, you know, and it's the first thing the devil will learn you to play. Well, sir, I set thar and learned to play that real good.

Afterwards I tried "Dixie" and kep' at it till I could play that tolerable good, too, but I'd miss some notes. Then I heard a noise, and I begun to feel kind o' jubous. However, I paid no attention to it. I played away harder than ever — tweeny, tweeny, twang! — so as not to git skeered, and I says to myself, "I won't let no ghos'es bother me."

But pretty soon I heard something over back of the church — bangity, bang! It was a sound jus' like you make when you hit a table leaf and the leaf goes flap, flap! I was listenin' with both ears and still a-playin' my fiddle when some hot steam come about me, and that steam was so warm and fainty it almost made me sick. I thought: "This ain't natural. Thar mus' be ghos'es hyar somewhar."

And yet I could n't see 'em. If I had I'd been like a hog that sees the wind. You know how hogs run and squeal and pick up straws sometimes. That's when they see the wind. If you take a little matter from the corner of a hog's eye and rub it in your eye *you* can see the wind, and it's jus' as red as blood. You would n't want to see it but once. It would skeer you to death.

I used to hear ol'-time people say that thar could n't

every one see a ghos', and that the ghos'es took the form of steam when they appeared to a person who could n't see 'em. The mo' I studied 'bout it the mo' skeered I was. I put my hand up to see whether my hat was on my head, and I found my hair was standin' straight up and had carried my hat with it.

Jus' then some steam come aroun' me so hot it scorched my face, and I throwed my fiddle down and ran. If I could have stood it to stay in the churchyard an hour or two longer I could have played anything. Yes, indeedy! But if I 'd kep' on very likely I'd have died of fright.

The closer I got to home the mo' skeered I was and the faster I ran. I made the last rod in 'bout two jumps, and as soon as I was in the house I slammed the door behind me.

Nex' mornin' I went and got my fiddle, and I did n't go thar no mo'. The night had been dewy, and the fiddle was pretty near ruined. It was n't no account much afterward. The glue that fastened the pieces together had softened, and the strings had all got wet and had busted off.

What little I learned later in fiddlin' I learned at home. Finally I throwed the ol' fiddle away. If any ghos'es wanted it they could have it and practice on it all they wanted.

We don't have many ghos'es now like they used to have long ago. Thar was a time when the ol' people did n't die at all. They lived to be one hundred and twenty years ol' and then turned into monkeys, apes, and owls. They 'd jus' go off and be wild animals awhile and afterwards turn into ghos'es. Those ol'-time ghos'es used to travel, but now there's so much preachin' they generally keep very quiet.

Aroun' hyar it was only a few years back that we 'd see plenty of strange sights and hear plenty of strange noises. We don't see and hear them things so much now because the battlefield has been so stirred up by ploughin' and raisin' crops. That 's drivin' nearly all the battlefield ghos'es away, but there's some left yet, and there's other ghos'es, too. Last year a colored man died quite sudden up at the Junction, and he's jus' keepin' things warm up thar. The people in the house whar he lived don't git no comfort at all. But if I was in their place he would n't trouble me. I'd say, "You go 'way from hyar. *I* done bought this house now."

Then I'd turn the doors and windows upside down so the fastenings would be on the other side. A ghos' can't git in if you do that.

Yes, sir, thar's still ghos'es. I can take you out with me to-night, and if you'll look across my left shoulder I'll show you something.

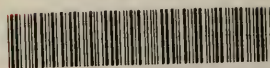
THE END



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